

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 11, 1943

TEN CENTS

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERWIN BLUMENFELD

**The Truth
About Our Oil Supply**
BY FRANK B. TAYLOR

SICILY WASN'T EASY
Radioed from the
Fighti
QUEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

716049
1/21
XMAS
25043
NOLAN
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KANS

3 Good Reasons for Buying Vitamin Products in Duraglas Containers



1 Vitamins in Duraglas containers are easy to "serve" to the family. The Duraglas container can be resealed securely, keeping out dust and moisture.

Duraglas CONTAINERS
 ..TOMORROW'S PACKAGES
 ... HERE *Today!*

2 Water cannot soak through a Duraglas container—for glass is impervious to moisture.



3 Duraglas containers keep vitamin products from crushing or spilling in traveling bag, purse or pocket.

*Buy famous vitamin products in convenient, trustworthy **Duraglas** containers*

Radio Help for Homemakers

OWENS-ILLINOIS Presents
 FLETCHER WILEY

"YOUR HOME FRONT REPORTER"
 with songs by FRANK PARKER

WILBUR HATCH and His Orchestra

MON. THRU FRI. COLUMBIA NET

4:00 E.W.T. 3:00 C.W.T. 2:00 M.W.T. 1:00 P.W.T.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS



OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO — DEVELOPERS OF **Duraglas** THE IMPROVED TECHNIQUE FOR MAKING GLASS CONTAINERS

Quiet Please—
A Young Man is deep in Thought.
An Eager Mind is Growing,
A Character is Taking Shape.



And we see him a Man whose Wisdom and Understanding show in his Smile—a Smile that owes much to Ipana and Massage!

♥ **H**ERE IS AMERICA! Here is the future of our country! For in this small boy, and in millions of youngsters like him, lies the promise of fulfillment of all our hopes, our plans, our dreams!

Thoughtful teachers and devoted parents have given America's children every advantage of health and education—have prepared them to face their future—strong and happy and *smiling*.

Yes, *smiling*! For even their smiles have the best of care. Today, in classrooms all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They

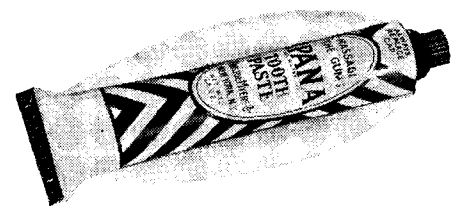
know why gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush... see your dentist right away. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation

quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Adopt the sensible, modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

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VICTOR RECORD GUIDE

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GREATEST ARTISTS ON
VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS



Werner Janssen conducts the Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles in a deft and dramatic performance of Beethoven's great "Jena" Symphony—a work which had been lost until 1909 when it was discovered in Jena. This is its first recording in America.

Album DM-946 (or M-946) ..\$3.50*



Swarthout sings "Bless This House." With simple and touching sincerity, Gladys Swarthout sings one of the best-loved songs in her repertoire, "Bless This House." Then, with equal charm, she sings for you "Ah, Love, But a Day"—a Browning poem set to music.

Victor Red Seal Record 10-1050, 75¢*



A song program sung by James Melton. Eight grand old songs you love have been recorded by the rich tenor voice of James Melton. They include Miranda; A Ballynure Ballad; The Low Backed Car; The Little Irish Girl; Mah Lindy Lou; Kitty, Me Love, Will You Marry Me?

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Album DM-945 (or M-945) ...\$2.50*

Scherzo from Symphony No. 2 (Vierne) and Toccata (Thou Art the Rock) (Mulet). Virgil Fox, Organist.

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GEORGE CREEL Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN Staff
U. L. CALVOSA Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

ANY WEEK

AN ARMY AIR FORCE sergeant notifies us that a flying colonel addressed a flying captain thus: "Captain, you are to go on tomorrow morning's sortie. Briefing at five A. M. I do hope you will manage to interrupt your literary efforts, writing your book of your personal experiences, long enough to fly with us. This sortie may give you some very sensational material."



A LADY we know, who is having a pretty nasty time keeping servants in the house, told us about a cook she hasn't got any more. The cook was Irish and well recommended. One day madame came home with three pounds of sausages, displayed them triumphantly to the new cook. But the latter was not impressed. "They'll not go far in a family the size of yours, madame," said she. Nevertheless, she was told to cook them for dinner on the following Saturday night. On that night the cook brought in the sausages, five of them, well cooked. As there were six persons at the table they represented something of a problem. Madame went to the kitchen, reminded the cook that there had been three pounds. "Wasn't I tellin' you," said the cook, "that they'd not go far in a family the size of yours? There was hardly enough for meself."

MOREOVER, we're still getting quite a few letters from servicemen deploring the commuting of the hanging sentence of Max Stephan, the Detroit restaurant proprietor who was convicted of treason. We aren't eager to continue the controversy but we have one from a soldier that warrants quotation. "Here in the Army we're taught to kill without mercy," writes he. "On the home front a lot of pot-bellied softies plead for the life of a man whose deed was more dangerous than anything the enemy soldier offers. The government condones the treachery of a Teutonic parasite posing as an American citizen but trains us to kill men who have the honesty to be our enemies in the open. If I remember right, the German democrats were merciful to a little beer-hall plotster they should have shot for treason. And look what happened."

MRS. ERNESTINE P. BULLWINE of Chicago, Illinois, has withdrawn her support of Vice-President Wallace. She says that she has always respected Mr. Wallace as a "true friend of President Roosevelt and not one to bear a grudge even if the President did fire him from his job with the BEW." But now, Mrs. Bullwine finds that "Mr. Wallace has been out this way making speeches in favor of the old-style New Deal and, in a roundabout way which I do not like, asking people to elect Mr. Roosevelt for a fourth term. This coming from Mr. Wallace will do Mr. Roosevelt no good and we friends of the President resent it."

THIS just goes to show you that when something is published in this magazine, it's not forgotten. It's different with other magazines although we won't go into that. We're modest that way. For example, 'way back in the misty past we published a piece about Army chow. Therein it was told that in the ration of the Yankee soldier in the War Between the States, as we always call it, there was an issue of one gallon of vinegar. A great many people read that, said, "Well, well," and passed on to other remarkable facts with which, as we remember it, that issue of Collier's was rife—as usual. But Mr. Everett G. Reid of Howell, Michigan, was not to be distracted so easily. Since then he has read volumes of history and has triumphed. "I find," writes he, "that they used the vinegar to boil the meat of a cow which they had stolen. They dipped the meat in vinegar for as long as it lasted, by which means the meat was kept fresh. I have a lot of vinegar. Do you happen to know of any secessionist who has a cow?"



THE latest political innovation suggested to this office comes from Mr. John J. Nuffelt of Seattle, Washington. Mr. Nuffelt wants nobody in public office older than twenty-five. "They can't do any worse than their elders," thinks Mr. Nuffelt. "Also, the mistakes they will certainly make will be bright, fresh ones and not the same old corn." . . . W. D.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

THIS WEEK

SEPTEMBER 11, 1943

SHORT STORIES

GALE WILHELM

A Lot of Questions. But sometimes a little boy knows when not to ask them. Page 13

MacKINLAY KANTOR

Miracle from Heaven. His coming home was something more than the return of a hero. Page 15

MOSSER MAUGER

The Virgin and the Dynamo. Should a busy commentator take time out for love? Page 17

MARK HAGER

Granny, Get Your Gun. She just wanted to see some soldiers and shoot one shot in this war. Page 18

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Poor Tonton, by David Davidson. Page 27

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX

The Wild Bunch. The third of six parts. Page 19

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Corner of Heaven. The sixth of nine parts. Page 30

ARTICLES

FRANK B. TAYLOR

The Truth About Our Oil Supply. Present reserves are good for twelve years. But what about the future? Page 11

DREW and LEON PEARSON

The V.P.'s Victory Garden. Washington hasn't kept Henry Wallace's hands out of the soil. Page 14

STANLEY FRANK

Brough is Rough. But Louise may yet become our next national women's tennis champion. Page 16

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Sicily Wasn't Easy. If you think it was, try asking one of the men who were there. Page 26

ROY PINNEY

Worrywart Wehrmacht. Our ersatz Nazis put no punches in giving the boys the business. Page 25

CHARLES DEXTER

Mr. Brooklyn Goes to Bat. Leo Durocher has his ups and downs—hero one day, villain the next. Page 24

JIM MARSHALL

Going Up. Pioneer exploration of the stratosphere makes it possible for fast cargo planes to fly above the weather. Page 26

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Page 1

WING TALK.

Page 1

DAVID O. WOODBURY

Your Life Tomorrow. Page 5

THE WEEK'S WORK.

Page 6

THE GUILTY (Arthur Seyss-Inquart)

Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 6. Page 7

EDITORIALS

Simple Taxes, Please.

Let Both Sides Be Heard. Better Ration Rail Travel. Page 8

COVER

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

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In Venezuelan Oil Fields, Oil-Resistant SYNTHETIC RUBBER lasts 10 times longer!

THIS is a story that begins back in 1939, two years before Pearl Harbor had turned America's thoughts to synthetic rubber. The scene is Venezuela, in one of the world's richest oil fields.

Down there, oil men were having constant trouble with a small but essential rubber fitting, known as a slush pump valve insert, used on every well. Even when made from the finest natural rubber, these inserts were failing after a few hours' service — due to the highly abrasive nature of the sand-oil mixture circulated through the slush pumps, extreme heat, and the natural disintegrating effect of oil upon rubber.

Chemigum (pronounced Kem-e-gum) — T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

A large manufacturer of oil field specialties brought this problem to Goodyear. Laboratory experiments indicated that a valve insert made of Chemigum-N — the oil-resistant type of synthetic rubber patented by Goodyear in 1927 — would give better results. But the customer wanted proof in the field.



Accordingly a year's test was made by the customer in the Venezuelan oil fields. At its conclusion a Chemigum insert had

been developed that averaged *ten* times longer service, under these exceptionally severe conditions, than the best natural rubber product. Today Chemigum slush pump inserts are giving similar performance all over the world.

The "know-how" that produced a superior oil-resistant synthetic rubber for this difficult service — *two years before the war* — explains why Chemigum-N is now used for so many military products where resistance to oil is essential. When peace comes, both industry and the public are going to have many new Goodyear products built of Chemigum that will excel the best natural rubber in many ways.

GOOD YEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Life smiles on the man
with
***Pipe
Appeal**

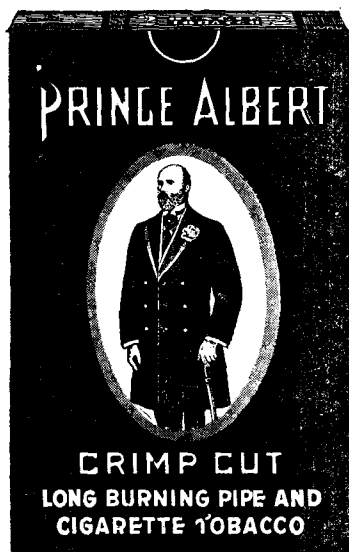


BLONDE or brunette—they prefer the man who smokes a pipe! But don't let 'em down! Follow through—with true PIPE APPEAL! Put Prince Albert in the bowl. FRAGRANCE to keep 'em smiling—on a date—at home—in the office—anywhere. GOOD TASTE to keep you smiling—rich taste, yet mild and mellow, easy on your tongue. P. A. is no-bite treated, crimp cut—the world's largest seller. Keep 'em smiling with Prince Albert Tobacco—PIPE APPEAL for all!

***PRINCE
ALBERT**
THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE

50
pipefuls of fragrant
tobacco in every
handy pocket pack-
age of Prince
Albert

70
fine roll-your-own
cigarettes in every
handy pocket pack-
age of Prince
Albert



BUY
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

IT'S THE NO-BITE
SMOKE —
THE RICH TASTE
COMES THROUGH
MILDLY!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A new liquid white enamel, applied and removed like nail polish, is used to coat teeth and give them a uniform and glossy appearance.

Most banks make no profit carrying ration stamp accounts, being obliged to operate approximately at cost for the OPA, which regulates and pays for the service. In some banks, this business is tremendous, one in New York City, the Manufacturers Trust Company, handling stamps and checks that represent an average of 243,700,000 points a week.

The microhardness scale of the National Bureau of Standards, recently computed by a new and highly precise method of measurement, gives these degrees of hardness to the world's four hardest substances: diamond 6,500, boron carbide 2,300, carborundum 2,150, and sapphire 1,900.

While the United States has become an industrial nation, the proportion of its land devoted to farming has increased from 15.6 per cent in 1850 to 55.7 per cent in 1940.—By George Stuart, Camp Wheeler, Georgia.

The largest sum of money ever sent by telegraph money order in the United States was the \$250,000 paid by Western Union to a New Yorker in 1932.—By Lila Lee, New York City.

In the past four years, Axis submarines and warplanes have made more than 40 attacks on Allied hospital ships, severely damaging or sinking many of them, although they were painted white and marked with large red crosses in accordance with the Geneva Convention. In several cases, these outrages were followed by the machine-gunning of survivors in boats.

Every American battleship has at least 30 radio operators sending and receiving messages on each watch. . . . Between 1900 and 1940, the number of drugs and medicines for sale in this country has increased from 3,000 to nearly 100,000. . . .

Human quadruplets may be born in any of 22 combinations, such as two pairs of identical girls, three identical boys and a girl or two identical girls and two fraternal boys. One of the rarest of the combination is four fraternal boys; such a birth occurred in a family named Perri cone on a farm near Beaumont Texas, on October 31, 1929.

When called upon to transport a many as 60,000 soldiers and all their equipment in a single troop movement, the largest so far, American railroads were obliged to use 1,351 passenger cars, 3,600 freight cars and 330 baggage cars, the last group being employed as kitchens.—By Ensign Jack Ormsbee, Boston, Mass.

A New York City apartment, vacant and with no prospects of being rented owing to its size, cannot be made into smaller apartments because the cost would be about 25 times the ceiling of \$1,000 which has been placed on a building alteration. Occupying three floors, this home contains 54 rooms, 17 baths, 31 closets, 68 house telephones, a 10,000 bottle wine safe, a dining hall to accommodate 200 guests and a large refrigerated vault for the storage of flowers for parties.

Since 1928, the Archives of American Folk Song in the Library of Congress have made and preserve recordings of more than 25,000 old songs created by and characteristic of various cultural groups of the country, among them being cowboy "hillbillies," Indians, Creoles and Negroes.

Eire is the only neutral country now operating an airline to England. . . . One firm that is not listed in Dun & Bradstreet is Dun & Bradstreet. . . . The British not only rescued 202,000 of their own soldiers at Dunkerque but also saved 123,000 Frenchmen.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



"We never knew till now how an FM radio-phonograph could

The car's in the garage. Shoe leather is scarcer. Everybody's staying home more now—and it's turning out to be fun!

And you are doubly fortunate if you own a General Electric FM radio-phonograph.

This electronic instrument is two instruments in one. You flick a button, and in comes the news of the world, a play, a comedy, a symphony orchestra, a dance band.

Your mood changes. You want another kind of relaxation. So you flick another button, put on the records, settle back, and the *permanent* treasures of the world's music are at your command.

What endless hours of delight await you then! The great symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann. Glimpses into fairyland on children's records—the story of Red Riding Hood, and Babar, and Sleeping Beauty. Gems of jazz, and historic moments such as Congress' Declaration of War.

All the inspiration, the entertainment of recorded music, plus the eventful happenings of our day—in one glorious instrument!

General Electric is building radio for military purposes alone now. But after Victory, the General Electric radio-phonograph with FM (Frequency Modulation) will be available to every one, at a

modest and reasonable price. It will be a finer instrument than ever before, because of wartime developments in the science of electronics.

FREE: Send for the fascinating 32-page book in full color: "Electronics—a New Science for a New World." Tells the story of FM radio. Hundreds of thousands of copies have been printed. Write for a copy to *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

Tune in "The World Today" and hear the news direct from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS. On Sunday listen to "The Hour of Charm" at 10 P.M. E.W.T. over NBC. Buy War Bonds today for the better things of tomorrow—including a G-E FM radio.

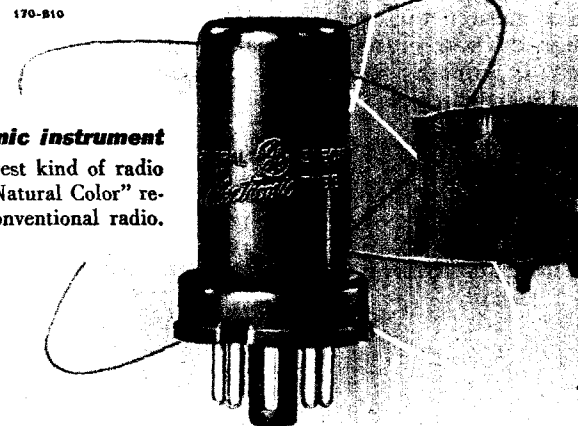
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research

170-510

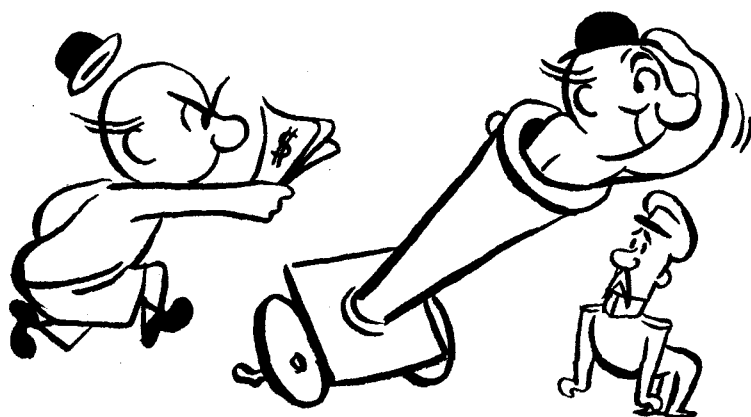
Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

Radio is a product of electronic research. The newest kind of radio is FM (Frequency Modulation) which brings you "Natural Color" reception—with all the overtones that you miss in conventional radio.





Button-bother has me sore . . . has me



buyin' bonds for war! . . . bonds for guns



and planes and tanks . . . to bring



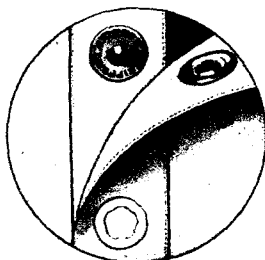
back GRIPPERS . . . and the Yanks!

Don't forget . . . Gripper fasteners will be back on a greater variety of merchandise than ever when the war is over. Until then all our equipment is working for the government producing vital war materials.

GRIPPER* FASTENERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"



MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS



BRITISH COMBINE

"Today's fliers," says Brig. Gen. Ira Eaker, "think about the war they're in." Here the general talks to men back from a mission

AN EIGHTH AIR FORCE STATION IN ENGLAND: The biggest skip in your heartbeat when you live at a combat airfield—that special thump behind your ribs—comes when you see all the "combat kids" of a station, officers and men, gathered to meet their top man, General Eaker. There are homely boys and handsome, tall boys and short, eagle-beaked Westerners, sultry-eyed Southerners, cod-cheeked Down Easterners, all having in their faces the common qualities of alertness, intelligence, thoughtful enthusiasm and abundant health. In their wholesomeness lies no sign of education in mass death and devastation. They don't have to be brutalized, as you've seen otherwise nice young Germans brutalized. These lads aren't killers. They're highly skilled young professional men of the first wholly technological war. Their particular importance is that they're only Yanks who have not yet carried the fight to German home soil. They with their comrades of the R.A.F. are one of the chief reasons why Germany has lost this war. They are indeed America's secret weapon—forged in American homes by American mothers and fathers, who can be proud of them.

General Eaker, as he climbs back into his fast plane (he is as hot a pilot as any youngster in his force), seems deeply moved by what he saw in all the young faces. He comments upon one significant difference between today's boys and those of the last war: "These boys *think* about the war they're in."

THERE are other differences which a general can know only by hearsay, because naturally he can't enjoy certain vantage points into which you—lacking stars, bars, and dignity—can go. Today's Yanks in England didn't come over, as most of us did a quarter of a century ago, to a tea party with chips on our shoulders. Perhaps it is because they're a full generation away from old-fashioned history books. More likely it is because the famous traditional international comradery of flying men—of which the co-operation between General Eaker and Air Marshal Harris is the outstanding example—has set the tonic for all branches. But intraservice black eyes have diminished like the U-boat menace.

Not that there isn't a good deal of healthy give and take. A couple of Yank fliers wandered into a pub recently. "Hi, Yank!" called a Briton over his evening's

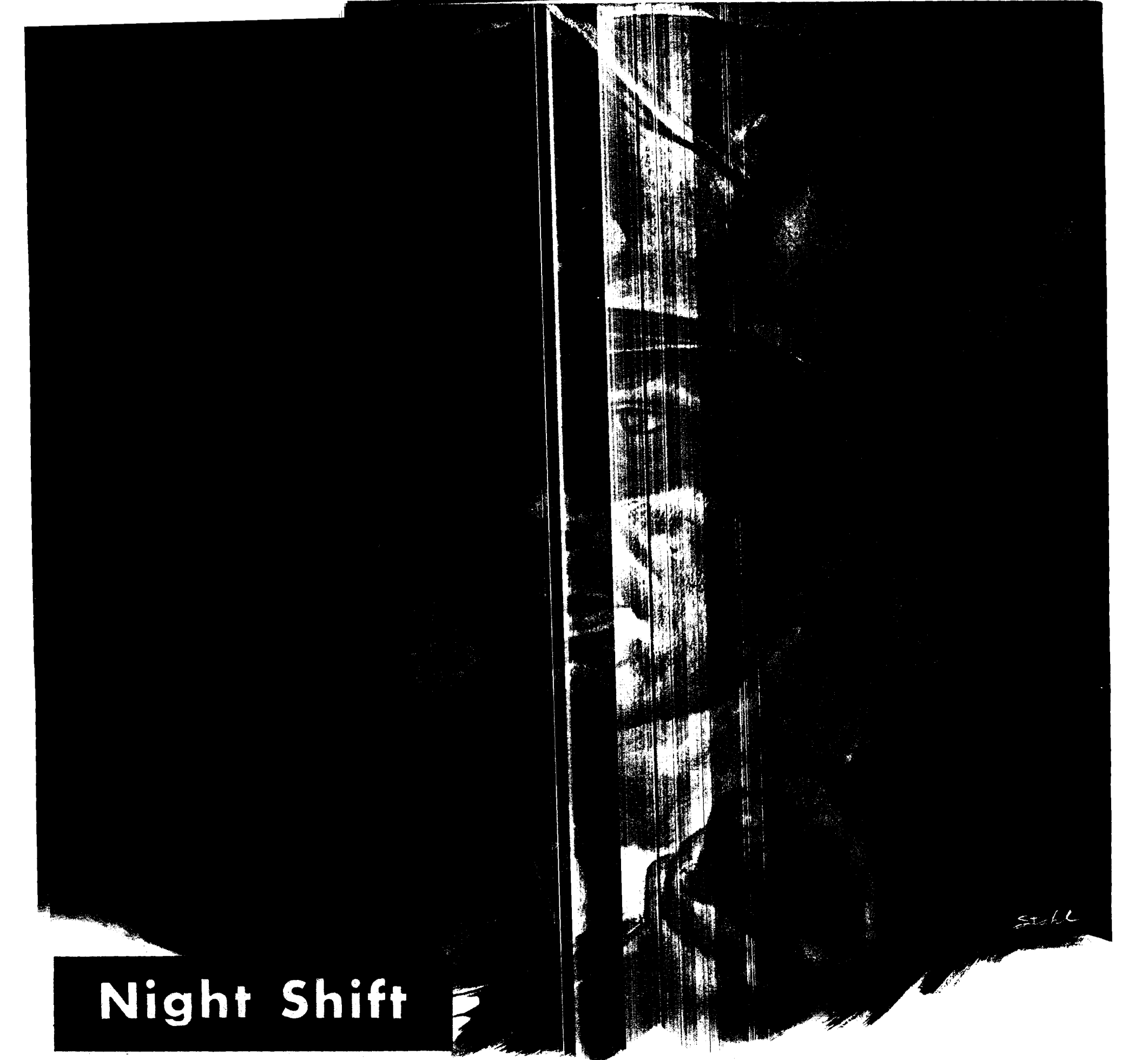
second beer. "Did you hear about the new book one of our generals in Africa has written? How Green Was My Ally, it's called."

The Yanks stared at each other in surprise. Then one remarked loudly, "My, how quickly these Russians pick up English!"

SO THOSE shiners, busted collarbones, skinned elbows, bloody noses, sprained thumbs and gimpy knees you see at these air stations don't mean differences of opinions with comrades in arms. They're from "pub crawling," a national sport by which the English achieved a combination of the best features of indoor and outdoor exercise. It means progressing, usually on a bike, from pub to pub in the course of an evening's sociability. In peacetime you'd see people in evening dress pedaling their convivial rounds. Yanks have taken to this sport with gusto—but with one drawback. We are not a bicycle-conscious nation. Many Yanks never rode bikes until they came here. But even those who are experienced get into jams. Bicycles are G. I. for Yanks and also can be bought or rented, but they're English types with brakes on the handle bars. When trouble looms, a Yank instinctively presses back on a pedal, only at the last instant remembering the handle bars; then he applies the brakes with desperate suddenness. The bike stops, the Yank doesn't. English farmers spend their evenings picking Yanks out of ditches, hedgerows and from behind stone walls. Airfield commanders, overlooking daily sick reports, wish fliers had checked out with bikes as well as planes before leaving home. The lone survivor of the General Andrews crash in Iceland had been released from hospitalization due to a bike accident just before the ill-fated take-off.

England's country pubs are not saloons in any poor sense the latter word may connote for some of you at home. They're clean, orderly, innocent, well-regulated inns; neighborhood clubhouses, really. We have no equivalent. Most have picturesque names, many have romantic histories. Here you play darts, which is not just a matter of bull's-eyes but a game with complicated technique and unfathomable scoring. Our own Walter Davenport added to the traditions of the renowned Fitzroy. He is the only man who ever, aiming at a dart board at one end of a

(Continued on page 64)



Night Shift

"RECKON the night shift's just coming on, back home. Old Joe, and Butch, and Dugan with his walrus mustache . . . wonder how they'd like it out here. This heat gets you after a while . . . and the mosquitoes . . . and not knowing when the next dirty little sniper's going to start popping at you in the dark. Funny, I used to be scared of the dark when I was a kid. Always pulled the covers up over my head before I could go to sleep.

"Old Joe, and Butch, and Dugan . . . I'd like to see 'em and swap a few yarns. Only

right this minute they'd be a heap too busy. I bet they're rolling out twice as much stuff on the night shift now! That gang'll bust a gut to give us all we need.

"A great bunch—the guys I used to work with. Most of 'em would rather be out here fighting Japs, only they're more use where they are. And look at the Bonds they're buying! Lucky stiff . . . if I can squeeze a little one out of my private's pay every month, they must be putting half their wages into Bonds! What's that if it isn't helping win the war?"

"Butch always wanted his kids to go to college. Dugan wanted a place in the country where his old lady could keep chickens. Well, with the dough they're salting away in those solid old U. S. Bonds, they'll both get their wish. And they've earned it, working overtime and all. If I get home when this is over, I'm going to thank those guys for the job they've done. They're what I call real Americans!"

Will he still feel that way when he comes home? No matter what you've done before, it's time now to go all out in your Bond purchases. BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS!

CONTRIBUTED TO THE WAR EFFORT BY CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS



WELL WORTH WAITING FOR



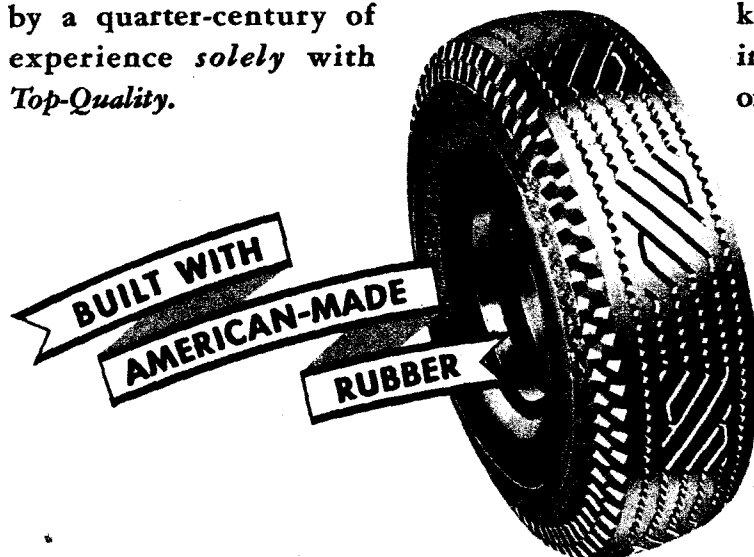
You bet he was worth the wait . . . just as was the new General Tire built with American-Made rubber. On display now at your General Tire dealer's, you're invited to drop in and see this new-day Top-Quality General for yourself . . .

General's research chemists, engineers and production specialists are rightfully proud of today's new Top-Quality Tire, built with *American-Made* rubber.

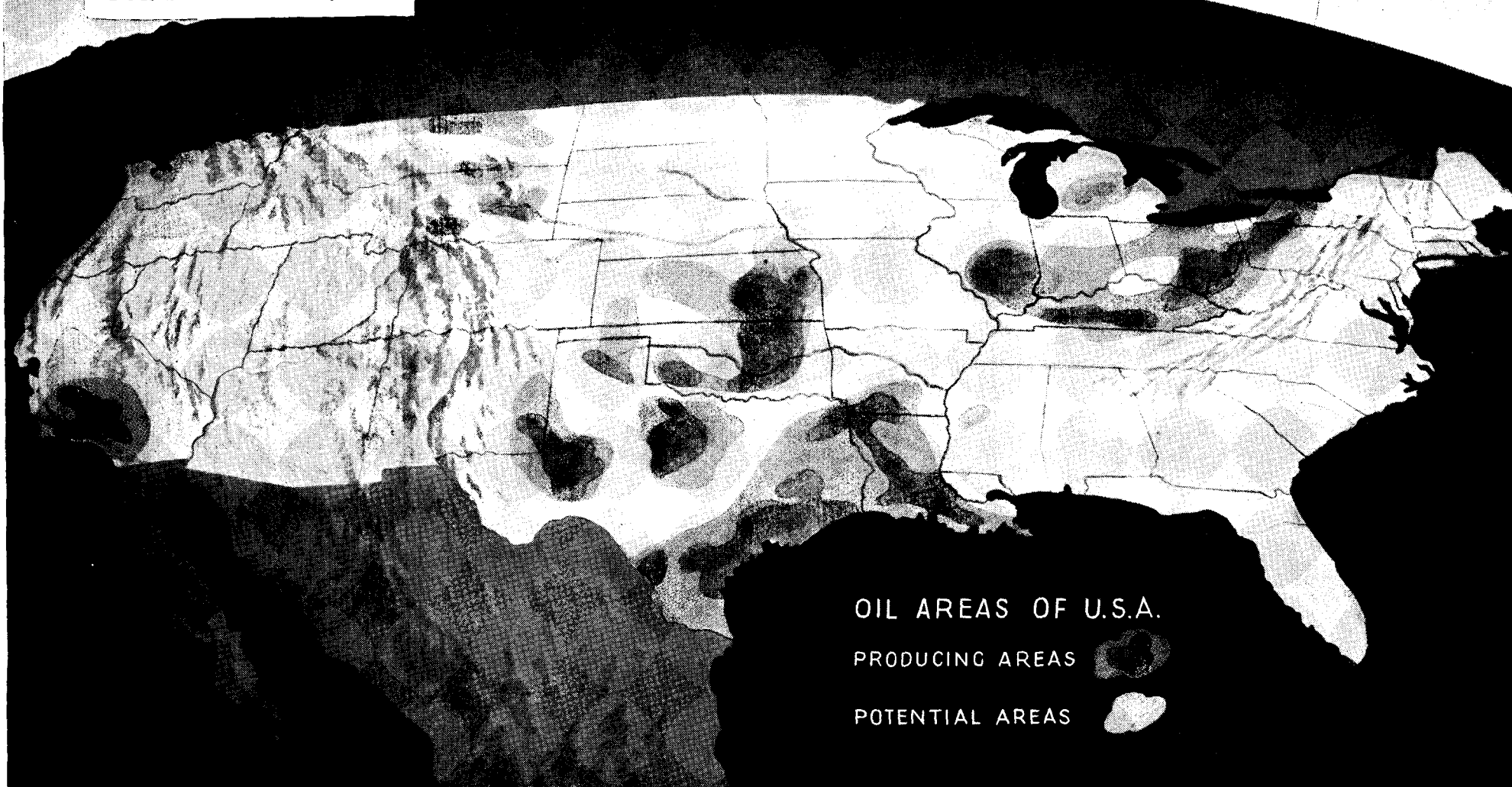
It represents relentless, untiring effort on their part to conquer America's rubber problem, backed by a quarter-century of experience *solely* with Top-Quality.

This new-day General has General's famous Silent-Grip tread design. Its body has General's same extra strong cord construction, as always. It's a General through and through . . . built with a new kind of rubber: *America's own*, processed in General's special *quality* way.

Rubber is still scarce; tires are still precious; there are only a limited number of these new Generals available . . . but you may be eligible to buy. Your General Tire dealer cordially invites you to come in and see the new kind of tire that is carrying on General's banner of Top-Quality.



THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO



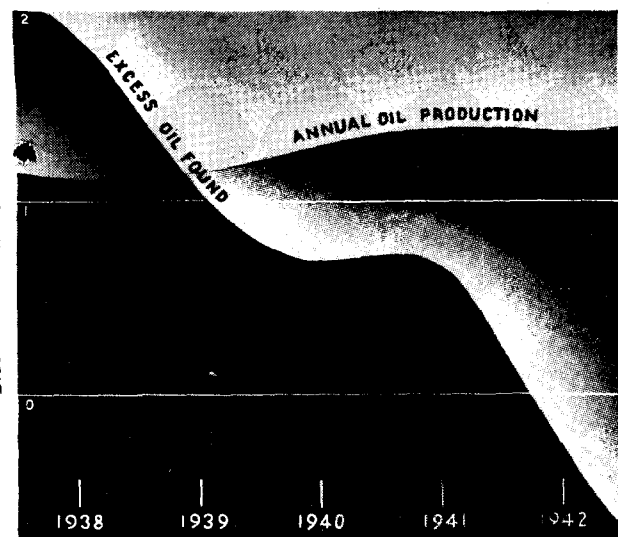
The oil areas of America—both producing and potential—are shown here. They look heartening. The truth is, they're disheartening

The Truth About Our Oil Supply

By Frank B. Taylor

DRAWINGS BY KENNETH THOMPSON

Our oil fields hold enough black gold to last about twelve years. Unless we discover new oil-rich areas, or substitute fuels, our economic gears must come to a rasping stop. A man who knows the U. S. oil industry paints the dark picture candidly, and adds a touch of hope



In the past five years, oil production has climbed. Excess oil found—that is, oil in the bank—has fallen. We're burning it faster than we find it

WHILE the vast resources of America are being brought to bear upon our enemies, the most basic of all these resources is showing definite signs of weakening. The oil industry is growing short of oil. The bald facts are that we are using our petroleum reserves far more rapidly than we are finding new reserves.

If you continually take from a barrel without replenishing—sooner or later that barrel will be empty. The same holds true for our oil reserves. If it were possible for us to draw from these reserves as we might need them, yet fail to find new fields, we would totally exhaust our oil by 1955—a mere twelve years.

Rationing has little to do with it. Even the weight of the war is a small influence. It is a critical situation within the industry itself, and it means that an industrial revolution is daily gaining momentum.

In the House, California Congressman Clarence F. Lea said:

"The normal drainage of these known reserves would require about 40 years to reach exhaustion. The waste of oil, due to maximum production under forced measures, would reach 20 to 50 per cent in some of our most productive fields. A careful review of the present situation indicates that we will reach the decline in the productive capacity of American oil fields in one year."

This doesn't mean that the oil industry is going to the dogs. Nor should you dash to your broker and sell that oil stock you have acquired. It does mean that the petroleum industry is entering a new phase—a phase that will inevitably affect the lives of every one of us. It means that we should be given a frank appraisal of

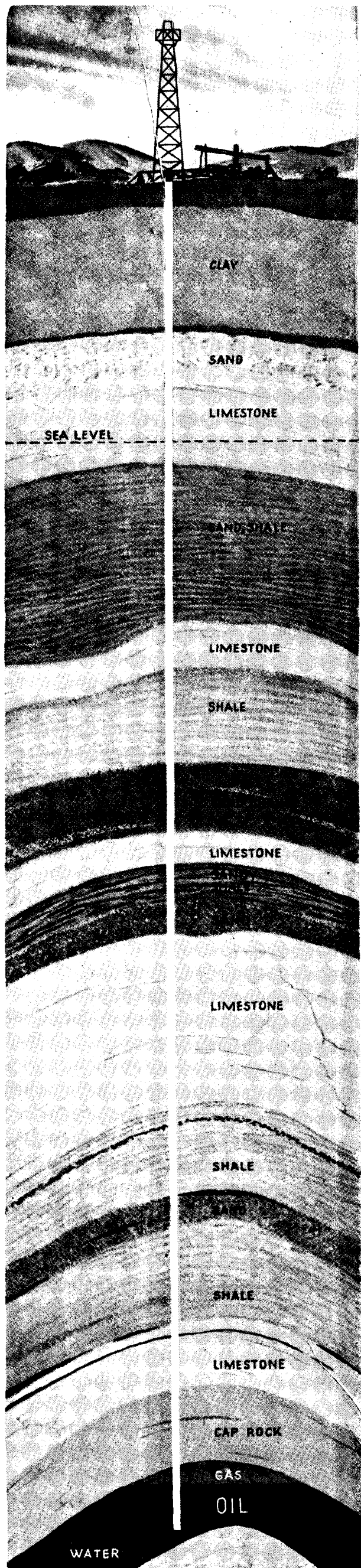
the situation—and this appraisal should be made now.

The fact that we have a total reserve, including oil still underground, of 20 billions of barrels should be reassuring. We do not have to look forward to the early depletion of our reserves, for we will continue to find new fields, even though the rate of finding may be far slower than in other years. Our current situation does not mean that our war effort will drag, due to lack of oils or gasolines.

One out of every four of our daily production of 4,100,000 barrels is earmarked for the military. The industry sees its way clear to supply this life blood of mechanized warfare. But there is no room for revision of our war demand much farther upward. The vast fleets of warplanes and air transports proposed for the future are completely out of the question if only for the simple reason that we do not have the oil.

It is hard for the uninitiated to realize what a tremendous volume of oil the nation demands each year. If you drive 2,000 miles during the year you use 135 gallons, and still this is just a little over three barrels. But here is the catch—multiply this by our 30,000,000 cars and trucks, then add the fuel oils, the lubricants, the high-octane aviation fuels, tractor fuels, industrial fuels, kerosene, waxes, and the myriad of petroleum by-products—by this time the total is terrific. In fact, in 1941, production in the United States reached an all-time high of 1,402,228,000 barrels to supply these demands. And this year, under the impetus of greater demands, we will set a higher production peak.

These demands would be all right if we were finding new fields at a rate equal to or exceeding our with-



drawals. Instead of this, for the past four years we have continually lost ground by our inability to keep pace with production. In 1942, the new oil located failed to equal the oil produced by more than half a billion barrels!

Of course, our reserve of 20,000,000,000 barrels provides us with a comfortable drawing account. Unfortunately, the figure has been misinterpreted. The truth of the matter is that oil exists in porous rock formations much as water is contained in a filled sponge. The exploratory work of finding these formations is called wildcatting. The waters that are also contained in these formations have been migrating slowly about for millions of years as the continents writhed and convulsed to their present forms. By this action, the oils, being lighter than water, were flushed about until caught in natural traps where they accumulated. These traps are known to the petroleum geologist by such names as domes, anticlines, fault zones, pools, nosings, stratigraphic traps, etc., according to type. It is in the hope of locating such a pool that the wildcat well is drilled.

When the field is first drilled, the oil is usually under gas or water pressure and squirts out of the formation as the water would flow from the sponge if pressed. Soon, however, the well no longer flows. Then it must be pumped. But by this method only a limited volume can be produced daily. This depends not only upon how much it is physically possible to lift, but also upon the rate of flow of the crude as it seeps into the hole from the oil-bearing formation. In most cases, the ultimate recovery from the well or field is reduced if wells are produced too rapidly.

New Fields a Necessity

This oil reserve, vast though it is, can only be produced a little at a time. This means that we can actually be short of oil in a period of months. It means that we absolutely cannot delay vitally needed oil exploratory work. We must have new fields now.

In 1859 Colonel Drake drilled the oil well that launched the petroleum industry. When he found production, he was credited with discovering a field. Also, and this is a point that must be kept in mind, when Drake started his well, there were only a fixed number of potential oil fields in the entire United States; and when he completed his well as a producer, he had decreased that number by one. Every successful wildcat well after that further reduced the number of undiscovered fields. And every unsuccessful wildcat reduced the potential by one.

The industry has no idea how many fields there were to start with, but it is definite that the number has not increased. Oil is not formed in the lifetime of man. Oil is irreplaceable. Once produced and used it is utterly gone—and another barrel does not spring up as one stalk of corn replaces another.

For some years following Drake's discovery, oil wildcatting was entirely and joyfully haphazard. The oil men punched holes down for any reason at all—dreams, the forked twig of a peach tree, an omen, anything. Then it was recognized that certain conditions of surface rocks usually indicated a subsurface accumulation of oil—and the famous "anticlinal theory" of geology came into existence. A vast search was immediately under way for these anticlines or domes, and such fields as Spindletop, El Dorado, Glenn Pool, Teapot Dome and others were discovered. But by no means all of these favorable locations were actually found to contain oil. Many were drilled and found to be entirely dry.

Petroleum geologists combed the nation's surface and naturally found the most apparent structures first. Then the search became difficult. Exploratory tools were required to aid in the search for new fields. The "cream of the crop" was gone. The seismograph, making use of reflected sound waves, helped the geologist study deep-seated formations. With this aid he found many fields that lacked any surface indication. Also, the petroleum geologist adapted other tools to assist in the search. The gravity meter and the magnetometer, the core drill, air mapping—all helped to find new fields.

Each new tool or geologic aid was put to use the instant its worth was proved. And where the previous instruments had failed to detect oil, the new tool might find a new prospect. Each successive development enjoyed an initial success.

Soon, however, the use of the tool became routine—not because the instrument was becoming less effective, but because it had already found most of the favorable conditions possible for it to detect.

The search went deeper. Drake's well was only 69 feet deep. Today's deepest well is Continental Oil Company's KCL-4 in California, drilled to a depth of 15,004 feet. As

The average oil well in the East Texas field is about a mile deep and takes a month to drill. A few wells have taken as long as six years to drill

the search continued for these new fields, and the test wells were drilled deeper and deeper, and exploratory equipment grew in complexity, the cost of finding new wells soared. But this didn't particularly matter as long as the search was successful. That is how the industry built up the reserve we are now drawing upon.

And here we come to a new set of facts. The rate of finding new reserves has reversed itself. Instead of finding more and more, we are finding less and less. Not only last year did we fail to locate ample new reserves, but we have actually been finding less and less new oil since 1937. What does this mean?

It means that the various exploratory tools of the industry have already served their maximum usefulness. It means new or greatly improved exploratory tools must be devised, so that the remaining oil structures can be located. In all the industry, there is not a single exploratory tool that is capable of detecting oil directly; every method is designed to detect the condition favorable to the accumulation of oil.

If we allow our nation's petroleum reserve to diminish during the present critical period we must expect serious results in our postwar period. The industry is entering an era of near-stabilization in which a never-ceasing effort must be made to retain our reserves at as high a figure as possible. We are entering a period in which we will be constantly attempting to close an ever-widening breach between greater demands on the one hand—and diminishing reserves on the other.

This does not mean that no important fields remain to be located. Not at all. It means that the discovery of new fields, large and small, will become more and more difficult. The array of prolific discoveries is definitely behind us. Judging by the experience of the past six years, the average pool discovery will continue to decrease in size. This is best illustrated by showing the relationship between the number of new pools discovered since 1937 and the volumes of crude added to the nation's oil barrel by the finding of these new fields.

Year	New Pools Found	Estimated Reserves of New Pools
1937	221	928,742,000
1938	256	810,493,000
1939	254	340,667,000
1940	304	286,338,000
1941	341	429,974,000
1942	348	260,051,000

Geologists are none too optimistic about new discoveries. To quote the Honorable Wesley E. Disney, of Oklahoma, "Oil cannot be discovered at will." It takes planning, research, surveys, and money. It takes more than merely the price of the average wildcat well—which is \$50,000, but which may be anywhere from \$1,000 to \$500,000. It takes exploration expense to find a geologically favorable site on which to locate a test well.

No Pay-Off in Prospecting

Why hasn't this exploratory effort been made? For a number of reasons. In the first place there has been an economic uncertainty created that has retarded this type of investment. Then there has been an actual shortage of critical materials—some of which are required in oil exploration, and not enough of these materials have been marked for the oil industry. With so many men entering the services, a paralyzing manpower situation has developed. And this is heightened by war industries that pay wages higher than those the government allows the oil firms to pay. Combine this with the fact that it is becoming increasingly more difficult to find new fields and you have a good part of the answer.

The rest of the answer lies in the price of oil. While all operating and exploratory costs of the industry have steadily risen, an average increase of about two cents a barrel in the price of crude oil has been available; and that only in some few areas where it was granted as an "adjustment."

To carry on our war, the Petroleum Administration for War wants 4,500 wildcat wells to be drilled during 1942. Actually, the figure will be closer to 3,300, about 75 per cent of the desired total. In 1942 the industry drilled 3,166 wildcat wells against 4,000 asked by the government.

A price increase would greatly stimulate the exploratory effort, and there are two other beneficial results that would immediately obtain. The first would allow the producing well of today to be operated further toward total exhaustion. By this means the greatest ultimate recovery would be obtained before the inevitable abandonment of the well. The other immediate result would be the development of many semidepleted oil areas as secondary recovery projects, by which methods additional oil can be obtained at greater expense.

Meanwhile, the big companies are increasing their reserves in the most logical manner. Not by exploration. That is too expensive with the present price of crude. They are purchasing as many independent (Continued on page 58)

A Lot of Questions

BY GALE WILHELM

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The story of a boy who found that, though there are questions which cannot be asked, they will sometimes answer themselves

THE small boy sat with them at the bar drinking a tall glass of lemonade through two green straws. He smiled over his glass at her face reflected in the back-bar mirror and she smiled back, but far away from him, and said, "Is it good, darling?"

He nodded to her face in the mirror and said, "What's the name of yours, Mum?" pointing with his eyes to her whisky and water.

"Don't drink it too fast," she said. Mr. Cherrick, sitting on the other side, gave her a cigarette and held a match for her. "Thanks," she said, the words and the smoke coming out of her mouth together.

"Mum, why don't you drink both of them in one glass? What've you got them in two glasses for, like medicine?"

"I like it that way," she said, turning to look at Mr. Cherrick. In the mirror the boy saw Mr. Cherrick laugh with his teeth and he heard him say, "What d'you expect?" He looked quickly at his mother and saw her shrug her shoulders, and her fur coat slipped back a little farther.

He watched the barman stirring something in a big glass with a long-handled spoon. He drank again from his glass of lemonade, watching the barman. Mr. Cherrick was talking softly to his mother, and the boy thought that in the mirror she looked just the way she looked when she sat at her dressing table and he stood behind her looking over her shoulder. Sometimes he stood there looking over her shoulder for a long time before she saw him, before she lifted her eyes to his and said, "Why, hello, darling!"

He took another sip of lemonade through the straws. He had tried to drink it very slowly, but he saw now that the glass was almost empty, so he held the straws in his mouth and just pretended to drink and he saw someone go over to the big lighted box at the end of the bar and put some money in it and it began to play, just like a radio but very loud.

He tapped his feet to the music against the legs of the stool and looked at his mother in the mirror. She was sitting with her elbows on the bar and her chin in her hand and she wasn't talking, she was listening to Mr. Cherrick.

When the music ended he said, "Mum, are you tired?" and Mr. Cherrick looked up and in the mirror they looked at each other for a moment and he wished they would finish drinking their drinks so they could go. He didn't know why it took them so long to drink a little drink. And he didn't know why they had to stop so many times just to get a drink and not eat anything. They had stopped four times since they left San Francisco.

Mr. Cherrick slid something along the bar toward him. His mother didn't move. "Here," Mr. Cherrick said, "go put these in the juke box." There were two nickels sliding along the bar under the tip of his forefinger. "Go on," he said, nodding toward the big lighted box.



"All right," the boy said. He looked at his mother, but she didn't look up or say anything so he guessed it was all right to take the money. He got down off the stool and went with the two nickels to the big box with the red lights in it. He didn't know where to put the money, but he stood there looking and after a moment a man came over and said, "What you wanta play, buddy?" and he looked up and said, "I want to play the juke box," and held out his hand with the two nickels on his palm.

The man was tall, taller than Mr. Cherrick even, and he smiled and bent down and took the nickels and put them into a slot and then pressed two buttons with numbers on them. "That's the way you do it," the man said.

They stood there together, waiting. The tall man had on a big hat like a cowboy's. After a moment the music started and the boy looked at the tall man and smiled. "Thank you," he said. He went back to the stool beside his mother and found someone sitting on it. He started to speak to the man who was sitting there, but he touched his mother instead and she turned quickly and Mr. Cherrick turned and said, "Now what do you want?"

"I don't want anything," he said, look-

ing at his mother. He tried to show her that somebody was sitting on his stool but she just looked at him, almost as though she were surprised to see him there, looking down over her shoulder like a cat, the way a cat looks at you with its eyes like buttonholes.

"What time is it?" she said suddenly. Mr. Cherrick looked at his watch. "A little past eight and we just got here."

STILL looking at him his mother opened her bag and said, "There's a restaurant next door, right through that door there. You go in and order yourself a milk shake or something, anything you want."

Mr. Cherrick said, "That's the idea," and started to give him some money but his mother said, "I'll do this. Here. Pay for it with this. Are you hungry?"

"Yes," the boy said, "I'm awfully hungry."

"You'd better get something to eat," she said, giving him a dollar. "When you finish, come back here and we'll go. Eat something hot, some soup or something."

"All right," he said. "Don't you want any dinner, Mum?"

"Sure she does," Mr. Cherrick said, smiling. "Out of a glass. She's having it now."

Mr. Cherrick was talking softly to his mother. The boy thought that in the mirror she looked just the way she did when she sat at her dressing table and he stood looking over her shoulder

He saw his mother turn her head slowly, as though it had to go a long way, until she was looking straight at Mr. Cherrick. "That's enough of that," she said. "You knew how it would be when we left. What do you want to do, lock him in the car every time we stop?"

"Now listen," Mr. Cherrick said. "I didn't—"

"You keep still," she said in a low voice, barely loud enough for him to hear. "You take what you're getting and keep still or go the rest of the way by yourself."

"Okay, okay," Mr. Cherrick said quickly. "I was only kidding."

They turned back to their drinks. The boy waited behind them for a moment and then he went across the room to the door that opened into the restaurant and went in, pushing hard against the door to make it swing, holding his dollar. The door shut behind him.

(Continued on page 80)

THE V.P.'s VICTORY GARDEN

BY DREW AND
LEON PEARSON

Despite Washington's efforts to change him, Vice-President Wallace still clings to the soil. And during the sweltering midsummer days in which he assiduously cultivated his Victory Garden, the soil clung to him

THE time is 7 A. M. The place is behind the palatial lawns of the Swiss legation. The sun is high enough over the oak trees to cause a dark blue mark between the shoulders of the light blue shirt worn by the gentleman on the compost pile. It is sweat.

The Vice-President of the United States is at work on his Victory Garden, standing on top of the pile, throwing compost down on old pea vines. The pea crop has been harvested, and he has torn up the vines and tossed them against the pile.

Henry Wallace is really happy around his compost pile. For ten years now, Washington has tried to change him, without success. He still refuses to smoke or to take a cocktail; in fact, he won't even drink coffee, for all his Pan-American good-willing. And more perversely than anything else, he clings to the soil.

By odd circumstance, the Vice-President's Victory Garden is on foreign soil. His sister Mary is the wife of the Swiss minister, Charles Bruggmann, and Mary suggested that Henry have his garden on their grounds, only five minutes' walk from the Wardman Park Hotel, where the Vice-President has an apartment in the same wing with Cordell Hull and Clare Luce.

So, according to international law, the soil is foreign. But there is nothing foreign about the labor. Most of it is Vice-Presidential, with regular help from Mrs. Wallace, irregular help from sister Mary, but no help at all from the Swiss minister.

If you want to quibble with the Vice-President, you might insist that the "Harty sweet potatoes," as he calls them, were produced by hired labor, since they are the fond product of Harty, the Wallace chauffeur, who arrives a little early every morning to hoe them. When Wallace remarks that they are doing fine, Harty, dressed in a white shirt and black bow tie, beams with pleasure.

Chief difference between Wallace's and any other Victory Garden is that he brought back a lot of seeds from South America last spring, and the very same day he got off the plane in Washington, he hustled up to his garden to plant them. Corn was born in Latin America, but most Latin-American varieties are still scrawny. They need to be crossbred with something more virile, and the most virile stuff in his garden is Wallace's own "Hi-bred" Golden Bantam corn, which he intends to cross with Latin-American varieties, to produce a new "Pan-American Union."

Down at the south end of his garden, the Vice-President has a new interest—herbs. There he planted every variety he could find, including such old stand-bys as hyssop, camomile, thyme, basil, tarragon, chives and rosemary.

The herb garden occupies a very small corner, and the Vice-President spends most of his time on the cash crops—corn, tomatoes, potatoes, beans, peas, lettuce and broccoli. Except for the scrawny corn imported from Chile, everything is flourishing.

The tallest corn in the garden is not his Iowa corn, or his North Carolina, Louisiana, Puerto Rico, or any other of his nine varieties of corn, but the variety he brought back from the high slopes of the Andes, in Cochabamba, Bolivia. Grown 9,000 feet above sea level, it is producing tall stalks on the banks of the sluggish Potomac, but there are no ears, and so the Vice-President wants to use the pollen to cross on his Iowa corn. He thinks the Andean corn knows how to resist certain types of corn diseases.

There is room for all Mr. Wallace wants to plant in his 150- by 50-foot garden, and for more than he can consume. Mrs. Wallace is a little worried about the tomato surplus.

"I'm afraid," she says, "that Mr. Wallace has overdone the tomatoes. Look at them all. I counted the plants the other evening, and there are 480." ★★★

JERRY COOKE-PIX

MIRACLE FROM HE

BY MACKINLAY KANTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FINE

A distinguished American storyteller sets down the record of one evening in the life of a prodigal who returned

WHEN Johnston Bush got off the evening train at Cool Meadows it was dark, and seven o'clock. A thin wind was blowing as he walked along the platform, carrying his one small bag.

There were lights over on the main street; a lot of lights in the Big-Time Drug-store on the corner, and the platform in front of the pool hall was also brightly illuminated. Johnston was walking against these lights, facing them, with his back toward the railroad yard from which the train was already laboring away. He could not clearly recognize the figure approaching him from the main street, but he thought it was Mr. Shannon from the bank, and immediately he experienced a feeling of shame for vandalisms which he had committed when younger.

One Saturday night he had thrown a rock through the window of Mr. Shannon's bank. He had done it intentionally.

His grandfather was forced to pay for the window, and Johnston himself spent two days in jail before his mother could

persuade the authorities to let him come home.

This wasn't Mr. Shannon whom he met now, however. It was the Reverend Charles Hood of the Christian Church.

"Why, aren't you Johnny Bush?"

Johnston halted, grinding his fingers around the handle of his bag. The minister came back to shake hands. "I thought maybe that was you, coming from the train. We knew you were due home."

Johnston said, "Evening, Reverend."

"It's wonderful," said the Reverend Hood, still holding the boy's hand. "You picked your time right—or had it picked for you. Got back for Thanksgiving."

Johnston hadn't thought much about it before. He had thought about Thanksgiving sometimes, but not just recently.

He wanted to tell the Reverend Hood that it seemed unbelievable to be welcomed back to Cool Meadows thus heartily; but he had never been easily articulate, and a weight of emotion kept him from saying things which the Reverend Hood might have enjoyed hearing.

"It was in the newspapers, Johnny."

Johnston Bush and the minister released the grip of their hands simultaneously. "Well," Johnston said, "I guess you know where I been."

He wanted to say a great many other things, but the cat got his tongue. He wished that he might tell the Reverend

Hood and all of Cool Meadows how much he had learned, how much he had changed.

... He wished to declare his skills and newly acquired wisdom. Johnny wanted to say, "Look at me. I'm what you might call a changed character. Never again will I throw a rock through the bank window, no matter how broke we Bushes get! Never again will I fight the marshal. Never again break a billiard cue over Jud Axline's head. Never again take Grandpa's .45 and try to shoot up the town. Never—"

BUT he could not say these things, nor could he say anything else. He merely shuffled his new stiff shoes; and the Reverend Hood knew that Johnston Bush wanted to hurry along.

So the minister said, "I pray that you and yours will enjoy a happy Thanksgiving. God bless you, my boy."

Johnston said soberly, "Thank you, Reverend," and turned toward the lights.

He walked on to the main street, remembering now that they had always called it "the main drag," and he wondered why main streets in little towns were called main drags.

He didn't care to enter the drugstore; there would be a lot of people in at the drugstore, and a lot of the younger fellows, probably, at the pool hall. So he kept to the opposite side of the street, striding west, his hard heels clicking sharply on

There were lights over on the main street. Johnston was walking against them, facing them, his back to the train, which was already laboring away

new concrete before one series of stores, and then making a momentary thunder as they trod the hollow wooden sidewalk in front of Harney's Furniture and Undertaking.

He wanted some cigarettes, and before he reached the end of the block he crossed diagonally toward the yellow, steamy front of Nick's Café. That one wide window was exactly the way he remembered it, exactly the way he had thought about it when he was hungry. Yellow glow came through the flat-painted letters of the word "Café," and the letters, deep red in daytime, always looked orange at night.

Inside the restaurant, Johnston put his bag on a stool next to the glass cigar case where the cash register stood.

Nick himself approached slowly in his greasy apron behind the counter. Johnston looked down the room, and everything seemed just the same: salt and pepper, and little triangular sheaves of paper napkins at strategic intervals. All except the catsup bottles. There were no catsup bottles any longer. Catsup was almost impossible to get, in many of these little towns, and

(Continued on page 73)



IS ROUGH BY STANLEY FRANK

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOFF-PIX

At fourteen, a girl had to evade piano practice. Louise Brough found escape in a "sissy" game—tennis. Now, five years later, her smashes whistle by the best lady tennisists, and record keepers expect her to crack some of the Lenglen and Moody marks

THE defeat of Miss Louise Brough in the final round of the women's national tennis championship at Forest Hills last September was singularly reassuring to the experts. Until that time, the experts were not quite sure that it was sporting of Miss Brough to promote Darwin's theory by making monkeys of her fellow females in public. She didn't belong in the same league with the girls; she hit the ball hard, and her smashing style was as aggressive as a man's. And then, in the most important match of her career, the blond Miss Brough showed she was only a nineteen-year-old girl, after all. She blew up.

Unbeaten all season, winner of every major tournament held on grass and seeded No. 1 in the nationals—an unprecedented ranking for a player who had not advanced beyond the second round in three previous attempts—California's Brough merely had to go through the vigorous motions for another fifteen minutes to become the youngest champion since Helen Wills. Opposed by Miss Pauline Betz, whom she had licked decisively in the Rye and Manchester tournaments, Miss Brough again was outpointing the 1941 runner-up with ease. She won the first set 6-4, and when she broke through Betz's service in the opening game of the second set, it appeared that she had one foot on the throne for the coronation. At that point the balloon went up, carrying Brough on a nonstop flight of jitters.

Lady tennis players are unstable crea-

tures, who need emotional priming before their imaginations can accept success.

Old campaigner Helen Jacobs flew off the handle in all directions at Wimbledon in 1935 when she flubbed, at match point, an easy smash, her best shot, that would have defeated Helen Wills Moody. Miss Jacobs had devoted practically her entire career finishing runner-up to Helen Wills and when she finally had her nemesis in the sack, she collapsed under the sudden overwhelming realization that the great moment was at hand.

Miss Brough was betrayed by the identical symptoms at Forest Hills last year. She was in complete charge of the match while it was a struggle and she had to concentrate on winning. As soon as she gained the heights overlooking the promised land with the break-through of Betz's service, she busted loose like a dollar alarm clock. Betz, a tenacious competitor with great experience, promptly reeled off six straight games for the second set, 6-1. Although Brough rallied fitfully in the decisive set, she could not recapture her touch and she lost, 6-4.

"It sounds silly and maybe conceited of me to say it," Miss Brough confides, "but overconfidence rather than stage-fright lost the match for me. As soon as I took the lead in the second set, I talked myself into being too tired to try for every shot. I just lay back and expected to get the breaks. It won't happen again."

People who know about these things regard Miss Brough, with the inevitable attack of buck fever behind her, as a sure-fire, can't-miss bet to win the national singles this year. The experts are more intrigued, however, by her future. They believe she has the physical and technical equipment to approach more closely than any other girl of the last decade the crushing superiority that marked Wills Moody and Suzanne Lenglen.

When a woman player is outstanding, she is invincible. Save for injury or indisposition, Wills Moody and Lenglen never—absolutely never—lost a match and rarely dropped a set once they had reached their peaks. Even on their off days, when they occasionally were carried to extra games, they were not in the slightest danger of defeat. Everyone is unanimous on this one point: Brough is the most

(Continued on page 41)

Louise Brough's backhand (upper left) is made like Don Budge's. She's no gazelle when scrambling for hard shots (upper right). Her overhead smash (below) is lightning

THE VIRGIN AND THE DYNAMO

BY MOSSER MAUGER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Harvard boys will tell you that Cambridge girls are a bit standoffish. We submit this story as a refutation

JOHNNY RHYNO said into the phone, "You're on, Mr. Willowby."

His mouth twisted downward. He had a tortured mobile mouth strangely at odds with the smooth chin and his well-controlled reddish-brown hair. "What gives from Washington, Mr. Willowby?"

"Good Lord, Johnny!" The phone wire sputtered with the older man's surprise. "How are you?"

"I'm fine. No temperature since yesterday. The doctor says he thinks we've got the thing licked—if I stay quiet."

"Then you'd better not talk to me."

"Listen," Johnny Rhyno said, "are you the head of a broadcasting company or not and are you going to get that Russian passport for me or not? I'm asking you."

"I've an appointment in the morning. I'll get to the bottom of it."

Johnny Rhyno did not say, "You are a rabbit. You will get to the bottom of nothing except maybe some cabbage leaves." Johnny sighed gustily. "All right, Mr. Willowby. Everything else okay?"

"Don't worry, Johnny. You keep that fever down. You trust me to handle Washington."

"Sure, sure. Goodbye."

Johnny Rhyno put the phone down in its cradle conveniently by his side on the bed and looked reflectively up at the ceiling.

He'd come to Cambridge five days ago with the idea of talking with Dr. Thomas Pramberton for maybe fifteen minutes at the most, between trains. He had had to be back in New York for a broadcast that evening.

The streets were silent and the afternoon shade deep along the sidewalks. He'd had no trouble finding the house. Everybody knew Pramberton. Even across the world they knew Thomas Pramberton, a professor at Harvard, a

man without personal ambitions, an authority on Russian history.

Pramberton gripped Johnny's hand and said, "Call me Pram. Everybody does. Everybody says give the Pram a shove and he's happy as a baby." Pramberton's dark, deep-set eyes peered wisely from behind gold-rimmed spectacles.

JOHNNY RHYNO asked a question about Russia. That was shove enough. The quiet library lulled the words and when Johnny Rhyno remembered again to look at the clock it was after four. His program was at five.

Astonishment sickened him. Johnny Rhyno began yelling for a phone; he must call his office.

The sickness increased. He was helpless and lost and there was no bottom to the blackness. There was no bottom anywhere.

When Johnny came to, they had him in Pramberton's room spread over the enormous bed. Pramberton and several doctors stood around him. Johnny Rhyno had had a relapse of malarial fever,

caused by too much work, the relaxation, and then the sudden violent excitement.

All night long he'd dreamed wildly of the peaches that used to grow in his grandmother's back yard when he was a boy. It was forbidden to eat the peaches. All night long he had struggled in his dreams to climb a ladder for one of them.

At last the fever abated and he slept deeply. When Johnny Rhyno woke, the nun-white curtains at the tall French windows had been drawn against the light. There was the morning fragrance of dew from the garden. The girl on the low chair by the bed was fast asleep.

Johnny Rhyno eyed the girl carefully. Her mouth was a little open, her head tilted back against the wall, her hair, which was golden and willful like a baby's and worn obviously upswept, had come loose and wisps straggled around her face.

(Continued on page 61)

Ann fed him ice cream with perfect composure, completely unself-conscious. Johnny thought of telling her his troubles. But something held him quiet



GRANNY, GIT YOUR GUN

BY MARK HAGER

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Granny was listening to the radio, waiting for the boys to get mad. "It's a sin to fight when you ain't mad," Granny said. And so she went to town to tell 'em



THE spring after Pearl Harbor we all thought Grandma was losing her mind. "I want that radio put in my room," she commanded. "I want to hear the news when our boys git mad. It'll be worth settin' up to listen at . . ."

We had to just turn the radio over to Grandma's room upstairs—by her window where the limbs of a decaying old apple tree kept up a constant pawing and scraping around the window, and you couldn't hardly sleep for the apple tree when the wind blew.

The truth was it got so after Pearl Harbor that none of us could ever get to use the radio, for Grandma listening for the boys to get mad. But the news coming in that spring didn't suit Grandma.

"Confound it!" she'd say, slamming her cane. "Ain't nobody ever gonna git mad in this war?"

And if you came in and started upstairs, some of the folks would warn you: "Better stay out of Grandma's room; she's heard news; she's mad, and she'll poke you one on the bean with her cane."

Which was the truth. When Grandma heard bad news and got mad, she'd hit the first thing that got in reach of her cane, whether it was the cat, dog, or some of the rest of us. We even got a little afraid of Grandma that spring. Once we saw her with Grandpa's old Civil War pistol out, and she'd be talking to herself and say, "I'd just like to git one shot in this war."

And when the news kept telling about the Japs taking this and that, she'd say, "Now maybe that'll make somebody mad; that ought to start shootin'. You can't fight none worth speakin' of lessen you git mad."

She would throw that at us boys. She'd snap her eyes at us and say, "I pity you boys when you git in the Army; it's gonna be mighty hard on you tryin' to fight them devils when you ain't mad. But, when you git mad, it comes perfectly natural . . . like it did to your Grandpa Henry in the War Between the States."

And you didn't dare touch the apple tree, either. No matter how old and barren it got and dying, twig by twig, and hollow at the ground, and the limbs scraping at the window all night, you had to just count sheep and try to go to sleep.

"Let it scrape," she'd say. "It came up there the year your Grandpa Henry got mad at the Yankees and went off to fight 'em."

THE truth was, Grandma claimed every old thing on the place. She didn't care much about the new improvements or anything. She claimed things like the oldest fruit trees, and the barn with the sagging mossy roof, and the sugar trees up in the sugar orchard because they were the things that were there when Grandpa Henry went off to the Civil War, and she claimed the fruit from the old trees, and the sugar from the sugar trees each spring when we tapped the trees and made sugar.

But now that was natural, and it was all right, and we didn't worry none about Grandma's mind while she claimed the old things and wore black dresses.

But that spring she was getting worse. She got clear by us that morning when she got the truck out to bring a few things to town and see the soldier trains. We always picked a day when soldier trains would come through, because they stopped about half an hour for water, and we could get to see and talk to the soldier boys, and maybe see tanks and guns and things.

So when I started up the truck and
(Continued on page 51)

As the train pulled away, the high-school band struck up a tune and it was Dixie, and Grandma just stood there with the faded gray breeches across her shoulder, and the muzzle of the pistol still smoking



THE Wild Bunch

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN HALLGREN

The Story Thus Far:

FRANK GOODNIGHT learns that Theo McSween—a drifter who had run away with his sister and, before her death, cruelly deserted her—is living near the frontier town of Sherman City. He leaves his home in the Oregon high desert country, with the intention of finding McSween and killing him.

Arrived at Sherman City, he has a talk with an old friend, Niles Brand, who tells him that trouble is brewing between two rival cattle factions: the "desert crowd," led by a man named Harry Ide, and the "hill crowd," led by Hugh Overman. Niles says that McSween is in the hills, working with Overman.

A short time after the interview (a secret one), the two hostile factions clash in the town. While watching the fight, Goodnight saves a girl from possible injury when a horseman almost runs her down. The girl is Rosalia Lind, an orphan, who owns the town's one hotel. She attracts Goodnight strongly—so strongly that he yields to a sudden impulse and kisses her.

Firm in his resolve to "get" McSween, Good-

night leaves Sherman City and rides into the hill country. Before he does so, however, he makes a number of enemies, including "Boston Bill" Royal, a "hill man" who is in love with Rosalia.

High in the hills, Goodnight encounters another girl—Hugh Overman's daughter, Virginia—who, knowing that her father is in need of "hands," takes him to "Sun Ranch," her father's headquarters. There, he meets Overman, who gives him a job; and there he meets two enemies: Boston Bill and McSween! He does not shoot McSween on sight, as he had planned to do; but he does administer two sound drubbings to the scoundrel.

While he is getting settled at Sun, he receives a note from Rosalia Lind, who asks him to hurry back to Sherman City. He rides back, goes to Rosalia's home, where he finds Niles Brand suffering from a gun wound—someone, firing from a window of one of the rooms of the hotel, had tried to assassinate him!

Goodnight has a long talk with Niles and the girl. Then he rides back to Sun. He finds Virginia in tears—her father has been killed! He does his best to comfort her. After a time, she composes herself, and tells Goodnight that she wants to have a talk with him. Goodnight follows her into a room; he closes the door, waits for her to say what is on her mind.

III

VIRGINIA was in a corner of the room, waiting for him, stony-patient. "You've met Mac somewhere before?"

"No."

"Why ride him then?"

"I can't tell you that," he said.

"I can. Just to be top dog. You hate anything that won't buckle under. I thought you were cruel, but then I thought you might have something better in you. I

guess I was right in the beginning. Well, that seems to be all that counts here. Do you want to stay on?"

"Yes."

"You know what's happened?"

"I got mixed up with Harry Ide's bunch when I came up the road."

"So it was Ide?" she said. "I knew they would be from the desert, but I wasn't sure he led the party. You see what it's like. Where are your sympathies—or does it matter?"

He could have told her that her hurts mattered, but he did not. All he said was, "It doesn't matter. They've probably got me tagged as against them anyhow, since I'm here."

"I've got to keep this ranch. I don't want to be driven away."

"We can try," he said. "There ought to be men enough in the hills to lend a hand."

She said, "That's what I fear."

He studied the answer. He pointed to the lamp on the table near her. "Turn that down," and he gave a glance round about to the windows of the room. She lowered the wick, throwing the room into half-darkness as he said, "I'm not certain of Mac."

"Do you doubt he'll try to kill you now?"

"He'll try," said Goodnight. "I was just wondering which way he'd try."

"Tell him to ride on if you want."

"I want him here. If he leaves I'd have to go after him."

She made nothing of that and shrugged her shoulders. "How far do you have to

"I came to introduce you to this man. He's working for me," Virginia said. "For you or your old man?" Ned asked. "My father is dead," she said. "Harry Ide's crowd shot us up last night"

follow a man if he won't bend to your liking?"

He said, "You're worried about Boston Bill."

She showed him an expression that meant nothing to him. The man's name affected her or had power to disturb her, and when he realized it he looked at her more carefully, not so sure as he had previously been of her attitude. He said frankly, "Or maybe it isn't worry."

SHE avoided answering the implied question by changing the subject: "My father tried to play the kind of game he wasn't meant to play. Other men influenced him too much. I don't want it to be that way with me. All I want is to keep this ranch."

"Boston Bill is willing to help you do it," he reminded her.

Her voice revealed some strain. She kept stubbornly to her point: "I want to keep this ranch and I want to run it. You're brutal enough to make men mind you. How would you like to be foreman?"

"If I'm supposed to keep off the thing you're afraid of," he said, "maybe you better tell me what that is."

"You'll see."

(Continued on page 32)

SICILY *wasn't easy*

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS
RADIOED FROM AFRICA



To the tablecloth strategists, Sicily was a soft touch for our boys. The doctors working in an olive grove didn't think so. Neither did the kid who fought a Tiger tank with a tommy gun. And Collier's correspondent saw the snowy crosses, and couldn't sleep for thinking

THIS hill now was like a thousand other hills here in northeastern Sicily. The natives call it San Rosso hill, but on the military map the colonel had spread before him it was called Hill No. 335. The troops themselves, swearing at it, called it simply Bloody Ridge. It was two miles ahead of us, and two companies of our 45th Division were trying desperately to hold it. They had lost it twice this day and now as a blazing sun prepared to cool itself in the horizon of the Mediterranean to our left, our boys had regained it.

A mile back of us our 155-mm. guns (the boys call them the Long Toms) were walloping away at a hill just four hundred yards beyond San Rosso. The hill was higher than San Rosso by perhaps a hundred feet. The Germans had a lot of artillery there and were pouring it down on the crest of San Rosso. They were throwing 88s, machine-gun fire, and that six-barreled rocket gun they like so much—and that was bad. We could hear this and see the top of the hill crowned with white smoke, yet San Rosso had to be held at all costs, and tomorrow the hill beyond, where the Germans now were, would have to be taken.

"Over in North Africa," the colonel said bitterly, "they're probably saying we're having no trouble at all in clearing out Sicily. They're probably saying the same thing in Palermo and, for all I know, in New York as well."

An All Too Popular Delusion

"I don't know about New York," I told him, "but you're right about North Africa and Palermo." I'd just come from Palermo.

"I wish those who say that were out there on that ridge with my boys," the colonel said grimly.

The Long Toms back of us roared, and even though you knew these were friendly shells, you couldn't help but wince at the devilish whine they made as they cleaved the protesting air over your head. Your mind knows those shells won't explode until they have traveled another two and a half miles, but your body doesn't know this and your body instinctively tries to duck. That's how it is with me, anyway. But I may just be getting gun-shy.

"We're going to try to close in on that farther hill tonight," the colonel said. "We've got to take that ridge before we can take San Stefano, before we can go on to Messina. And we'll have to fight every inch of the way. No, Sicily isn't quite as easy as some people think."

The boys had just brought in some prisoners. They were a tired lot, many of them wounded. All of them were Germans. This sector was too important to be defended by Italians, although, if you're up against a black-shirted Fascisti regiment, you've got a tough proposition on your hands—not as tough as Germans, though.

These prisoners—some thirty of them—were questioned. Fifteen had belonged to Rommel's crack Afrika Korps. Ten others belonged to the Twenty-ninth Motorized Division, and they told us proudly that they had formerly belonged to the Seventy-first German Regiment, the regiment which was so valuable that the German High Command withdrew it from the Stalingrad front just before the Russians encircled the city. I had heard of that regiment in Moscow.

Well, that's what our boys were up against here. One surly Nazi soldier allowed his wound to be treated and then he volunteered the information that this was his fourth wound. He'd got it once in France and twice in Russia.

And our boys? Well, this 45th Division had originally been an Oklahoma National Guard outfit. Then when war came, men from New Mexico, Arizona, the New England states and New York were attached to it. For the most part, they were tall, sun-tanned lads who a year ago were strumming guitars and punching cattle in the Southwest; they were working in filling stations in

ACME

Yanks waiting to disembark at a Sicilian beach help the transport crew to hoist two wounded men aboard. Some wounded were flown to African bases. Casualties were light for an operation like the invasion of Sicily

Albuquerque or in Worcester, Massachusetts; they were clerks in Wall Street or studying at New York University—hell, they were doing everything that normal healthy Americans do. They weren't being trained for professional murder.

Yet today they are fighting against men who for years had been trained to be professional murderers. And these kids of ours were beating them at their own game. But they were being hurt doing it. The rows of fresh graves there in the olive grove close to the shore of the Mediterranean showed that.

There was an advance medical station close to regimental headquarters, and the wounded were brought here. It was well camouflaged by olive trees, and the trucks and operating tent were covered with green netting. Doctors were operating there calmly, unhurriedly, ignoring the roar of our own guns to the rear and the Hun guns ahead. I tell you these boys of ours received as careful surgical and medical attention there in that Sicilian olive grove as you'd get in your expensive city hospital.

The boys lay there after their wounds were dressed, smoking usually and not saying much, because they were still a bit dazed from the pounding they had taken at Bloody Ridge, and the noise of the guns still rang in their ears.

I asked one of them how he had got it.

"This morning," he drawled in his New Mexico accent, "we took that damn' ridge, and then they counterattacked like they always do and kicked us out. We went back at them and they raised a white flag. Of course, we thought they were surrendering. We should have known better after Tunis, where they used their own dead as booby traps, so that when we went to bury them, we would get blown to pieces.

"Anyway, we went up the hill and we were halfway up when they pulled down the white flag and let us have it. They killed sixteen of us. Nice guys, these Huns! The British are right about them. They say the only good Hun is a dead Hun. There's no rules in this war. Well, if they want to fight it like that, it's okay with us."

No Sleep at the Front

It was hard to sleep that night. Not because the ground was hard and we had no cots. Not because the flies and mosquitoes were bad. Not because two German planes circled above all night hoping to draw our flak so they could locate our anti-aircraft batteries, which were waiting for bigger game than two reconnaissance planes. Nor did the roar of the Long Toms or the sudden flashes which lighted the heavens when they fired, bother you much.

It was hard to sleep because you kept thinking of those kids on San Rosso hill just two miles ahead; you knew they were still taking it. It was hard to sleep because, looking at your watch and remembering the difference in time, you realized that people were just sitting down to dinner in New York.

You could almost hear the tablecloth strategists gathering in the bistros and hear them saying complacently, "Now my idea is that we'll clear out Sicily in another few days. It's just a matter of mopping up. Yes, sir, the whole operation was much easier than I anticipated. Sicily was a push-over. Now, when we finish with Sicily, my idea is . . ."

Yes, it's thoughts like that which keep you awake at the front. Somehow, you never get accustomed to seeing your own countrymen killed. You know that it is necessary surgery our Army is doing and you know that they are doing it with a minimum of casualties, but, lying there on the shore of the Mediterranean, that doesn't help you sleep. And then all night long you hear the heavy rumbling of

(Continued on page 69)



After the hill is taken, there is always another hill ahead. These infantrymen move down the slope slowly, quietly. The artillery behind them will soften the next hill before they deploy for attack. These men have been seasoned under fire

The American Seventh Army needs ever-increasing amounts of ammunition, food, water, guns, medical supplies. Behind it on the Sicilian beaches, the LCT barges roll sluggishly shoreward in the surf, loaded with supplies from Africa





The "Nazi" acts his part in the chow line; his main dish is kraut and frankfurters



WORRYWART WEHRMACHT

BY ROY PINNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Private Blow swears that real Nazis can't be much more obnoxious than the "German platoon" the U. S. Army maintains at Fort Knox

AT THE Armored Force Replacement Training Center in Fort Knox, Kentucky, they like to tell the newcomers the story of Joe Blow, buck private rear rank, and the Nazis. Joe is a legend, dreamed up to show what happens to the smart aleck in the U. S. Army. He had finished his 13-weeks basic and reported with his unit at Knox. When they told him to be careful or the Nazis would get him, Joe laughed. But a few hours later, he was at hard labor behind barbed wire in a "German" concentration camp. Here's how it happened:

It was morning, and Blow was lined up with his unit. Major Willard Bass walked up and down before the green company, and he told them as plainly as he knew how, that he was Battle Training Executive Officer and that battle conditions would exist in camp from now on. While he was talking a platoon of "Nazis," complete with coal-scuttle helmets and swastikas marched across the drill grounds. Joe's eyes bugged.

The major said that, under the direction of Major General Charles L. Scott, he had organized this platoon of German-speaking American soldiers in order to put some war realism into the camp. He said they acted like real Nazis, that they were shifty mentally and physically, and that they were about as trustworthy as rattlesnakes with peptic ulcers. Whereupon the German platoon marched through the ranks, knocking the helmets off Blow and his buddies, and booting the boys who bent over to pick them up. As they fled, they dropped tear-gas bombs.

Joseph's officers posted guards and broke out shelter halves. After that, Blow was ready to eat. But the "Nazis" had captured the cooks and disappeared into the woods. Our boy had to open his tinned rations.

He was still hungry when he and four others were buttoned up in a tank and told to take a stretch of woods. Blow promptly hit four "land mines," then drove into a camouflaged ditch. He went back to requisition help, but he was told that battle conditions prevailed and he'd have to get that 30-ton tin buggy out all by himself.

He went back just in time to hear the musical-saw whine of machine-gun bullets. Real ones. Blow flattened. He couldn't retrieve the tank until he silenced the machine gun. So he crawled on his belly for forty yards, with his face in the dust. Behind and in front of him, officers exploded harmless bombs. He didn't dare lift his head and he had to watch for booby traps.

By the time he got to the machine-gun position—praying that the "Nazis" would stay for a moment longer—they had gone. He didn't know it, but the officers had been watching with field glasses for signs of hysteria. There were none.

When he came back to his tank, Joseph was a much smarter soldier. Before he even tried reversing the treads, he and his buddies dug foxholes. They came in handy. A formation of medium tanks came toward them, and Blow and the boys dug in and watched the treads clank over them.

He fixed his tank and got it back to his company position. In the evening, he was sitting soberly cleaning his .45 when he heard the call of bluejays. It was a pleasant sound—that is, until it came close and he saw two squads of "Nazis" aiming bayoneted rifles at him and the other tank mechanics. That's how Blow got captured—and all the mechanics of his unit.

They were brought before Lieutenant Seymour Steinberg of Staten Island. He's head of the Nazi platoon and he wears the uniform of a Wehrmacht officer. He asked Joe a lot of questions. Blow answered the ones he thought were innocent. Then he was yanked out and tossed into "Schickelgruber's Pokey." That's a concentration camp with barbed wire sixteen feet high around it.

"The object of the two weeks' course," says Major Bass, "is to make the soldiers so alert to detect Nazis that they will be safer in real combat."

Joe isn't mad. If his teeth are ground down to the gums by now, that's only because of anticipation. ★★★

Americans captured by the "Germans" are taken to platoon headquarters for questioning exactly as they would be in actual warfare. The "Nazi officer" talking to Joe Blow is Lt. Seymour Steinberg of Staten Island, commander of the platoon. Lt. Steinberg wears a German uniform and acts and talks like a Nazi



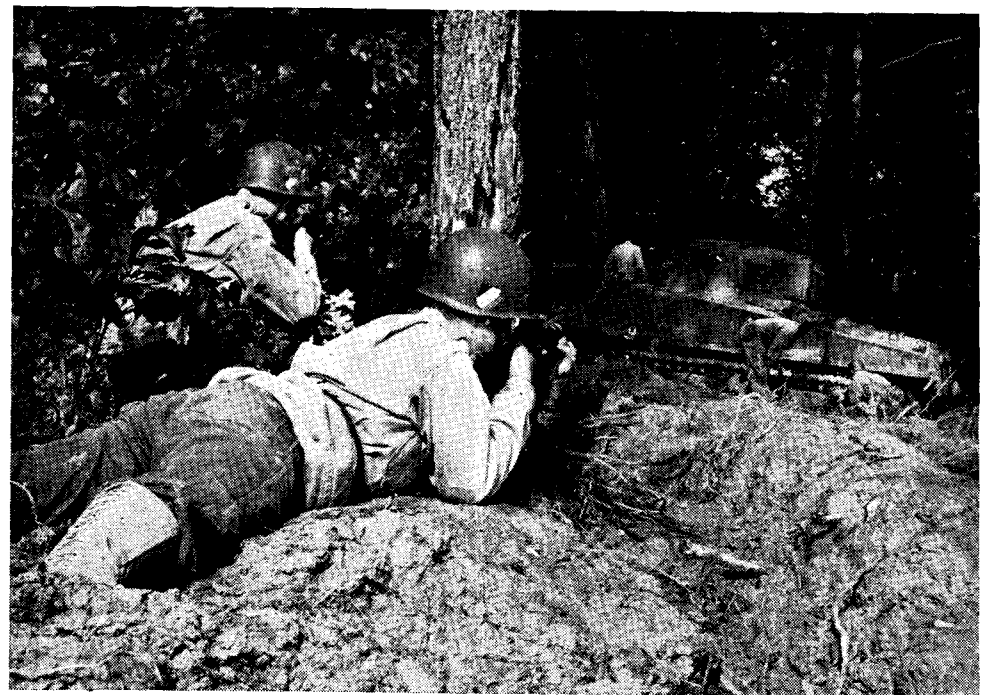
"One of our objects," says Major Willard Bass, who organized the Nazi platoon, "is to make soldiers alert to detect real Germans"

"Captured" Americans are marched into "Schickelgruber's Pokey," the Nazi concentration camp, and imprisoned behind sixteen feet of wire

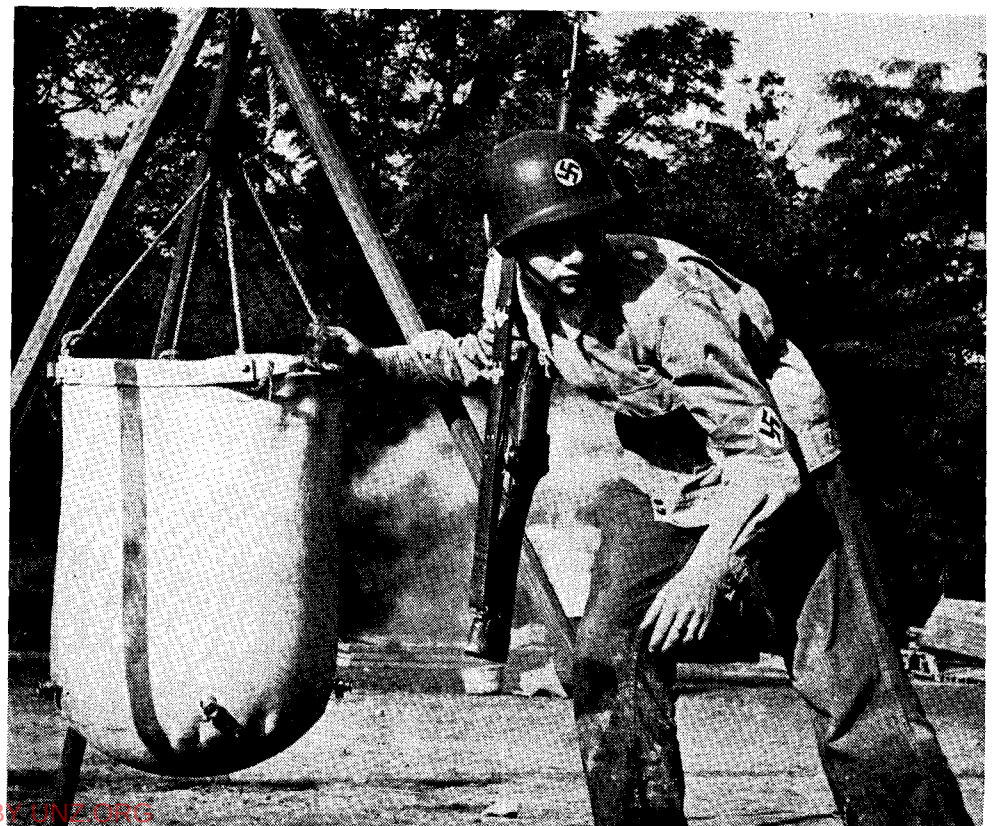


Sleepy Americans who haven't been keeping a close watch are captured by "Nazis" on night patrol. They'll wind up in the "Pokey"

These crawling "Nazis" are preparing to stage a surprise attack on a tank which has broken down and is being repaired by its crew



It's a simple matter to poison a poorly guarded camp's drinking water. This "Nazi" soldier, with a harmless dye, shows how it's done





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Mr. Brooklyn Goes to Bat

By Charles Dexter

The incredible Leo Durocher—known to friends and detractors alike as the Lip—even survived a revolution of the Palace Guard. He has had more ups and downs than an elevator. At the moment, he's up. Here's the how

IT WAS a sunny day in Brooklyn, and the plate umpire thought it would be fine weather for the Dodgers to play the Pirates—as the schedule announced—if only someone could find a few Dodgers who would play. The game was a half-hour late and, down in the dressing room, Manager Leo Durocher, he of the long lip and the short temper, was trying to quell a historic big-league revolution with: "Aw, come on, fellas. Who'll play ball?"

The Lip doesn't talk like that. Ever. The Lip will bellow: "Hit the road, bums!" or some such tender admonition to go out and play ball. But he doesn't plead. He fights umpires, sports writers, ballplayers (his own or anyone else's) and front-office edicts.

Well, he did plead that day. If he hadn't, the Dodgers could feasibly have busted up the National League by breaking up into snarling, nonplaying cliques. And it all happened over a passed ball. Catcher Bobby Bragan let it get through him. Old Bobo Newsom pitched it. The bases were loaded with Pirates, and Elbie Fletcher was at bat. Fletcher had fanned for what should have been the third out when young Bragan permitted the toss to go between his ankles.

It lost the game for Bobo. In the dressing room, Durocher laced into Bobo and accused him of "trying to show up the kid by tugging at your cap." Then he suspended Newsom "... for the season, if I can make it stick." The next day, it was changed to "three days, at least." The players began to take sides. A meeting was scheduled before game time, and Arkie Vaughan turned in his uniform—automatically suspending himself. Now Vaughan is a star infielder and, what's more important, a level head. He walked out. The players stared hard and silently as the Lip talked. They had read a story in an afternoon paper about what Leo thought of Bobo, and they didn't like it.

Dixie Walker, most popular man on the Brooklyn team, said he wouldn't play. The Lip softened. He looked at his watch and wanted to know who *would* play. He talked defensively. He asked for team spirit. Walker saved the Lip's baseball bacon by melting. The other players took their lead from Walker.

"I don't want to play because you suspended Arkie Vaughan," said Walker.

"But I didn't," whined Leo. "He suspended himself. He walked out because Newsom was suspended. It was a voluntary act."

Dixie Walker looked suspicious. Then he shrugged. "If that's the way it really was, I'll play."

Several others nodded and adjusted their spikes. The Palace Guard revolution melted on the warm sun of the playing field. The game began an hour late. And the Lip had come through his greatest crisis.

The front office stood by Leo, and sold Bobo to the lowly Browns. Vaughan came back to play top-flight ball.

It has ever been thus. For sixteen major-league seasons, Leo Durocher has been a hero one day, a villain the next. He rode to dizzy heights as crack shortstop of the champion Yankees of 1928. He teetered to obscurity as the ostracized outlaw of the last-place Cincinnati Reds in 1930.

Up he went to a boisterous pennant and World Series with the Cardinals of '34. Three years later, he was a fading veteran on the tattered Brooklyn Daffiness Boys, and by '41, he was Leo the (Continued on page 78)



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INTERNATIONAL



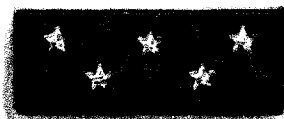
WIDE WORLD



ACME

Durocher has been banished to the showers more times than B.O. Here, he's shown losing decisions to umpires Pinelli, Klem, Magerkurth, Goetz, Stewart and Grieve. "Right or wrong," he says, "I always back my boys up"

Collier's, The National Weekly



MEDAL OF HONOR
ARMY & NAVY



SILVER STAR—ARMY & NAVY



PURPLE HEART—ARMY & NAVY



DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS
ARMY & NAVY



NAVY CROSS



AIR MEDAL—ARMY & NAVY



PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION
NAVY



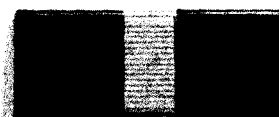
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ARMY



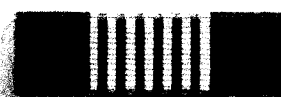
BREVET MEDAL—MARINE CORPS



DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL
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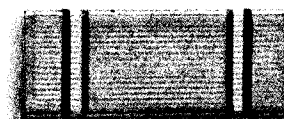
SOLDIER'S MEDAL—ARMY



NAVY AND MARINE CORPS
MEDAL



LEGION OF MERIT
ARMY & NAVY



AMERICAN DEFENSE SERVICE
MEDAL—ARMY & NAVY



AMERICAN THEATER MEDAL
ARMY & NAVY



EUROPEAN-AFRICAN-MIDDLE
EASTERN THEATER MEDAL
ARMY & NAVY



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MEDAL—ARMY & NAVY



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Service men wear these decorations of honor and campaign ribbons proudly. Each colored ribbon tells its own story of sacrifices . . . of brave deeds . . . of battles fought.

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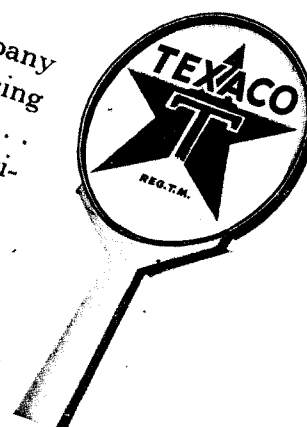
There'll be many more battles for us civilians to take part in. It's more important than ever to buy that extra bond . . . a few more war stamps. Conserve all the food, and rubber, and gasoline we can.

We men and women of The Texas Company are helping to win battles, too, by producing millions of gallons of 100-octane gasoline . . . toluene for explosives . . . high quality lubricating oils for our fighting forces.

The proven valor of our fighting men deserves the best that we at home can give.

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So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw





POOR TONTON,

BY DAVID DAVIDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

There was a long silence. Then I became aware that everybody was looking my way. Finally I got the point. I was expected to pronounce an elegy. I couldn't think of a thing

I WAS reading a chemical analysis of various samples of cinchona bark to be found in the vicinity of Panta when Chiriboga, bookkeeper of the American purchasing mission to which I was attached, came into my office. He asked if I would like to see Tonton.

I asked, "What, is he here in Panta?" Chiriboga was tall, spare, and goateed, and always wore black suits. He carried himself as if there were a cloak thrown over his shoulders.

Chiriboga said, "Yes, señor. He is at the railroad station. You know who Tonton is?"

"Of course," I said. Tonton was one of five or six sad little movie comedians who were each called by their admirers the Charlie Chaplin of South America.

"If you wish to see him, señor, serve yourself to come with me to the railroad station."

"Panta must be honored," I said. "Tonton is a great artist."

"We do honor to each other," the bookkeeper replied. "Panta is the firmament, and Tonton is the star that glows in it."

This speech was just a normal sample of Pantanese. Every man in Panta was a hidalgo, a knightly poet who knew how to reflect on the tragedy of life and the mystery of death. This, of course, made things tough for an American mission that had come to Panta to buy quinine in a hurry. Panta wasn't sure that it liked us, or cared how badly we needed the quinine in Asia and North Africa.

The Germans, until they had been expelled from the country, had been much cleverer than we. Berlin had sent tourists who could quote Lope de Vega and Góngora by the yard. In Panta, the legal tender was reflections and meditations.

Chiriboga was standing and waiting, a grandee with a pencil in his ear. "If it conforms now for the señor to come to the railroad station—"

I pointed politely to the report on my desk. "If Tonton is only waiting for a

connection," I said, "he may be gone before we get there."

"His connection is tomorrow," said Chiriboga.

"Surely he doesn't intend to wait in the station until—"

"To him, time is only a dream. That station is only a dream. Panta is a dream. In the end, what is life itself but that? And dreams themselves are only a dream."

I thought for a moment and then said, "Calderón de la Barca."

Chiriboga looked surprised. "You know that?" he asked.

"We read him in our Spanish classes in North America."

Chiriboga flushed. "You do? I did not mean to represent the reflection as my own. In Panta we suck in Calderón with our mothers' milk." He waved ceremoniously toward the open door. "Have the kindness, señor—"

When we got to the railroad station, Chiriboga led me toward the freight room. Through the door, in the half-darkness, I could see a little group of men gathered in a corner. They turned and gave me quick glances over the shoulder.

I stopped at the threshold. Suddenly I got the feeling that this was some kind of test. I wished I had not come, but now there was no stepping back. In the circumstances I was not just one gringo. I was the United States of America.

"Shall we go inside?" I asked, thinking of all the serene white buildings in Washington.

"How not?" Chiriboga waved me before him into the freight room. It was cluttered up with half-finished hides, bales of sheared wool, eucalyptus timbers and crates of mountain fruit. That was all, except for something in the corner around which four men were standing. A battered five-gallon gasoline tin, and inside it—

It appalled me to think that a man could be reduced to so little. Inside the gasoline tin was a nest of bones, terribly clean and

white, surmounted by a skull, also clean and white.

I closed my eyes quickly. "Tonton?" I asked.

"Eleven kilometers from here is a cliff," said Chiriboga. "The descent is sudden and long. You did not hear how, on his way from Quito to La Paz, Tonton disappeared? That was six months ago."

"I didn't hear," I said. "At the time I was in North America."

"The place where he fell was difficult of access," said Chiriboga, "except to the carrion birds."

There was a long silence. Then I became aware that everybody was looking my way. Finally I got the point. I was expected to pronounce an elegy. I couldn't think of a thing.

Finally Chiriboga broke in, giving me a breather. "Naked," he said, "of his flesh and all pretense—that is how man goes back before God."

Another voice followed. "To the buzzards it was all the same, Tonton or a common thief." I looked around. This was from Fernando, the station porter.

"His house now will serve another, and his horses, and his wife." This was Joselito, the cab driver.

I had a feeling I'd been through this once before, but I couldn't remember where.

"He was hurrying," said the stationmaster, "hurrying to become a corpse. Life is a strange railroad. Each voyage terminates in wreckage."

This topped everything, a penetrating thought and in perfect character with the speaker. There was a murmured applause.

NOW it was back to me. The government of the United States couldn't pass twice. Five skeptical faces aimed at me.

"You were saying something, señor?" the stationmaster asked.

Now I had it. I started quietly. "One time," I said, wishing I were better at sight

translation, "that skull contained a tongue . . . and was able to sing."

Five pairs of dark, knightly eyes were judging me. All right for a start, but proceed—

I drew a deep breath. "Alas . . . poor . . . Tonton . . ." I went on. I wondered what Secretary Hull would have thought. "I knew him, Chiriboga."

Chiriboga nodded. "How not?" he intoned.

"A fellow of—of endless jokes," I continued.

"Clearly," said Joselito, coming in softly.

The next was almost a stumbler, but I worked it out. " . . . a fellow of fantasy of the first order." I leaned forward slightly. "Tell me," I asked the skull, "where do your gibes encounter themselves now?"

"Exactly," sang the stationmaster. "What has become of your tricks?"

"Listen . . . listen!" whispered the baker. "Where now are your songs?" I asked.

"Your sparks of humor?"

"Indeed . . . indeed," said the cab driver. "Once they were in the custom of making the whole theater to laugh." I counted five to myself. "Now," I said, "not one remains. Alas, poor Tonton."

This time I counted ten, then nodded to everybody in the room and walked out. Chiriboga came with me. Behind us I heard approving whispers. I noticed that Chiriboga was studying my features. "Your mother was possibly Spanish?" he asked.

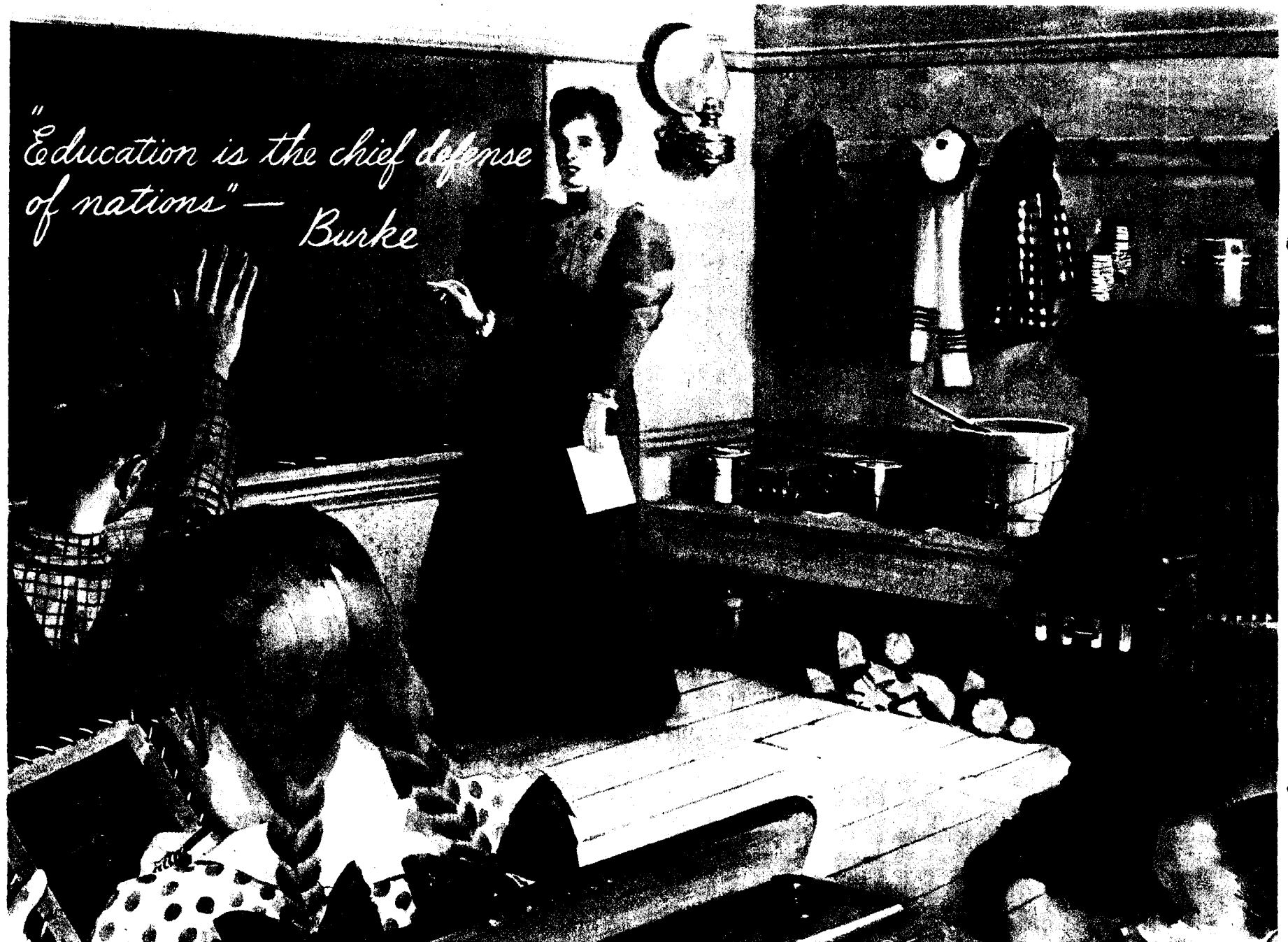
"No," I said, "not possibly."

"Possibly German?"

"No," I said, "pure Anglo-Saxon American. On both sides."

He nodded to himself. "I think," he said, "that you will be able to obtain all the cinchona bark you desire."

"Good," I said. I didn't think it was necessary to tell him that in Anglo-Saxon America, with our mothers' milk, we sucked in Shakespeare.



“Readin, Ritin and Rithmetic”

No longer are district school lines determined by the distance a pair of youthful legs can travel. The one-room country schoolhouse with its pot-bellied stove, wood box and water bucket has been largely replaced by the modern, completely equipped Consolidated School. For this, we can thank the motor bus.

More than 43,500 schools depend upon bus transportation. The nation's 85,000 school buses roll up more than half a billion miles a year. The number of school children traveling by bus each day is greater than the total combined population of Los Angeles, St. Louis, Boston, Washington and New Orleans.

The transportation of school children is one of Highway Transport's biggest and most important jobs . . . for the right to educate our children is one of the principles of democracy for which America is fighting.

Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: "Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs...on time." Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.



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GOING UP

BY JIM MARSHALL

Seven miles above the earth, busy Boeing crews sleuth stratosphere secrets so that you'll fly with speed and safety after the war



WE THINK we have freedom of movement. We can travel thousands of miles in some directions without too much discomfort. But up and down, we can travel only a few thousand yards. Three thousand yards off the earth and we're panting and listless. Ten thousand yards, and we can't live; no oxygen, intense cold, kill us in a few seconds.

Still, it would be fine to travel up there, six, seven or eight miles above the earth, if a way could be found to do it and still live. Usually it's calm, and always the air is so thin that we can go much faster and save a lot of time on long journeys.

Ever since men started to fly, they have tried to fly higher and higher, for sport, for scientific investigation, for more speed—and for greater deadliness in war. In the early days, sometimes the ships quit before the pilots; sometimes the pilots failed before the ships. But those who managed to get into the upper reaches came back with strange tales about what it was like up there.

It was dry and fantastically cold; this and that happened to your engines and your body; light acted differently; there were no clouds to speak of; usually you

slid through an eternal silent calm—but not always. The reports jelled into a theory that if you could design a plane to fly up there, and if you could fix up a cabin to reproduce livable conditions for fragile human beings, it might be worth while. Flying would be faster and smoother than on lower levels. If . . .

The First High Flier

Many concerns started experimenting, but the outfit that went at it harder than others was Boeing, of Seattle. In 1936, Boeing engineers really got flying high; by 1939, they had found out enough to build the first stratoliner. It had blowers and heating devices that kept its crew and passenger spaces livable at 20,000 feet.

After tests, this ship and its sisters went into the passenger business and proved that, within limits, the higher you got the faster and smoother was the flight. But somewhere up above, it might be still better; the test crews kept on trying. From what they found out, it became possible to build the high-flying Fortresses that could get above antiaircraft fire and sometimes above fighter planes; also the big Army

transports that are today flying long routes in the stratosphere.

After the war if you fly in air limited on thousand-mile trips, probably you will fly around 35,000 feet. This sounds like a lot of height, but comparatively it's getting up only four feet to travel two hundred yards. For hops of under a thousand miles, there is not much point in getting into the stratosphere. Present Civil Aeronautics Authority rules limit the climb of a passenger plane to three hundred feet a minute, although most people can take a thousand without discomfort. To climb to 30,000 feet, under the rules, takes an hour and forty minutes, in which the plane might travel four or five hundred miles. It would no sooner be up to its limit than it would have to start down.

With pressure cabins, of course, planes could climb much more rapidly, and post-war ships may climb a mile a minute, which would shorten the distance in which stratosphere flying would be economical.

To travel upstairs we have to do a great many things besides regulating cabin pressures and temperatures. We practically have to redesign most of the ship's machinery and equipment from tiny electric

Data of great value to the fliers is obtained by scientists in the cold room. A complete refrigeration plant produces accurate temperatures at any given altitude

motors and radio gadgets to propellers and the shape of the fuselage—which has to be circular to handle the pressure. For one thing: What sort of material are you going to use for a window that has to take an outside temperature of 100 below and an inside of 65 or 70, plus pounds of excess pressure—without cracking? Lose a window up there, and the chance of getting passengers down alive is pretty slim.

Finding out what goes on at 40,000 feet isn't just a matter of hopping into a plane and going up. High-flight test pilots, engineers and crews have to go through weeks of intensive training before they are ready. Finally they spend hours in a steel chamber called a stratotrainer, living and working under the same atmospheric conditions they'll find eight miles up—where there is a margin of about thirty seconds between life and certain death.

(Continued on page 54)

CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

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The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of her grandfather, with whom she has lived since the death of her parents near Washington, D. C., Griselle Mountjoy goes to the Coast and becomes a student at the University of California.

She knows one person in Berkeley: old General Cruickshank, who had been her grandfather's best friend. The general's nephew, Dr. Sam Cruickshank, and Mollie, his wife, run a boardinghouse for girls in Berkeley. Griselle takes a room at the Cruickshanks'.

Back East, Griselle had met, and fallen in

love with, a Californian: Captain Alan McIntyre, of the U. S. Army Medical Corps. Alan had given her no encouragement, although he had liked her, admired her. Still, when he shows up in Berkeley, shortly after her arrival, she is thrilled!

She soon learns, though, that Alan loves someone else—Mitzi Armitage, the general's niece. Mitzi has a husband, David Armitage, who is with our Navy, overseas. She professes to adore "dear David." But, as she admits to Griselle, she is "crazy" about handsome Captain McIntyre.

Possessing a sensitive conscience, and the

right sort of code, Alan struggles against his emotions; and, after a hard fight, he convinces himself that it is Griselle he ought to love, not Mitzi! He even goes so far as to ask Griselle to marry him. Then, shortly before the time set for their marriage, he sends Griselle a letter in which he tells her, as gently as he can, that he has made a "mistake."

When Griselle reads the letter, Alan is no longer in Berkeley—obedient to orders, he has gone away. Heartbroken, Griselle has a long, frank talk with Mitzi, who stresses the point that Alan loves *her*, not Griselle; and that she, Mitzi, can marry him, if she only cares to get a divorce.

Utterly wretched, Griselle calls on Alan's mother and brother, Steve, a cripple who goes about in a wheel chair. To her delight, she finds Steve a charming companion; he gives her the sympathy and understanding she needs. For word has come that Mitzi's husband, Dave, is "missing in action" in the South Pacific. Mitzi is now a widow—free to marry Alan!

VI

GRISELLE saw much less of Mitzi in these days, being rather relieved than otherwise, when she telephoned, to be told that Mrs. Armitage was away with friends in the city or in Burlingame or up at Lake Tahoe. Meeting Mitzi only gave her pain; it was easier not to see her. For Mitzi was beautiful, subdued, picturesque in her young widowhood, and Mitzi too obviously felt now that she held all the cards in her own hands.

One afternoon Griselle went up to see the old general to play backgammon with him. She found him in the cool veranda outside the dining room and without a minute's delay brought out the green-topped table and the big board. For a while, the dice clicked steadily and the big, smooth counters moved to and fro, and the conversation was casual and general.

But suddenly, as Griselle ruefully hunted in her bag for fresh nickels and dimes, the old man demanded: "So you liked young Captain McIntyre, too, eh?"

Griselle sat back, her throat suddenly thick and her heart missing a beat. "Alan!" she said.

"Yes. Nice fellow. I've only seen him a few times. Mitzi seems to be tremendously taken with him," the old man went on musingly.

"Oh, yes. They're—they're in love. He—he naturally felt—he felt that since he knew her husband it made it all the worse—his liking her, I mean. He met them both down South, just before David had to sail, and he drove up here with Mitzi, remember? That was the beginning. But of course, David's death changed all that," Griselle said somewhat confusedly.

"How d'you mean—changed all that?"

"Made it all right. I mean, when Alan comes back, she'll be free to marry."

"But she isn't going to live on a captain's pay, or what a young doctor makes at the outset, either," said General Cruickshank shrewdly.

"No; but Mitzi has some money."

"Well, she has a couple of hundred a month," he said, unconvinced. "That wouldn't take her very far. She's not going to settle down and run any man's house on a budget."

"She says she is."

"But what's this she was telling me about his liking you? She says that if she hadn't cut in on you, she believes you and he would have been married before he went away."

Griselle began to set up the men for the new game.

"We might have," she admitted; "but he wasn't in love with me. He wanted—he wanted not to go on caring for Mitzi—to get away. I knew how it was. I was willing."

(Continued on page 44)



"I knew it, I knew it!" Mitzi said briefly and abstractedly. Griselle followed her through the open hallway to the library

"LETTUCE BEET THE AXIS!" say the 5 Crowns

With hoes and with rakes
We've done what it takes
To keep our production unswerving.

And now as we plan
to "can what we can,"
It's freedom itself we're preserving!

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FIVE CROWN
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*A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet
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Seagram keeps the
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SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 19



1. I'm Minerva, goddess of Wisdom. That's me on top of the bus, keeping an eye on another gal named Minerva who's filling the job of a man gone off to the wars.



2. After driving this bus all day, this other Minerva dame doesn't sleep a wink all night. At 3 A.M. last Wednesday, when she ought to be sawing wood, I catch her sittin' up knittin'.



3. Listen, Min, I say to her. You'll wreck that bus of yours if you don't get some shut-eye. And you'll be sabotaging instead of helping your Uncle Sam's war effort.*



4. Trouble with you, Min, is that you're one of those people whose nerves are upset by the caffeine in coffee. Get wise! You can enjoy coffee without being company for the owls.



5. All you have to do, I advise her, is switch to Sanka Coffee. Sanka is real coffee, fine, delicious coffee—with 97% of the caffeine removed. This heavenly beverage lets you sleep in clover.



6. Next night I go back to Min's place for another sales talk. But she must have switched to Sanka that day, because she's fast asleep. No wonder I'm Head of the Wisdom Dept.!

SANKA COFFEE



ALL-PURPOSE GRIND...
VACUUM PACKED IN
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SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

*WOMEN! FIND YOUR RIGHT WAR JOB. Check the want ads; go to your local U. S. Employment Service Office for advice. The More Women at Work—The Sooner We'll Win!

He turned to the door, but he changed his mind and crossed the room and went through the kitchen and left the house by the back way. Stepping cautiously he reached the edge of the yard and found McSween in the middle of the yard, facing the porch with a rifle in his arm.

The girl had turned up the house lamp and she had opened the door to let out the day's heat; and therefore McSween was a revealed shape in the yellow glow.

Goodnight stepped into the yard, lifting his gun on McSween. "Stand fast," he said. "Drop the rifle."

The sound of his voice made McSween flinch. Goodnight noticed a short, stiff shudder go through the man. McSween stood rooted, not turning his head as he grated back his answer: "Why didn't you do this square and meet me headfirst? I was right here where you could see me."

"Drop the gun," said Goodnight. McSween let the gun fall and then turned. His face was old and showed something close to despair. "When do I get the chance?" he said. "I got it coming to me."

"When you can find it," said Goodnight. "Get into the bunkhouse, lady-killer." He walked past McSween and picked up the rifle. McSween stood indecisively in his tracks, watching Goodnight with his barked glance. Goodnight rammed the muzzle of the rifle into the man's back. "Move on," he said. The pressure stirred McSween. He marched to the bunkhouse with his fists doubled and swinging; he went into the bunkhouse and moved like a man half asleep to his bunk in the corner; he sat down on its edge, still staring at Goodnight. The other three had turned in for the night, but they were awake, watching this scene.

"Who lent this greenhorn a gun?" asked Goodnight.

Bob Carruth said, "It's my gun." "Man should be more careful with his weapons," said Goodnight. "By the way—who's been foreman around here?" "I been."

"Hope you liked it while it lasted." Bob Carruth took the news with his usual grave and indifferent manner. One eyebrow lifted, opening one eye fuller; the other was a streak of light between closing lids. Finally he turned over on his bunk, putting his back to Goodnight. "That's fine. Now you can do the talkin' when Boston Bill shows up tomorrow."

BREAKFAST was done and Goodnight had gone for his horse when he heard the onreaching running of horses coming from the ridge trail. Coming back to the yard he found Boston Bill at the porch, talking to Virginia Overman. Half a dozen of Boston Bill's men sat asaddle, waiting.

Carruth stood in the bunkhouse doorway, watching this with his usual cool reserve. Carruth murmured to him, "Now you can figure this one out," and seemed amused.

Goodnight thought of something. "Where's Bill's headquarters?"

"Back on the ranch that used to be Clark Morphy's. Two miles up."

"He could have heard the shooting last night."

"He could have," agreed Carruth.

The idea stuck with Goodnight as he went over the yard; and another idea came. Looking at Boston Bill's crew he saw no particular weariness on them. It appeared they had slept well, either at their headquarters or somewhere. These two things made a piece of a story, and the story had a possibility to it. Boston Bill, at the moment, reached out and touched Virginia's shoulder and spoke to her: "All you need to do is tell me what you want."

Goodnight observed the half-reluctant interest on the girl's face. Bill's presence and his personal attraction reached her, even against her judgment. Boston Bill swung around to meet him, the charm fading. "You're back?" he said, and then thought of something else. "You in this fight last night?"

"No."

"That's right," said Boston Bill. "You were in town." He turned to the girl. "Don't trust men you don't know."

His charm returned as he looked at her and Goodnight saw her eyes drop. She said hurriedly, "Frank is foreman here, Bill."

Bill gave Goodnight a steady stare. "That trip to town saved you a lot of trouble."

"Where were you last night?"

Boston Bill said, "That's none of your business." Then he remembered the girl, and gave a better answer, grudgingly: "We just got back to our place after a night ride. Otherwise we'd been here."

GOODNIGHT looked back at the riders still sitting asaddle and saw no night weariness on them. What was the man trying to avoid? Meanwhile Boston Bill put his hand on the girl's arm and said, "I want to see you alone a moment." He led her inside and closed the door.

Goodnight got out his tobacco sack and poured a cigarette. He drew a long breath of smoke and he watched Boston Bill's men and was aware of their covert amusement. McSween appeared and stood beside the stirrups of one of the riders and watched him with a hungry anticipation, as though he saw the chance for which he waited. Over by the bunkhouse the three other Sun men held their places, also watching and judging him. This whole scene made him or broke him as the moments ran on.

The door opened and Boston Bill called out, "Virginia wants her dad buried next to her mother—over there beyond the trees. Get busy on it, and send somebody to Roselle for the minister."

It was Boston Bill's signal that he proposed to take control. Goodnight nursed the cigarette, saying nothing and doing nothing. The mounted men got down and started toward their chore. . . .

A minister came out of the hills sometime before noon on an old gray horse, conducted the funeral and took his dinner and went away. Goodnight said to Bob Carruth, "Where'd he come from?"

"Roselle."

"Where's Roselle?"

"Summit for the Pass Road. Was a mining town."

Goodnight went back to the corral and took seat on the top bar. He had a view of the main house whose door was again closed. Boston Bill's men sat around the yard in the shade and in the sun; the day inched along, meaning nothing to anybody. This was one of those times when, as in a poker game, luck ran low and the players sat disinterestedly by, waiting for a break to come, for a fat pot to build up. He realized he had taken a bad beating during the morning. In the space of two minutes before the critical audience Boston Bill had cut him down so that he was a lesser man in the eyes of all of them. Boston Bill was clever and fought with many weapons.

Goodnight had stood back in the crowd at the funeral and he had watched the girl; she had shed no tears and it seemed to him she had changed greatly. Her way of standing, her gray eyes looking down at the earth, her fixed composure—these things reminded him somehow of her father. He thought of her very steadily as he

balanced on the corral bar and watched the house.

Meanwhile, Boston Bill sat on the corner of the living-room table, inside the house and considered Virginia Overman. She sat in a corner of the room, perfectly composed. Not once during the funeral, and not since, had she given way. She had excellent control of herself, a thing which impressed him. He spoke softly even as his critical eyes searched her:

"It is very tough. You know very well I'll do whatever chore you want done. I've told you that before."

"Yes," she said, "I remember."

"Virginia," he said, "how are you going to run things?"

"As they have been run in the past."

"You must be aware of the difficulties. The kind of men we have to use around here do not take to a woman's instructions."

She looked at him intently. "A woman can do things a man cannot."

He smiled with some indulgence. "A woman's knuckles were never meant for a fight."

"A woman has a smile," she said. "I could smile your whole crowd away from you."

"Why," he said, "what goes on in your head?" He was sober now, and he thought carefully of what she had told him.

"Bill," she said, "I can read your mind. You're sorrowing with me today and doing it well. You do many things so well. But tomorrow or the next day, or next week, you'll suggest how lonely it is for me and you'll propose. That's about right, isn't it?"

HE STARED at her, considerably surprised at her cold and rational analysis of him. It irritated him to know that she had played with him precisely as he had played with her.

He said pointedly, "The truth is, Virginia, you're not particularly forlorn because of your father's death."

"I will do what my father did not do."

"You will do it with my help," he said, "or you will not do it. Don't let your fancies get the best of you."

She studied him over a thoughtful interval. "You're pretty blunt when you don't feel you have to be charming. Sun Ranch is mine. You had a better grip on my father than you have on me. He was

a simple man, and you studied him and knew him, and used him. Had he lived, you would have made yourself so necessary to him that he could have done nothing without you. I'm different. You don't know me as well and you'll never be certain I'm standing where you think I am."

"Is this what has been going on behind your smile all these months?" he said. "You sound as though you despised me."

Her glance ran over his face and a flicker of expression came to her lips and eyes. Then she looked down. "No, Bill," she murmured, "I don't hate you."

He was trying to judge her and having a poor time of it. She had changed on him, throwing his reasoning out of line; now he tried to re-establish her in his scheme of things. "It would be foolish of you to send me away, Virginia. Where will you get other help?"

"I'm not sending you away. I only want it clear about Sun Ranch. You can change your plans."

"What plans?"

"You're not the usual kind of brush jumper. You ran away from something much better than the average man. I think you sometimes hate yourself for running. You are very proud of your brains and you have a contempt for most men around you. Well, here you are. You think you could make a little world of your own and run it as a perfect king."

"Sun Ranch," he pointed out, "is just a mountain meadow surrounded by trees. You could make it bigger if you wished. You could have cattle over half the mountains, if you wished."

"Cattle rustled from the desert?"

"How does that matter where we get our beef? These men will take what they can from us. We can take what they have, with equal right. Sun Ranch could stretch from summit to the desert. It could go out upon the desert twenty miles."

"All that is nice to dream about, Bill. You're a great one to dream and talk."

"I can draw twenty or thirty men to me," he said. "What's to stand against us? It won't be hard to knock out the ranchers who have been trying to ruin Sun. Once they're gone, who cares? If it were back East we'd have some kind of law on our trail. But this is different."

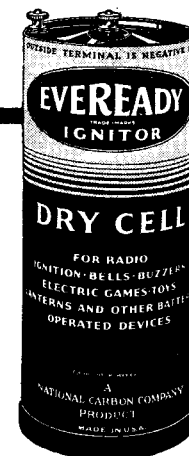
"You've been here long enough to have tried it. Why haven't you?"

"I came here green," he said. "I had to

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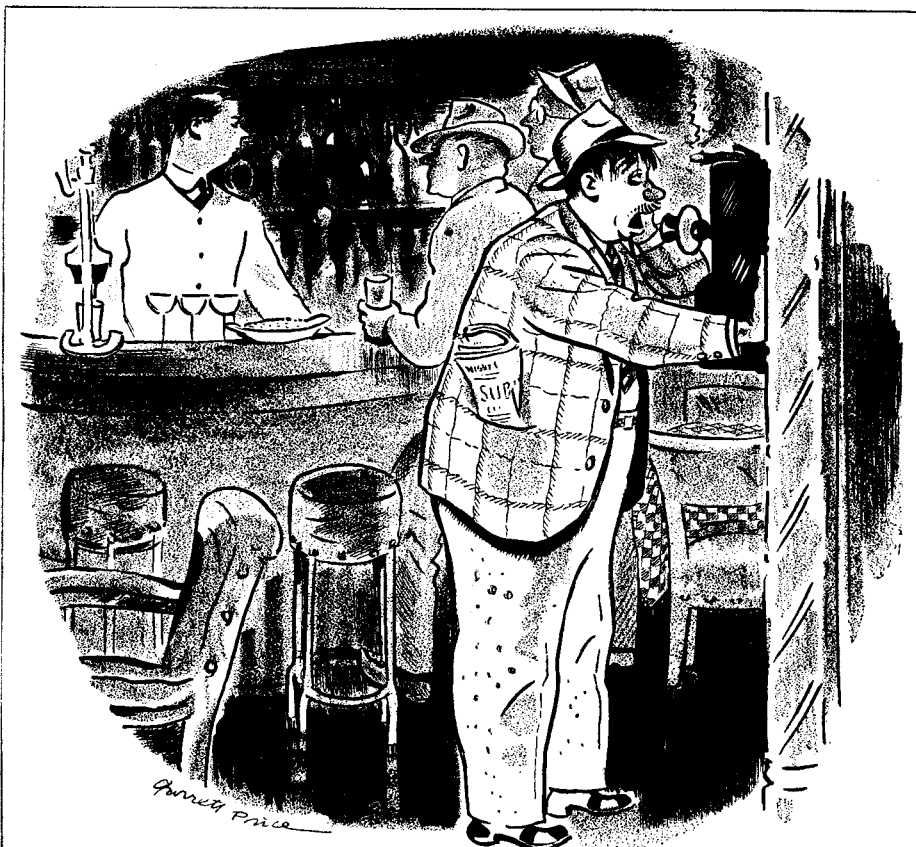
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learn. I had to build up my crowd. I've built it."

"You always talk well. You started out to catch Harry Ide. You didn't do it."

"This stranger rode up and spoiled my play."

She said, "What really made you go to see Ide?"

He gave her a strange look. "I have told you."

She watched him so steadily that he grew impatient and afraid. He held her glance, knowing he could not show weakness now, but the effort was hard and he broke it up by bringing a smile to his face. "You're touchy."

"Go back and do what you intended to do. Then I'll listen to you."

He said slowly, "You're asking me to go kill Harry Ide?"

"Yes," she said.

"I realize how you feel. This thing has hit you hard and Ide deserves to die. He probably will in due time. But I hate to hear you speak so coldly."

"Now you're just talking again. If you're afraid, don't bother. All the hill outfits are friends of Sun. They will do what you haven't done."

"I do not like to hear that from you."

"For that matter," she said, "Goodnight will take care of Ide for me. You can ride along on your own business, whatever it is."

He said angrily, "I don't want him around."

She swung about, her will as strong as his. She flung her question at him: "Why didn't you settle that also when he stopped you at Ide's?"

He said, very slowly, "Are you asking me to go out there and draw on Goodnight?"

"No," she said. "Let him alone. But don't talk of things you never mean to do."

He said, "I'll see you again in a day or two," and left the house. She followed to the doorway, watching him swing to his horse and wait for his men to gather. Presently he wheeled and led his outfit away.

"Bob," she called, "saddle up for me." She let out a long sigh. The stiffness on her face, the cold containment, slipped. She was tired and showed it and she was thinking: I shall have to handle him better than that or he will slip through my fingers, or destroy me. He is a clever man.

Bob brought her horse forward. Going to it, she spoke to Goodnight who still roosted on the top corral bar: "I wish you to ride along, Frank." She waited until he had joined her and afterward turned to the meadow road.

He said nothing to her. Depression obviously chilled her spirit; the meeting with Boston Bill had left her displeased, and he had also noted that Boston Bill's expression, on leaving the house, had been stormy. These two had clashed. He put the information away.

THEY came to a summit of the trail. Here she stopped and pointed her hand down a ravine, at the lower end of which a small meadow opened. Following her gesture, Goodnight noticed a log house and a weather-gray barn sitting in the meadow.

"That's where Boston Bill stays," Virginia said. "I wanted you to know where it was. This is not the closest road to it. The best road goes straight from Sun. Remember that."

She went on, crossed a short bare bench and reached timber, again climbing. She appeared pressed for time and she drew back again into her thoughts and made no further attempt to talk to him. Half an hour onward, they came upon a narrow footbridge slung over a canyon thirty feet wide and sixty feet deep, at the bottom of whose dark slice, water boiled. Somewhere near by, out of sight, a falls made a steady racket and the mist of its spraying lay

damply in the air. Now the road reached a clearing scarcely more than a foothold at the base of a cliff and ended in front of a cabin and a corral and a log lean-to. Behind the cabin rose a cliff, gray and weathered and cracked. In all other directions the pines marched away in ragged up-and-down formation, covering the sharp breaks and ridges round about.

A mustard-colored dog, long and lank, scuffled around the cabin with his teeth showing, and a man as lank as the dog stepped from the lean-to, holding a rifle loose in one hand. A short beard covered a face that might have been old or young; he had a hatchet chin and agate black eyes and a faint streak of a mouth. He was about six feet tall, nothing but bone and hide, with the round shoulders of one who bent to watch the trail as he walked or rode. His voice, when he spoke, was an old man's voice: "Git down, Virginia."

"Just came to introduce you to a man, Ned. This man. His name is Frank. He's working for me."

"For you or your old man?"

"My father is dead. Harry Ide's crowd shot us up last night."

The old man stolidly accepted the information. He shrugged his shoulders and his lids crept nearer together, accenting the beady brightness of his eyes. "We can remember that," he said. "One day Harry Ide's goin' to get what's comin' to him." He looked at Goodnight and said, "Whut about this feller?"

"If he comes up here for anything, remember he's from me." She turned to Goodnight. "This is my father's oldest friend—Ned Tower."

Ned Tower laid his glance on Goodnight like the edge of a knife, motionless but ready to cut. He nodded his head: "I'll know him if he comes, Virginia. That all?"

"All now," she answered.

"No," he said, "it ain't all. Whut you goin' to do with Boston Bill?"

"I'll use him," she said.

"Will you now?"

"I'm not as easy as Dad," she said.

"We'll see," he said. . . .

Goodnight took his seat at the foot of the supper table; Virginia and the hands were already seated. Goodnight said, "Where's Mac?"

Bob Carruth looked up, gray and disinterested and reserved. "Left."

"Left for where?"

"Didn't say."

She watched Goodnight grow cold, grow keen. "Which way did he go?"

"That way," said Bob Carruth and waved his knife. "Toward Roselle. Over the mountain."

Goodnight started for the door. Virginia came around the table to halt him. "Where are you going?"

"After him."

"Then that's what brought you here. Why didn't you say so? And if you wanted him, why didn't you take him when you had him?"

Goodnight went by her without answering. Carruth called out, "Hope you find him. He took my forty-four."

Goodnight reached his horse. Turning in the yard, he looked at Virginia. She said at once, "Will you come back?"

"Maybe," he said and rode away.

TWILIGHT came on, lingered briefly, gave way to dark. Goodnight reached the end of the meadow and rode on between black hedges of pine. Now and then he pulled to a walk and gave his horse a breathing spell, but he hated the delay and scarcely could abide it; for the fear of losing Theo McSween dominated him and he cursed himself for ever permitting the man out of his sight.

He was two hours from Sun Ranch when he caught the dull shine of house lights, thus coming upon Roselle.

He drifted forward with caution, observing that this town was nothing but a huddle of old shacks split by the road which went straightaway through. When he reached the side of the nearest house he stopped in the shadows to have a look before him; a two-story building stood ahead of him with an outside stairway leading from street to second floor. There seemed to be a saloon on the ground floor, with a few horses standing before it;

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

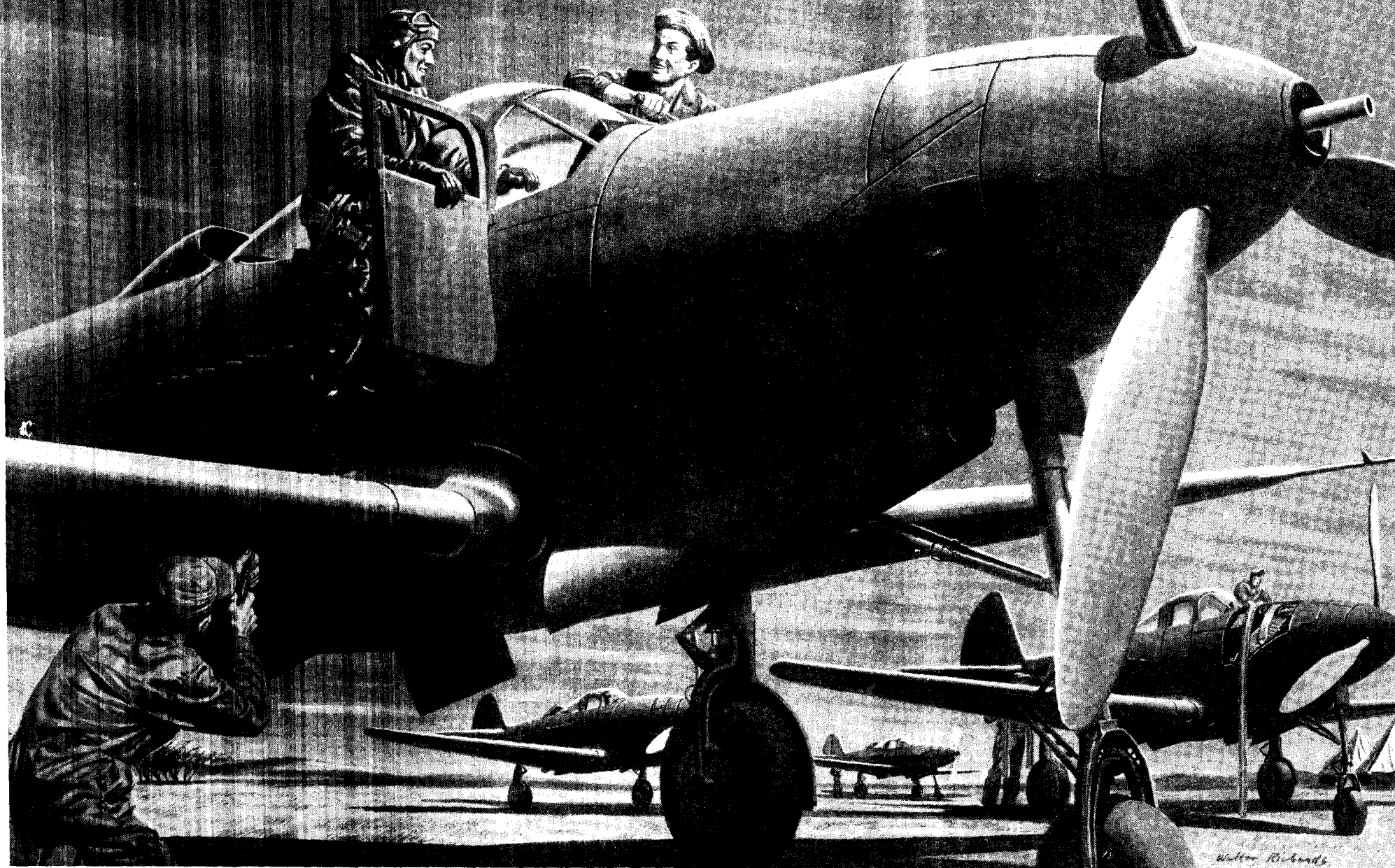
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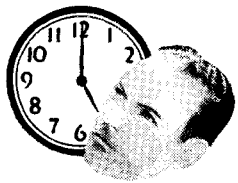
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across the road from it was another large building whose windows and doors had been removed.

He studied the horses and did not identify McSween's mount. Dismounting before the saloon, he stepped inside the place. Four men sat at a table, playing poker; and all four ceased playing and looked at him with a dead steadiness. One of the four rose and moved behind the small bar; he lifted a bottle and a glass and set them on the counter.

"Where would a man eat?" said Goodnight.

The saloonkeeper pushed his thumb behind him. "Go sit down in the back room. I'll fix it."

"Where would a man sleep?"

"Take your blanket up the outside stairs and pick a bunk."

"I'll eat first," said Goodnight and poured himself a short drink. He held the glass between his hands a moment. The bartender now did a queer thing; reaching down, he got an empty bottle and turned and banged the bottle's bottom against the wall at his back.

"What's that for?"

"Tellin' my old woman to fix another supper," said the bartender.

GOODNIGHT held the drink in his hand and moved quickly to the door of the rear room. He threw it open before him and saw a table with a red oilcloth top. There was a plate on the table with a steak half cut through and a cup of coffee half emptied. A chair stood away from the table, as though a man had hurriedly kicked it aside, had hurriedly departed. An open door at the rear of the room showed the direction of his departure. Goodnight turned back and laid his whisky glass on the bar. The barkeep said: "You want that meal now?"

"Fry it up," said Goodnight. He went rapidly over the saloon to the front door, and cast a sudden backward glance at the three men at the poker table as he left the place. They were sitting by; they were not in this deal. The bartender had given the signal to the man eating in the rear room, but that was probably only the kind of protection he would have given any stranger on the run—just a rule of the house. Coming to the road, he looked to both directions, made a quick decision and swung to his left, running the front width of the house and turning the corner of it sharply. It brought him to an alley lying between the saloon building and a small adjoining house. He saw a shape weave at the far end and he heard the ragged run of steps; he followed the alley and came out at the back edge of the town. He heard the faint crush of a foot somewhere to his right, and looked that way and saw nothing. The man had disappeared in the darkness but a horse stood to Goodnight's left, behind the hotel and saloon. He hugged the hotel wall and stepped toward the horse. When he came upon it and looked closely at its markings he knew he had caught up with Theo McSween. He was on the near side of the horse and reached out and untied the latigo and hauled off the saddle and carried it on until he came against a pile of boxes and rubbish behind the saloon's rear door. He dumped the saddle in the pile. If McSween ran away now it would be bareback; he wouldn't get far before being overhauled.

Goodnight paused a moment, trying to guess the man's actions. McSween was behind him, moving toward the other end of the building line, circling and retreating and trying for a fair shot. Therefore Goodnight continued on until he reached the corner of the saloon building and crept along the side of its wall until he reached the road and the front edge of the building. He looked down the street and saw nothing and observed that the few lights which had been in this town when he had entered it were now dimmed down. Roselle,

living on the trade of fugitives, gave its customers an even break—no more and no less. One dull lance of light filtered through a crack of the saloon's closed door; directly across the street a dull yellow stain of light showed on the drawn shade of a window. That was all. He and Theo McSween were alone on the street, maneuvering and creeping while the rest of this town watched the game go on.

He still stood at the side of the saloon, thereby exposed if McSween backtracked and came upon him from the rear. He slid around the edge of the saloon to the front side and stood there, watching the lower end of the road. He was debating: If McSween crossed over the road he'd be somewhere in the shadows of the opposite buildings. If he hadn't crossed he'd be waiting at the lower end of town, or crawling back for a surprise play. There was no way of knowing. He could wait and break the other man's nerve, he could make McSween move and betray himself, or he could start hunting.

It was not in him to wait. Turning, he rounded the corner of the saloon and quietly retraced his way down the side of the building to the rear; and hugged the back wall as he moved toward the lower end of town. He passed McSween's horse and he reached the narrow alley between the saloon and the next building. He stopped here to listen, and crossed the mouth of the gap in three long, soft steps. The next houses sat close together; at each between space he paused and looked along it to the front—to the road whose deep yellow dust threw up a faint glow.

The end house was two hundred feet below the saloon and when he got to its edge he faced the irregular floor of the short meadow upon which Roselle lay. The road's yellow streak of dust ran on back toward Sun Ranch, and the near-by hills lay above him, ragged against the sky.

He rounded the corner and crept to the road and stood at the house's edge, considering the short row of buildings across the way. Three small houses squatted low in the night before him: the windowless and doorless two-story building faced the saloon with its black, blind eyes. Watching it, he saw a faint glow in the second-floor window, like the low burning of a cigarette tip, and he stared at it steadily until it occurred to him that this was the night's dull light catching on a splinter of glass still hanging to the window frame. The window, he now observed, commanded the road and the housetops of the town. From that position a man might see many angles he could not see from the street level.

HE BACKED away from the edge of the house and retreated to the deeper shadows. He crossed the road and circled behind the buildings on the north side and came against their ends, now again looking down the between spaces as he passed them. When he reached the rear of the two-story building he spotted a doorway and moved to it and listened inside.

The smell of an abandoned place came out to him, musty and dry, with the remnant odors of a thousand things once held within the place still clinging there. He looked at a farther partition which seemed to divide the lower floor and he saw another doorway in that partition, its blackness less than the blackness of the partition. A rat ran across the upper floor, producing a scurried, gritty wake of sound. That was the only sound.

Goodnight set one foot forward and down, testing the floor. He let his weight fall easy and slow, and tested with another foot; and found there was no floor but only hard-packed earth. He slid on until his foot struck a sill and, small as the echo was, it seemed to swell and grow large. He stopped dead and he listened and caught nothing, but coolness of some kind ruffled the back of his neck and all his nerves.

stretched thin. He reached the doorway through the partition and stepped over another sill and found himself in the forward half of the lower floor. Onward he saw the dull gray square of the door and the windows to either side of it—these opening on the road.

He looked to left and right and made nothing, but he knew there had to be a stairway or the remnant of a stairway somewhere close by. He made a guess and turned to his right, still treading hard earth, and put out his hand. Another two paces onward his forward-stretched finger tips brushed a board slanting upward before him. He came near it and sightlessly explored with his hands and felt the steps; and when he slid his hand across one of the steps he touched a damp, cold object that made him jerk his arm away. His wrist struck the edge of the stairs, producing a definite noise. A voice came straight down on him:

"That you, Goodnight?"

Goodnight stood rigid. It was McSween's voice, and it came again: "That's you, ain't it?"

"Come down out of there."

"Your last name's Goodnight, ain't it?" said McSween, doggedly curious. "You're Mary Goodnight's brother, ain't you?"

"Come down," said Goodnight.

"There was somethin' about your face that bothered me—ever since you hit Sun Ranch. Three hours ago it just came to me."

"I'm coming after you," said Goodnight.

"Everything's been bad enough without this," said McSween. "I wish I had never met your sister. My luck changed the day I saw her. It just ran out and nothing went right afterwards."

The emptiness of the building diffused McSween's voice so that it was hard to know where the man stood. Goodnight got to the front side of the stairs and laid his weight on the treads. They gave and groaned, but they held him. He went up slowly, flattened as he climbed. He heard McSween's body move; he heard the boards of the second floor whine. McSween's voice came louder at him. McSween's words fell out, hurried and breathless:

"She came of her own accord. I didn't drag her away. She was old enough to know what she wanted to do. Why blame a man for that?"

Goodnight's hands touched the second floor's level. He paused, still uncertain of McSween's whereabouts. He

heard the man breathing and he heard the boards whine. McSween was doing a strange thing—backing away into the blackness without a shot. Goodnight lifted himself out of the stairway in one sudden spring, whirling away from the stair wall. He stopped, he stood fast, listening into the fathomless black. McSween's breathing was swift and short, somewhere ahead.

"I wish," groaned McSween, "I knew what happened. When I touched her I lost track of everything. I knew something would happen. It just came over me. So I hit the trail, but there never was a minute I didn't know somethin' was comin' behind. If you was any other man I wouldn't run."

Goodnight pulled up his gun. He pointed at the sound and he fired. He heard the bullet smash through wood and brick. He heard McSween shift direction.

"Listen," sighed McSween, "I'll never touch another woman."

Goodnight fired again. He fired four times and somewhere in the heart of the racket he heard McSween shout up a great cry, and then sound and cry faded and the stink of powder swirled around him and he heard the shallow, slow guttering of McSween's breath. He stood still, cold and waiting to put in a last shot.

McSween groaned and his body twisted against the rickety floor, sending vibrations through the building. "A man and a woman," he sighed. "A man and a woman—"

He ceased to speak and Goodnight thought he had died. But McSween caught his breath and went on: "A man ought to be free. But he can't do without a woman and the woman takes his freedom. Your sister smiled back at me, Goodnight. Now I'm dyin' because of it. Is that fair?"

Goodnight said, "You'll be in hell a long time, remembering that you took her away and left her to die."

"Ever kill a man before?"

"No," said Goodnight, "but I've got no regrets over this. I'm happy it's done."

"You'll be in hell, then, a long time before you die," said McSween.

He had been slowly stirring on the floor, and now ceased to move. Goodnight listened and heard no breathing, and went forward cautiously. His foot touched McSween's body and he bent over the man, shaking him with a hand and feeling the lumped looseness give and fall back. He thought of Carruth on Sun Ranch and reached down and got the gun from Mc-

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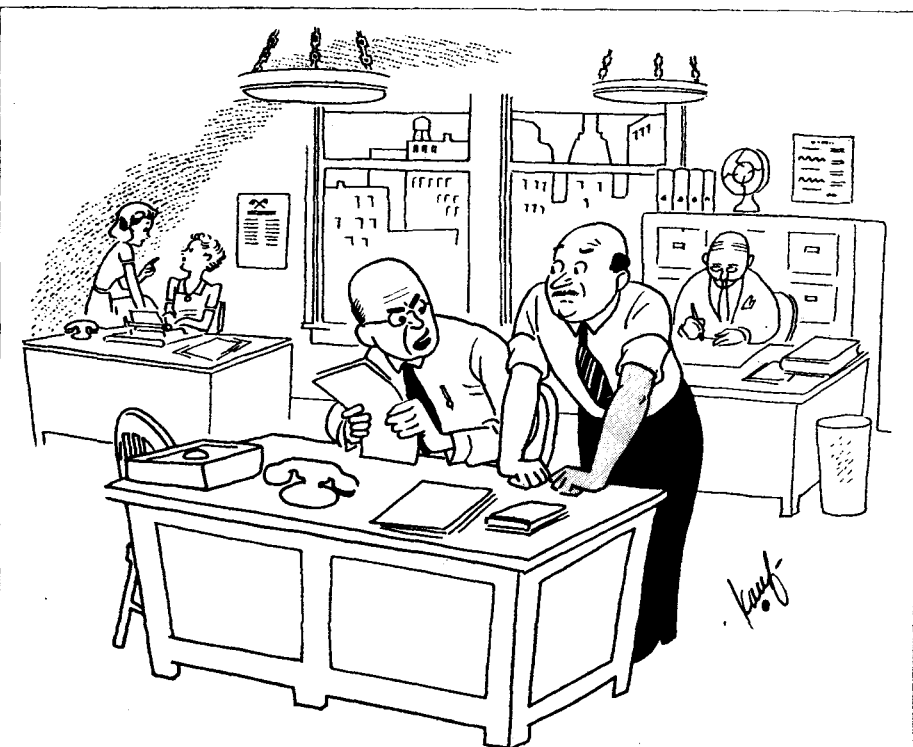
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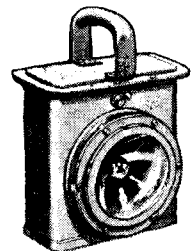


Many sailors and airmen who find themselves afloat on darkened seas, today have a better chance for rescue because of new and ingenious life-saving devices now issued by the Navy and Coast Guard.

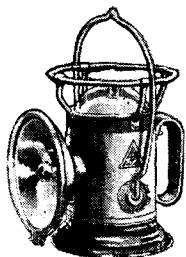
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Sween's hand and climbed down the stairs. He made his way to his horse in front of the saloon. The door was open and the saloonkeeper stood in the light. Looking around, Goodnight noticed other men now showing in doorways. Lights came on again from house to house and a woman's pale face appeared at a window. He got to his saddle.

"You want that supper?" asked the saloonkeeper.

"Hold it for the next brush jumper comin' through," Goodnight said.

He turned and rode away, Roselle behind him, and two hours later reined in at Sun Ranch's yard. The echo of his horse on the meadow road had run ahead of him. Carruth came to the bunkhouse doorway and Virginia stood at the break of the main house porch, watching him as he rode over to Carruth. He handed down the gun McSween had borrowed. Carruth took it and had a look at the cylinder. He gave Goodnight his gravely disinterested stare. "It was loaded when he took it. Empty now."

"He had his chance," said Goodnight.

"I guess," remarked Carruth, "he wasn't the shot he thought he was."

Virginia called, "Come inside."

"I'm going to town," Goodnight told her.

"What's there for you?"

"A bottle of whisky," he said.

"There's a bottle here."

"I never get drunk on the ranch I work for."

She drew herself straight, hating him for his stubbornness. She said, "If you find comfort in her, go on. You're of no use to me."

He turned away, easing his horse into a slow canter. He heard her call after him in another voice: "Will you be back?"

He didn't know and therefore he didn't answer.

HE REACHED Sherman City before midnight, left his horse in the stable and strolled as far as the hotel corner. He wanted to go directly to Niles Brand but he knew it would be best to be seen by Rosalia's men before attempting to enter her house. Therefore he loitered a few minutes, crossed to The Trail for a drink, and came out again to find Rosalia's chore man, Gabe, standing on the corner staring at the sky. As he went past, the old one murmured, "Go into the back door of the hotel and turn right." Then the old fellow resumed his absent-minded study of the stars.

Goodnight moved toward the screening blackness at the street's end. He reached the shed whereby he had earlier met Niles, turned it and came back along the rear side of the row of houses. He crossed Rosalia's yard and let himself into the back door of the hotel. A spot of light came through the keyhole of another door directly to his right. He hit it once with his knuckles and stepped inside. Niles Brand sat up on a bed, propped against pillows. Rosalia stood at the corner of the room.

Niles Brand said in a softly ironic voice: "Well, Frank, how's the big world?"

Niles was cheerful and grinning, but it appeared he had been through his torment. There had been a doctor working on him; he was properly bandaged and he wore his shirt.

"You eatin' well enough now?" asked Goodnight.

"Appetite came back today, like a rain on a dry land."

"What you doing in this room?"

Niles showed a bit of embarrassment. "I wouldn't take a lady's bed from her."

Goodnight looked at the window, at the door. He said, "Not protected much."

Rosalia moved over the room and opened its door. Goodnight looked across the hall to another room whose door also stood open. A man sat in a chair, facing

them with a rifle over his knee. She closed the door, making no comment at all.

"You see?" grinned Niles. "There's another fellow outside by my window. This lady owns the town." He had been studying Goodnight all this while with the critical and experienced eyes of a friend, and what he saw took the cheerful grin from his face. "Somethin' happened in the hills?"

"Yes."

A glinting expression showed on Niles' face. "Catch him?"

"Yes," said Goodnight. "That's done."

"Then," said Niles, "we can turn around and go home."

He had no direct answer from Goodnight. Goodnight showed him nothing; he was dry and tired, and beyond that lay some kind of unpleasant feeling. Niles said, "Better get a room and go to bed. Then we can play rummy a couple days until I'm ready to ride."

"I'll see you tomorrow," said Goodnight, and turned out. His steps struck the hallway floor, going forward to the front of the hotel. The girl listened to them thoughtfully.

"Not like him," said Niles.

"What has he done?"

"Killed a man," said Niles. "A man that ran away with his sister and left her dyin' somewhere out in Nevada. Been a hell of a long trail and I'm glad it is over. But he don't take it right. He ought to be pleased."

She turned back to Niles. "Then he never was running away from anything?"

"He's an honest man," said Niles. "But there's something wrong."

"What was he like? Before all this happened to his sister?"

"Everything," said Niles, "was fun. Always smilin'."

"I've never seen him smile," she said. She stood soberly by the bed, looking at Niles. But it was now as so often before—she looked at him without seeing him.

"I don't know what's workin' on him," said Niles.

"I do," she said. She turned out his light and left the room. She stood in the darkness of her own yard and she called, easy-voiced, "Syd," and waited until a shape drifted up from some yonder patch of blackness. "Go to The Trail," she said. "There's a man in there—you know the man—and he'll be getting drunk. Don't let anything happen. When he's drunk, bring him to me." . . .

Goodnight walked straight to The Trail. He was nursing a very odd feeling, and the drink he swallowed did not materially help. This mood, this irritable and unsatisfied and formless feeling would not dissolve; it had come upon him at the moment of McSween's death, and had ridden all the way to Sherman City with him.

He stood loose in his joints, his weight largely on his elbows. He took a second drink, and a third, aware of a new man quietly come to the saloon. He looked at the man and thereafter ignored him.

He reached out with his thought to the old carefree times. He said silently to himself, "I can go back to everything that used to be." But somewhere after his fourth drink he understood he could never return to his old days. The time never would come again when, riding the trail with the whole day before him, he could sing and dream and never care where night brought him. He wasn't the same man. He was another man standing at the bar, eyes half closed to catch the smoky tan light streaming through the pony of whisky.

A MAN said to him, from a long distance, "Your treat, ain't it?"

He turned and saw the man—the same one who had so quietly entered the saloon a long time before. "Sure," he said, "there's the bottle. Barkeep, bring another glass."

The barkeep came up with the glass. He said, "I got to lock up, Syd."

Goodnight turned. He stared at the barkeep. "What's the time?"

"Two o'clock," said the barkeep sullenly and moved away.

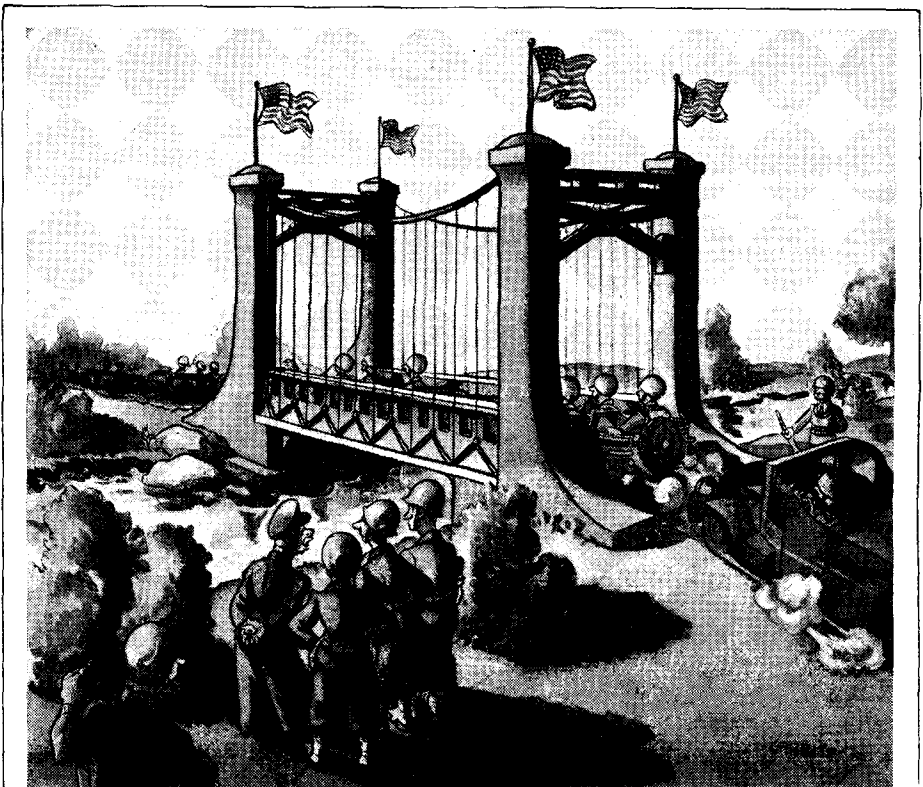
"Plenty of time," Syd said, and drank his drink. He was heavy at the shoulders; he had white heavy teeth and his grin was white against the mahogany burn of his skin.

"What's on your mind?" said Goodnight.

The heavy one looked at him with some care. He was sly and he moved easily, studying as he moved. "When you're through here," he murmured, "she'd like to see you."

Goodnight stepped away from the bar and stood a moment. "Let's go see her," he said.

They walked down the street. Syd paused at the alley behind the hotel and gave a sharp look around him. He made a signaling duck of the head to some un-



"It's nice, men, but a simple, temporary structure would have been sufficient"

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seen man in the predawn blackness and entered the alley. When he came to Rosalia's rear yard he stopped and touched Goodnight's shoulder. "Go on in," he said, and faded away.

She was on the porch waiting for him. He stumbled on the top step and she caught his arm and drew him on into the house, her voice murmuring at him. He stood still in the house's darkness, hearing her move away, and then a lamp's light came on and he caught the outline of her face as through a film. He knew then he had taken too much whisky, but even with the dimness of her face he noticed the long line of her lips and the dark, deep color of her eyes as she watched him.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked.

SHE came forward and took his arm again, guiding him into her bedroom. "You shouldn't be alone in town tonight." "I'll crawl into the hotel."

She said, "Lie down there," and put her hand against his chest. He dropped back on the bed. He pulled up his feet and lay on his back, his eyes closed. "Late for you to be up," he said.

"It took you a long time to get your drinking done, Frank."

"You been waitin' for that?"

She didn't say anything for a while. Presently he opened his eyes to find her looking soberly down, darkly in thought. Light from the lamp glowed through her hair; light drew a full encircling pair of shadows across her breast. She was thinking of him and those thoughts showed, even though the film remained in front of his eyes. Her voice took a faintly rough edge: "I had to wait, didn't I?"

"No."

He had closed his eyes again; he was falling asleep. Tenderness showed on her lips and then vanished, and a dark wave of harshness caught her face—and then that too vanished. She spoke in a whisper, as if afraid he might hear, yet wanting him to know: "You could make me lie down in the mud and wait for you."

She knew he hadn't heard, and the tenderness came again. She moved to the foot of the bed and pulled off his boots and laid a quilt over him. She stood at the bed's side, her absorbed glance upon him—upon the width of his chest and the tanned smoothness of his face.

She stood by and watched him fall asleep. Presently she left the room and made a bed on the couch in the living room. She blew out the light, hearing afterward a slight tapping at the back door, which stood open. "Ma'am," said a voice. "What you want me to do?"

"He stays here tonight, Syd. Where's Harry Ide?"

"In the hotel asleep. Room's dark. Those other two fellows that came with him are bunkin' in the livery stable."

"Get Gabe to watch the street. You go to bed, Syd."

Syd said doubtfully, "Ide ain't here for fun. He's been lookin' around. You know what I think? I think he figures Goodnight's in the hotel. He thinks it's Goodnight instead of Niles Brand in that room. He's lookin' for Goodnight, shore enough. You know why, don't you?"

"I know why, Syd. Ide thinks Goodnight is going to run things at Sun now that the old fellow is dead. Get Gabe to watch. You sleep until breakfast."

HARRY IDE kept a rented room in the hotel the year around. Sometimes it served him as a place to stage a roaring poker game with the owners of other desert ranches, sometimes he used it as a shelter when, full of liquor, he could not make the long ride back to his own place; and sometimes, fearing ambush on his ranch, he came here temporarily to hide away, to watch his enemies.

He was in the room this afternoon,

seated before the window, and thus saw Boston Bill arrive, and he spent the next two hours watching Bill drift into sight, disappear, and show up again. At supper-time Ide went down the back stairs and ate in the kitchen, and climbed back to his room. When he stepped inside he found Boston Bill waiting for him.

It gave him a start, although he was far too cool a hand to let Bill see this reaction. Bill lay stretched out on the bed, smoking a cigarette; and Bill grinned at him.

"This makes me one ahead of you."

"My turn next time," said Ide, making himself agreeable.

"It should demonstrate something," said Bill. "Anybody can get the drop on anybody else at any time. So why should we fight at all? You've got your business and I've got mine."

"That's right," said Ide.

"A proposition then?"

"Depends on what you want."

"I've got what I want," said Bill. "Just stay away from Sun. I don't care where else you go."

"That," said Ide, "is a bargain."

Bill got off the bed. "You'll have no more trouble from Sun. You may have trouble from some of the other hill outfits."

"I'll take that in hand."

"It would be a good idea."

"For both of us," agreed Ide. "Whatever I do up there will also help you. That's why you suggested it, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Bill and moved to the door.

Ide said casually, "You're a cool customer, Bill."

"It may be," assented Bill. "I like to do things the easy way. A shooting is a foolish thing between us."

Ide nodded and watched Bill go. Ide listened to the tall man's steps drop down the stairs. He went to the window and saw Goodnight go into The Trail and, afterward, half an hour or more, he saw Goodnight on the street. Ide thought: Very cool—too cool. I cannot depend on him. It will be only a matter of time before he wants me out of the road. Same as he wanted Overman out of the road. He may try it himself, or he may talk this Goodnight into trying it.

He thought the whole thing over very carefully as he sat before the window with his cigar.

SOMEWHERE during the night a flurry of sound struck down through the woolly layers of sleep to reach Goodnight. He heard it as he would have heard the sounds of a dream, and then it faded out and when he awoke he remembered nothing.

He looked around him and was puzzled; he saw his bootless feet showing beyond the bottom of the bedcover. His mouth was dry and his surroundings strange and he lay a moment, backtracking his memory. He was in a room whose door was closed, with the sharp morning chill in it and the smell of coffee and bacon strong in it. Someone moved around outside the door.

He got up and put on his boots and sat on the edge of the bed and rolled a cigarette. He remembered the saloon and he remembered something about a man talking to him; he remembered the night air and the alley—and then he knew where he was. He got up and looked at himself in the bureau mirror and found himself ragged and needing a shave; but his head was clear and he felt fine, he felt fresh and sound and ready for anything. He opened the door and walked across Rosalia's living room to the kitchen. She stood over the stove, making up breakfast. She heard him and came about, as grave as he had ever seen her.

"Niles," she said quietly, "was killed last night. Somebody got to his window and shot through it. He was asleep."

(To be continued next week)

Brough is Rough

Continued from page 16

significant new face in tennis since Alice Marble, the last consistent champion.

These kind words leave Miss Brough unimpressed. "Marble wasn't too good," she says severely. "There's so much room for improvement in every girl player I've ever seen that I don't feel flattered when I'm compared to anyone."

These remarks do not carry overtones of off-stage meowing. Brough is rough on the girls, on and off the court. She doesn't think much of them as tennis players and she is candid enough to say so. She includes herself in this criticism, admitting that she can beat a fair, second-flight man once in fifty times.

"Considering the time and effort they put into the game, most girls are pretty awful. I can understand why men sarcastically call them fugitives from a kitchen stove. The trouble is that they're too ladylike. They're so concerned about looking pretty and making every move a picture that they forget to sock the ball."

Brough will never be accused of that oversight. Power is the keynote of her game, and she doesn't let her personable appearance interfere with it. She sticks out her tongue and makes funny faces while unloading her service, her best shot and as severe a stroke as any woman player ever had. Although her hair sometimes falls in her eyes, her backhand is the distaff counterpart of Don Budge's, reputedly the best. She is not always a gazelle in rushing to the net, and she falls with a loud impact in scrambling after shots, but she usually gets the ball. And that is the big idea.

Apart from her resolute attitude toward tennis, Miss Brough has the normal interests and hobbies of the average college girl. A junior at the University of Southern California, she is majoring in marketing and merchandising. She collects phonograph records and is fond of dancing to a "smooth" orchestra like Freddy Martin's. She adores crimson lipstick and edibles made with chocolate. Her weight, 145 pounds, is a problem, but she thinks sweets keep up her strength for tennis.

Louise was born in Oklahoma City and moved to Beverly Hills only six years ago, but she is a professional Californian and does not descend upon the Fifth Avenue shops with shrill, ecstatic cries.

"All I ever buy in New York is a couple of sweaters," she says.

The Love in Her Life

Somewhere on her inevitable sweater she wears a concealed fraternity pin belonging to a military secret, otherwise identified as an Army trainee in the AMGOT school at Michigan State College. She met him at the university, and they have what is known as an understanding, but there will be no serious talk of connubial bliss during the war. Everything is in favor of this romance. Miss Brough's beau is not a tennis player and has no delusions of grandeur to be shattered.

California and the piano were the paradoxical parlay that led to the emergence of Miss Brough as a rising, shining tennis star. In Oklahoma City, where her father was president of the Carroll-Brough-Robinson wholesale grocers, Louise was a tomboy inclined to sneer down her freckled nose at tennis and piano playing as sissy. But the piano moved to Beverly Hills with the family, and Louise was disappointed to discover that all the girls were mad about tennis, a California tradition nurtured by May Sutton Bundy, Mary K. Browne, Wills, Jacobs and Marble.

Louise, who fancied herself quite an

athlete, had a go at tennis merely as an excuse to dodge piano practice. She was trounced soundly. Brooding over the indignity she had suffered, Louise tried again and got a series of good, swift kicks in the seat of her pride.

"I really hated tennis then," she recalls; "but I made up my mind to keep at it and retaliate some day by beating those girls in love sets. Although I never did, I feel pretty sure I could now." We nominate this as the understatement of the year.

The frenzy and frustration ended for Louise on her fourteenth birthday. A friend was taking tennis lessons, and her mother persuaded Mrs. Brough that the best birthday present she could give Louise was instruction in how to play the game correctly. Mrs. Brough consented.

Louise needed only one break to make her career, and she got it when she was taken to Dick Skeen, professional at the Beverly Hills club, for the lessons. Skeen is regarded as the best women's coach in the business, a reputation he would have earned if Brough had been his first and last pupil. Beneath the new girl's furious floundering Skeen saw a vein of pure, natural ability that would assay richly with co-ordination and control.

An Eye for a Champion

Skeen began to pound home the idea that Louise should be the national champion at eighteen. The Broughs smiled knowingly, thinking such talk was propaganda for more lessons at so much per hour.

Within the year, Louise was on the way. She won the Southern California interscholastic title at the Ojai tournament near Santa Barbara, the traditional debut of Coast champions. She was so green that all but her first match went three sets.

"I thought you were supposed to rest after winning the first set and let the other girl wear herself out in the second set," she says. "Then I would be fresh for the third set. It took me some time to get that cockeyed notion out of my head."

The aggressive game—the girls call it offensive—that is Skeen's signature on all his pupils began to sweep the court clear of opponents for Miss Brough in 1940. She won the Southern California junior championship from Pearl Harland of Santa Monica, 6-1, 6-1, and defeated the same player for the national junior singles. The Blond Bombshell—a nickname that was as inevitable as "Curly" for a bald-headed gent—was still eligible for the Southern California junior set in 1941, but she had compassion for the girls and entered the senior division, which she won easily before going East to take the national junior singles and doubles titles.

Several minor mistakes cost Miss Brough an all-winning season last year on practically the last bounce. She was over-tennis as well as overconfident. It was apparent, before she lost to Miss Betz, that she was in a slump when Mary Arnold and Helen Bernhard carried her to three sets before succumbing. Miss Brough will not stub her toe on the threshold again. She treasures the championship for sentimental reasons and for its trade-in value at the gate in the event she becomes a professional.

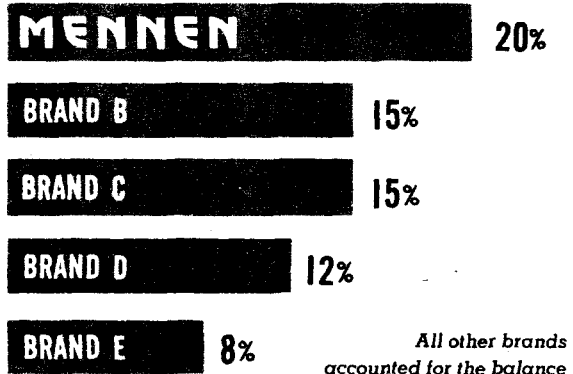
"I suppose I will turn pro," she says, "but I'll wait at least a year. It's only fair to give someone a chance to win the title from me."

This sounds pretty sporting and noble of Miss Brough until she goes on to say that she is just beginning to hit the ball hard and has every intention of improving during the next five years.

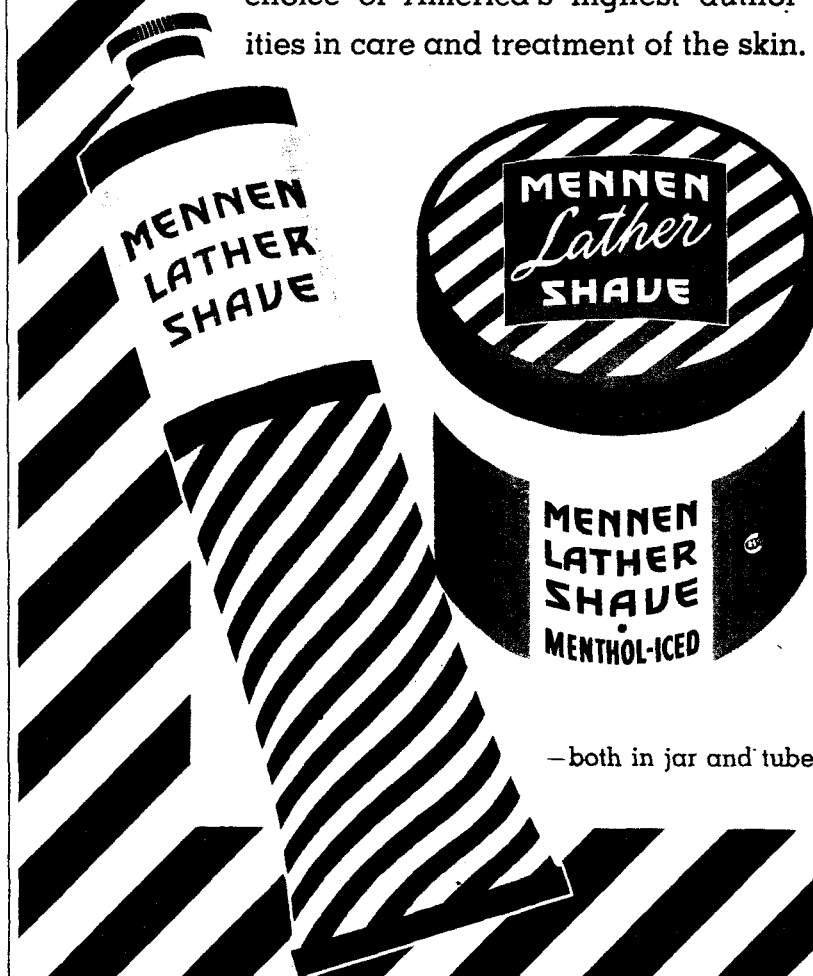
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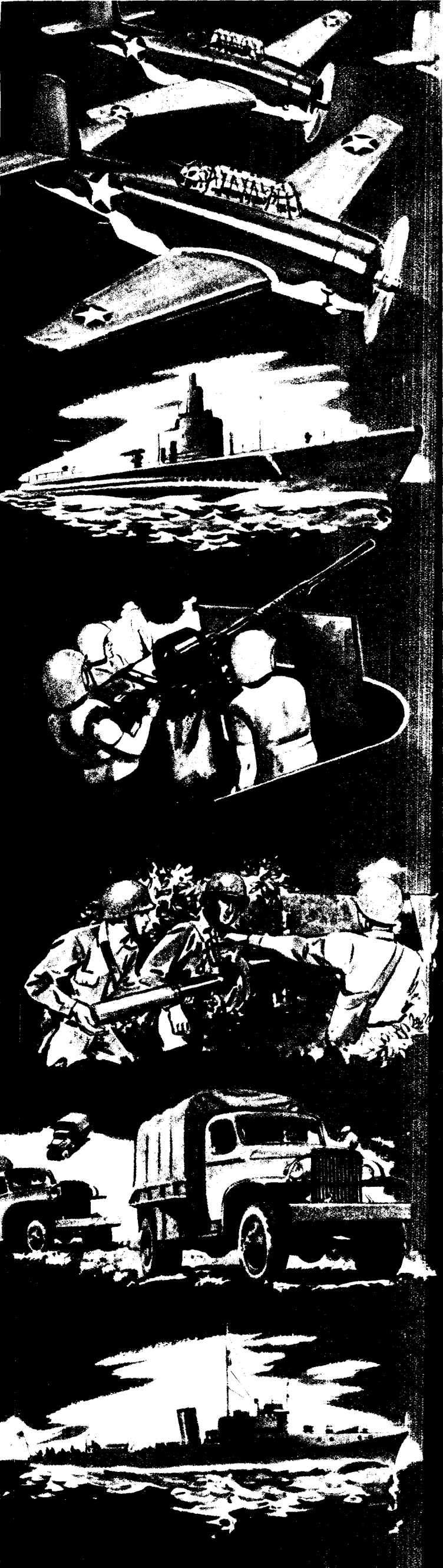
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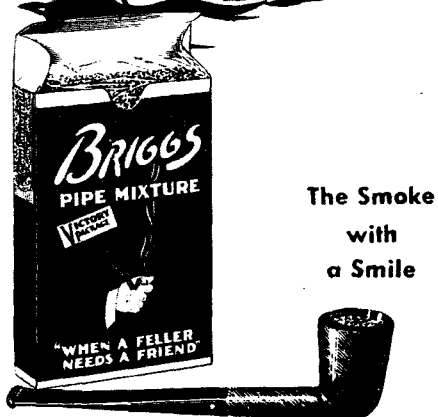
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Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 30

"You were willing to marry him, knowing he liked her better, eh?" the old man murmured, half to himself. "Liked him that much?"

"As much as anyone can," Griselle said simply.

"And Mitzi got him away from ye, did she?"

"She didn't get him away from me," Griselle answered with dignity, her pride a little hurt, "because I never had him. And, anyway, she can't help it. It wasn't anything Mitzi did; it was just that he—he met her, down at Coronado, and he liked her, and that was that."

And she inverted her dice box firmly and looked down at the board.

"Double five," she said. "You love doubles. All right, here's my nickel."

"D'you suppose that Mitzi expects to get all my money?" General Cruickshank stopped at a crucial moment in the play to ask her.

"Well—some of it—if ever you make up your mind to leave us," Griselle answered, slightly embarrassed, but managing a cheerful little laugh with the words.

"I'm eighty-two," he said abruptly. "I've got a bad blood pressure. She knows she'll get something. D'you suppose for a moment," he broke out irrepressibly, after another interval devoted to play, "that Mitzi'd marry that feller if she didn't think she'd have plenty of money? How'd she know what I'm going to leave, or to whom?"

"Well," Griselle countered, taking the delicate matter as boldly as she might, "suppose she does think so?"

"Mind ye," the general said, "it was my patent that her father sold; he'd nothing to do with the invention. He was a lawyer. But he went to Washington; he went to the factory and told 'em how to make it; he protected it; and we went fifty-fifty as we always said we would. He had his share; lost it all in the depression. And I told him when he was dying that I'd take care of Mitzi."

"I DON'T know that I'm especially counting on your dying, General," Griselle said, with her disarming, honest smile, "but I have hoped sometimes that when you did, you'd not forget Doctor Sam. He's always in money trouble."

"Always will be." The general spoke so abruptly and briefly that Griselle thought in panic that he was angry. But immediately he said musingly, "You think I could do something for Sam and Mollie, eh? You know," he went on more briskly, coming out of his moment of abstraction, "I've helped Sam out more than once. I'll take care of that new mortgage. But suppose—suppose now, Griselle, that I was to drop a hint to Mitzi that a good cut of what I've got would go to Sam? Why, she'd drop that What's-his-name McIntyre like a hot brick."

"Why, General, that's sadistic!" Griselle said with the shocked laugh he loved to hear from her.

"No, no, no; it's fair," he answered.

"Her dropping Alan like a hot brick," Griselle said sedately as the play went on, "wouldn't mean that he liked me any better."

"Might," he said, shaking his dice.

"No, no, no," she reproved him, "you can't do that to Mitzi. It wouldn't be fair. But to get Aunt Mollie out of debt and clear off the mortgage and—We're cheerfully talking about what will go on after your funeral," Griselle broke off to say, "and I don't like it!"

"Well, I'm glad you don't. But you watch Mitzi Cruickshank White Armistage for a few days, my dear," advised the

general, "and you'll perceive a certain change in her tone when she talks of her newest affair. I'll tell her—I'll imply, anyway—that I have very little to leave, and that I've come to the conclusion that, since Sam and Mollie have had hard times and their boy is away in the service, it would be only fair—especially as Mitzi proposes to marry again—to leave the bulk of what I've got to them. You stay to dinner tonight," he ended, "and you'll hear me mildly broaching the subject."

"Your idea of mildly broaching anything makes my blood run cold, you intriguer, you schemer," said Griselle.

Old Andrew Cruickshank gave a delighted laugh.

"Your play," Griselle reminded him, returning to the game.

"I rather think it is my play!" he answered with a chuckle.

WHEN Griselle went up to Mitzi's room to freshen up for dinner, she found Mitzi in a new mood.

In her luxuriously appointed bedroom, midst the daintiness and perfume that were always part of her environment, she flung herself down on a couch loaded with cushions, locked her hands behind her head and stared at the ceiling.

"Griselle," she said solemnly, "there are a lot of things in my life I'm sorry for. I've not been good; I've not listened to my own soul speaking. But one of the smallest, the pettiest, was to let myself go on caring for Alan when I knew what he meant to you."

"Alan met you and fell in love with you and that's all there is to it," Griselle said coldly.

"No; but I was a married woman," Mitzi reminded her. "I had no business to let myself fall in love with him. If I hadn't, he would certainly have turned to you. Why, you were actually talking of getting a license, getting married right away!"

"I know we were," Griselle admitted in a low, thick voice.

"If he didn't care," Mitzi resumed, "if it was just my feeling in this matter, I'd go away. I would, really. I'd leave the field to you. But he does care. And then there's another thing, Griselle," she added affectionately, coming to face Griselle as the younger woman stood up, smoothing her dress about her. "I'll be able to help him. I don't talk of it; I don't even think of it. But Uncle Andrew is nearly eighty-three. Nearly eighty-three."

"I know," Griselle said, with an uncomfortable recollection of her talk with that same old man that afternoon, "but he may not—sometimes people don't—they may not leave as much money as you think they will."

Mitzi put her two hands on Griselle's shoulders, held Griselle away from her and laughed. She tossed back her mane of corn-silk hair.

"I know all about that!" she said. "He'll remember the servants, yes. Cousin Sam will get something. But I'm not worried on that score!"

Griselle quietly moved her shoulders away from the firm hands, went to the door. "I told him I'd come down and have a game before dinner," she said.

"Oh, you and your backgammon!" Mitzi said scornfully. "I—somehow, so many things seem to have faded away from me, seem not to matter any more," she added. "David's going—my regret for him, my passionate regret that I hadn't loved him better, that I couldn't love him better—it's been my baptism of fire. And you're still playing games! Go along to your silly game!"

"I hope I don't hate her. It's awful to

hate anyone," Griselle said to herself on the way downstairs.

At dinner, however, her spirits suddenly revived. For the old general did not forget his promised threat of gently suggesting to Mitzi, "by innuendo," that the disposition of his money might be a little more diverse than she had expected.

Griselle had felt a chill of apprehension when he had suggested it, fearing that his clumsy old perceptions might crash through Mitzi's dream of inheritance and that Mitzi might be betrayed into some evidence of anger and disappointment.

But his approach was diplomatic in the extreme. "When'd Mollie put that second mortgage on her house?" he demanded of Griselle, as he helped himself to cold chicken and avocado salad.

"It wasn't a second mortgage, General. You'd cleared up the old one, and this was a new one. They took it out before I came winter before last. Two thousand, I think. It was when Aunt Mollie's mother had pneumonia and they had a nurse in the house for seven weeks. They're becoming very businesslike," Griselle went on, laughing to cover the secret nervousness that the topic induced. "Dodo has taken to a budget like a duck to water, and everything's quite—quite solvent now."

"Then that's your influence, Griselle," he said. "I remember that your grandfather made you keep books."

"Oh, do you remember—dear old Grandy!" she responded, her eyes suddenly tender. "Books! I should say he did. The poultry book and the dairy book and the garden book. I worked."

"Spinning, eh? And reading to him. He was a great old feller," Andrew Cruickshank said, half to himself. "Well, I must take care of Mollie," he went on briskly. "She's been a good wife to Sam."

"They're good people," Griselle said. "They're awfully good to everyone."

"WHEN it comes to dividing the little you've saved up—and, of course, annuities eat into it, they eat into it," the general said; "what with inheritance taxes, and now war taxes and income taxes, why, you don't feel it's very much for anyone."

"In time, I suppose," Griselle said, on safe ground for the moment, "nobody'll be really rich."

"No, no, no; I wouldn't want to make Sam and Mollie rich," the general protested. Griselle could tell from his tone that he was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"I'd want them to feel that they needn't worry," he added.

"They never worry," Mitzi said, a trace of uneasiness making itself heard under the scorn of her voice.

"When Mitzi here gave me to understand that Captain McIntyre was the man, I knew she would be cared for the rest of her life," Andrew Cruickshank said. "Fine feller, that. Inspires you with confidence. And nothing," he went on impressively, "nothing would hurt a man like that more than to feel that he was dependent for anything on his wife. Fine war record, fine history in his own profession; he'll make his way, that lad will. This girl of mine," he added, with a glance for Mitzi, "mustn't make another mistake. She wants happiness; as all women do, and I believe she'll find it with him."

"Supposing, of course, that he comes back from wherever he is, Uncle Andrew," Mitzi said in an oddly hard voice.

"He'll come back. He'll come back, and Griselle and I'll dance at the wedding, eh, Griselle?"

"It seems a little early, so soon after poor David—" Mitzi began stiffly. She put her elbows on the table and dropped her face into her hands and began to cry.

"Well, well, well," said the old man soothingly, "it is a little early. But you told me, my dear, when we had that long talk a while back, that you had written David that you were afraid your marriage was a mistake."

"But that if he didn't feel so I would do whatever he thought best!" Mitzi said, looking up suddenly, bright-eyed and angry.

"I know. But it makes it a little less tragic, your being widowed," her uncle reminded her mildly.

"Nobody knows what a widow goes through!" Mitzi said passionately.

Griselle could not see the application of this; but she looked at Mitzi in respectful sympathy.

"What I would like, my dear," the old man said courteously in a moment of silence, "is to see you happily married to a man able to arouse the finest things in your nature—loyalty and devotion and true companionship. Too much money would overbalance such a relationship—make the man feel that his wife could do as she pleased. To such a man that would be deeply humiliating. Well, we're on a rather deep subject, aren't we? We don't have to settle all this now."

When Griselle was going away an hour

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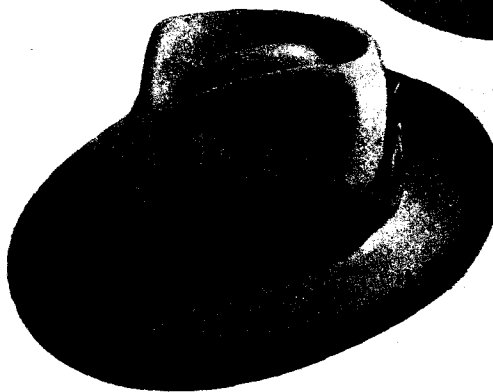
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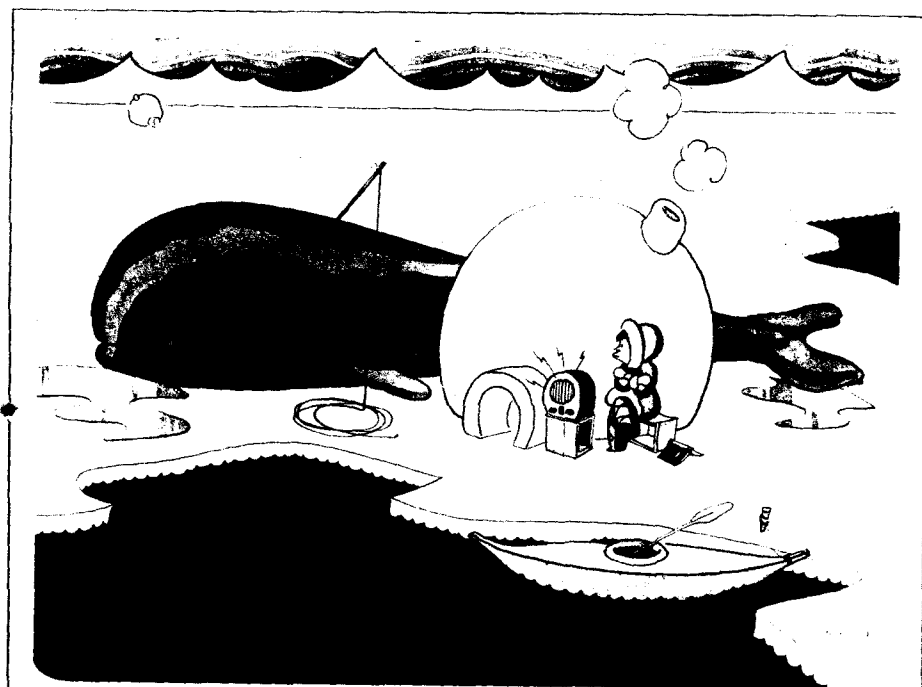
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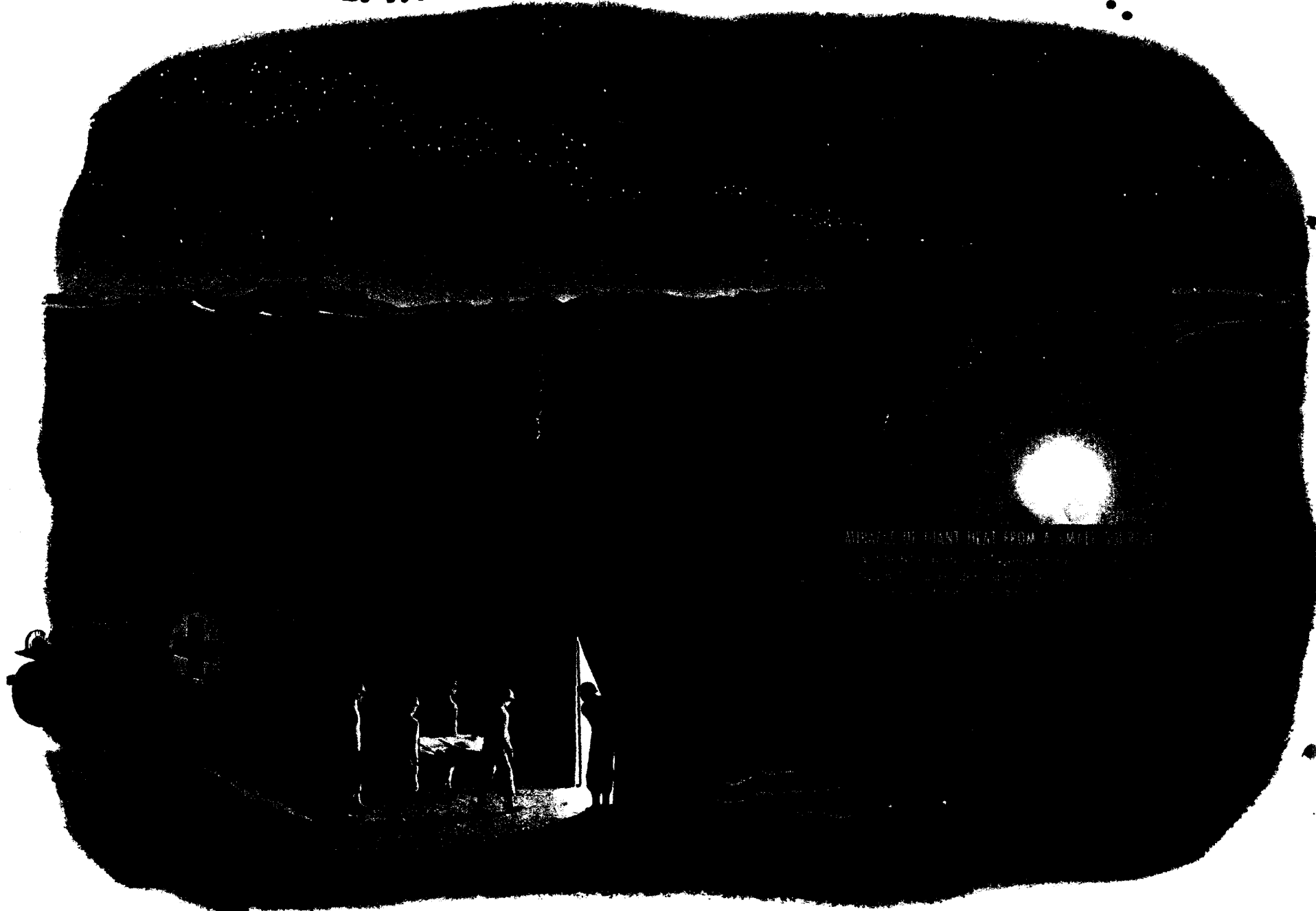


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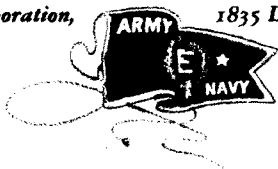
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later, Mitzi walked with her to the garden gate.

"You heard what he said," Mitzi began, quite unashamedly. "Do you suppose he can possibly be thinking of changing his will? He wouldn't have any right to, but he might."

"He'd have a right to," Griselle protested in her downright fashion. "It's his money, after all. And if he left some to Aunt Mollie and the rest to you, that'd be fair enough, wouldn't it?"

"WELL, no, it wouldn't," Mitzi argued eagerly. "Between dividing it and my not being a direct heir and taxes, it might turn out to be hardly anything! I told you that all David had," she went on, a slightly bitter note coming into her voice, "was what his father gave him; I'd no claim, as his widow, to anything at all. Which I think is downright unfair, for if David's father had died first, I would have had a claim to a lot of it! Now, listen," Mitzi said, leaning on the gate, her face very earnest in a blot of summer moonlight, "I'm not mercenary, and you needn't think I am. I never have been. All I want is security, and I certainly have worked hard enough to get it. But what Jeff gave me, that robber Teuffelmann in New York lost for me; he was a broker the richest woman I know had, and she sent me to him, and he was an out-and-out thief! So all I have of that is about two thousand a year. Then David dies, leaving me nothing but government insurance. His father sent me a check, but that's only for once; and now Uncle Andrew talks as if he was going to let me down, too!"

"I think the general wants you to marry happily and settle down," Griselle offered somewhat hesitantly; "I think he is afraid that if you had too much money you'd not be so apt to—to try to make a go of it," she finished somewhat lamely.

"Well, I wish he would mind his own business!" Mitzi said hotly. "How does he know what I'm planning to do? Alan may never come home, any more than David did. Uncle Andrew may live for ten years!"

"I think he may just have been hinting

that he hoped you really knew your own mind now," Griselle went on.

"I've always known my own mind! I knew perfectly well that I wasn't crazy about David and that I'm perfectly cockeyed about Alan! You don't suppose he will actually send for Walter McMurray?" Mitzi said uneasily.

"Who's Walter McMurray?"

"That's his lawyer in San Francisco. I'm going to ask Lee Hing to keep his eyes open," Mitzi said, narrowing her own eyes, and speaking in a shrewd, suspicious tone, "and if Uncle Andrew telephones Walter McMurray, I'm going to be here! He won't, though," she added, trying to reassure herself. "Only," she went on discontentedly, "it makes me feel as if I couldn't go on week-end visits or be away for any length of time, or anything. As if I hadn't troubles enough, just widowed— Oh, I know how it sounds! You think that because I was going to divorce David, it makes a lot of difference. Well, it doesn't. It's just as much of a shock to think of him going down in all that water! Here I had all his trunks, his heavy coats and sweaters and his golf clubs! I tell you it's *gruesome*! If Alan were here I'd feel as if I had someone to rely on. As it is, I have nobody—except Uncle Andrew talking about leaving his money to Aunt Mollie! Why doesn't he divide it in three and leave you a lot?"

"He is going to leave me something. He said so," Griselle said. "A ranch somewhere, he said, for one thing."

"Oh, that ranch out beyond Sutter Creek!" Mitzi said scornfully. "Nobody wants that! But why on earth he should suddenly get this idea, unless, of course, his mind is softening, and I believe it is!" she added incoherently. "It's just taken his fancy that I should marry a doctor with no practice, as yet anyway, and raise a houseful of children on nothing!"

"When the doctor happens to be Alan—" Griselle began dryly.

"It doesn't matter who it happens to be," Mitzi interrupted tartly; "if I can do a thing, I can do it, and if I can't, I can't!" She paused. "By the way, Griselle—I want to meet Alan's mother and brother. Let's call on them. Soon."

"All right," Griselle said, as she started home. "I'll introduce you."

"Mitzi won't like Alan's mother," Griselle said to herself. "And Steve won't like Mitzi, and will shut up like a clam. And Mitzi will make everything at their house seem so poor and shabby."

However, there was no dodging Mitzi, and Griselle was not entirely surprised to find herself waiting for Mitzi at the Cruickshank gate, two or three days later, with a call on the McIntyres in prospect. The afternoon was burning hot; not a leaf stirred on the great trees that arched the shabby street; vacation stupor had fallen on the college town.

Mitzi duly came along in her little cream-colored roadster, and Griselle got in the seat beside her. Mitzi was lovely to look upon, and in subdued yet cheerful spirits.

"I had quite a talk with Uncle Andrew," she began at once, "and I think I spiked the dear old man's guns."

"How d'you mean? About his money?" Griselle asked.

"Well, I didn't mention money," Mitzi said. "I talked about Aunt Mollie, and how generous it would be of him to leave her enough to clear off the mortgage and put the house in shape, and then I spoke about this little ranch he has, up around Sutter Creek somewhere, and said that I wished he'd leave it to you, because I'd never have any use for it."

"You didn't have the nerve!"

"Oh, yes; I did. Not flat out, you know, but sort of intimating this and that." Mitzi spoke with amused complacency. "He's as transparent as glass," she said. "He said right away that he had been very fond of your grandfather; in fact, that he'd been your grandfather's best friend. Then I went on to say how I'd changed—and, Griselle, you know I have changed!" Mitzi broke off to say challengingly. "Did you ever know me to be in love before?"

"Well, no; but then I haven't known you very long."

"Yes; that's true. But nobody who knows me," Mitzi said, "could believe that I'm as changed as I am. I tried to get Uncle Andrew to see that, and I think I did get him to see it. I said—and it's true!—that I'd marry Alan McIntyre if I had to take in back stairs to scrub to do it. But I said that it would make me very proud to be the one to help him, to give him the sort of house a doctor should have, to make a success of our lives."

"MITZI, your work is so—so open-faced," Griselle said, with a scandalized laugh, "that I wonder someone doesn't bawl you out. But men seem to fall for it," she added simply.

"It wasn't open-faced!" Mitzi protested. "He was sitting by the fire looking into it after Admiral Cutter went last night, and I came down in my housecoat—"

"Hair all loose on your shoulders."

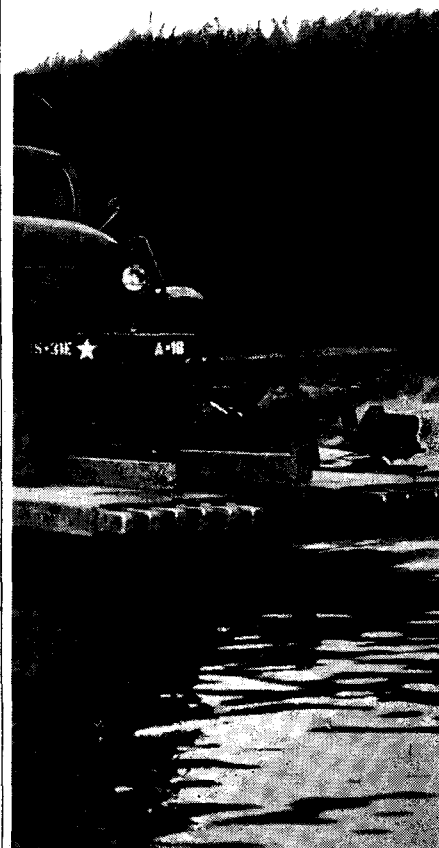
"Well, I was brushing it. I came into the library and said, 'Oh, Uncle Andrew, still up? I came down to put out the lights!' and I sat on that buttoned leather seat, you know, right at his knee, and told him everything—said that these months had meant more to me than any in my life, and that I felt that God had been very good to me, and that I was starting over—things like that! I got away with it," said Mitzi.

"Well, get away with this. This is the McIntyre's place," Griselle said. "Right here, this white gate. Steve's always out in the back yard, so we might as well go 'round the side way. Hello!" she said to Steve and his mother, coming up to them under the apple tree. "This is Mitzi Armitage, Mrs. McIntyre. Alan's mother, Mitzi, and his brother Steve."

"I've been wanting to do this for such a long time!" Mitzi said, sitting down, fixing her round blue eyes upon Mrs. Mc-

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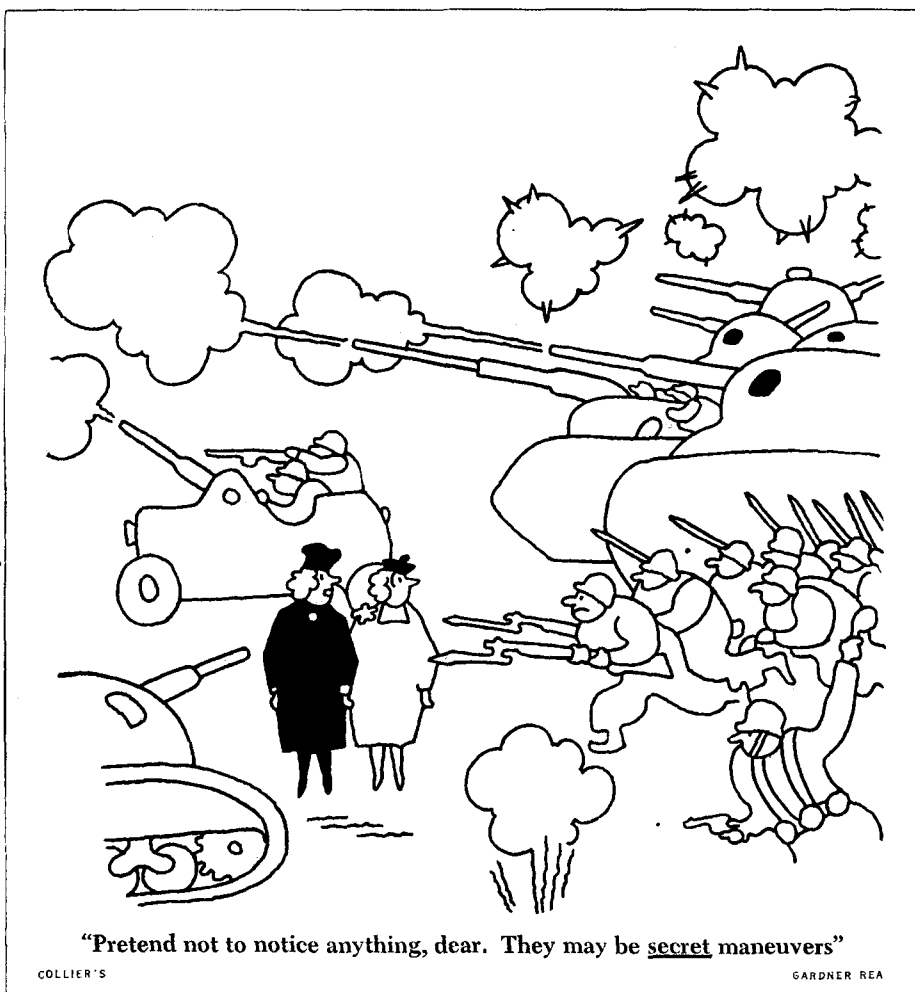
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Intyre. "But I wanted to be sure you were settled."

Griselle watched them all as they talked, her heart sinking. It would have been natural for her to carry the conversation; she was the person known to all three and managing these introductions. But instead, Mitzi lightly and charmingly took control. She had just the right thing to say; just the right cadences in her voice; they liked her. They were liking her.

Mitzi wore a gown of delicate frail silk. Her face was a trifle pale from the heat, and the paleness seemed to make her blue eyes bluer and her childish mouth more red. Griselle knew that it had taken Mitzi two hours to get ready for this call, but the effect was that of an extremely lovely and natural child—a faint spattering of pale freckles over her little, white, upturned nose, and little damp gold curls pressed against her blue-veined temples.

"If Griselle hasn't told you terrible things about me, she's more loyal than anyone ought to be!" Mitzi was presently saying, with disarming frankness. "I've made the most terrible botch of my life so far; my father spoiled me and everybody spoiled me, and I jumped into a silly marriage at nineteen, and altogether the most dreadful things you could say about me are true. Then I got a divorce and married again; Griselle tell you that?"

"I think perhaps Alan told me that," Steve said in his deep voice, with the familiar undercurrent of indulgence and amusement in it.

"And now poor David Armitage—who had his faults but was one of the bravest men—and nice, too, wasn't he, Griselle? Now they've written me, notified me—Mitzi's voice thickened and her eyes filled. "This is very silly," she said unsteadily, "because I wasn't—I wasn't by any means the wife he should have had—"

Griselle thought: How do you do it, Mitzi?

THERE was a moment of silence, then Mitzi caught at a kitten that had been walking up and down the table, and held it to her face.

"You little fool, you," she mumbled, "you little silly fool! I'm mad about cats," she said to Mrs. McIntyre, laughing with wet eyes.

"Steve has a dog, but they get along real well," Amanda McIntyre, who had taken but a stiff and uncomfortable part in the conversation so far, said in a toneless voice. She had been informed by Steve, just before the call, that Alan was not really in love with Griselle, that he had practically jilted Griselle, that he was infatuated with this Mrs. Armitage who had just been widowed and that he, Alan, was probably wretchedly unhappy about the whole thing. She was still quivering from the shock. Her Alan, her magnificent first-born, falling in love with a married woman, and blind to the quality of Griselle! It didn't sound like him, and she wouldn't believe it.

"Alan must be losing his mind if he thinks he's ever going to find anyone like Griselle Mountjoy again!" she had said indignantly to Steve, only a few minutes before the callers' arrival. And to this Steve had returned only a brief, "Looks that way."

After a while, Mrs. McIntyre brought out glasses of lemonade and cookies. Mitzi said she simply adored lace cookies and finished her drink with great appreciation.

Her farewell to Steve was businesslike, friendly. "I'll come again—if you'll let me!"

"Sure, we'll let you," he said.

Griselle hoped she was right in thinking the tone just a little too bluff and easy. Mitzi gave Mrs. McIntyre both her hands; Amanda held them awkwardly, not knowing quite what to do with them.

"I want terribly to have you like me," Mitzi said. "I'm going to like you a lot!"

"Well, thank you," Alan's mother said. "We missed you yesterday, Griselle," she added, going with them to the gate.

"Oh, now that school's closed, I'll be here every day," Griselle answered.

"You see them a lot, don't you?" Mitzi said, driving home.

"I often do my themes there."

"He's got a terrible case on you, I suppose?" Mitzi pursued.

"Stephen?" Griselle was displeased and her voice showed it. "We like each other very much," she said.

"Will he always be like that?"

"Yes. It's been that way for years without any change. But he's building himself into a real position, into a very full life; he's happier than lots of other people I know."

"Never to go to a show or a night club, never to dance," Mitzi said half to herself. "If I were you, I wouldn't go there, Griselle. He'll only fall in love with you."

"I think perhaps I know him better than you do," Griselle observed, on a note of anger.

"But I know men," Mitzi countered airily. "Don't get mad, Griselle; I'm only trying to save trouble. He's the kind, if he thought he was standing in the way of his brother's happiness, who would simply take an overdose of something. I'd have taken it long ago! To be poor, with your mother doing her own work, going to market and pricing pork chops every day, and to sit in a wheel chair."

"She'll have her good times later when they're both successful doctors. They think nothing's too good for her," Griselle said.

"Where'd she ever get a son like him?" was Mitzi's only reply to this.

"Like Steve?"

"No; like Alan, like Alan, like Alan!" Mitzi repeated impatiently. "Little hot back yard and cheap house," she went on. "Why do people live that way? That's the sort of thing—it isn't begging in the streets or being cast away on a desert island; I'd take my chances on that! But living in a row of hot cottages and turning on the radio and putting what's left of the stew into the icebox—it drives me crazy to think of it! I would rather be dead."

"Hundreds of our wounded are coming back from the war to spend the rest of their lives in wheel chairs in cottages like that, and you ought to thank God," Griselle said passionately, "if they do have mothers to buy pork chops and make stew, and if they do have radios and iceboxes! The men who come back home in Europe are coming to heaps of ashes and hundreds and thousands of graves! No iceboxes and million-dollar programs for them!"

"Well, don't get mad, don't get mad!" Mitzi said lightly. "It's good if they can stand it; I couldn't. Jerry Coates now," she went on, "he's a producer—he produces all Naomi Younger's things and lots of others; he brought Yolanda Kern over here; he's stone-blind. But he has this magnificent place up the Hudson, and there isn't a Metropolitan singer who doesn't go up there, or a Hollywood star, either. Everyone is just crazy to be asked up there. His wife is perfectly adorable, and everyone knows that he and Daphne Chessey—I mean, Jerry's alive. He can have anything he wants, go anywhere he wants. They always went to Biarritz until he lost his sight. He's been married three times, and I know several women who are perfectly cracked about him. But when you have to count pennies—I suppose," Mitzi broke off, struck by a new thought, "I suppose Alan would go right on helping them, if he married?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"All the more reason for Uncle Andrew—" Mitzi did not finish her sentence,

but Griselle perfectly understood it. "Can you come up to the house for a while?" Mitzi asked.

"I promised Mary Polhemus that I'd stop for some Red Cross material, and she's right next door to you," Griselle said. "Yes; I'll come up and see the general for a minute. The doctor and I are all alone tonight unless Fred comes home. Aunt Mollie and Dodo are going over to the city to see a movie, and our young doctors are gone. A new girl may be there; she wants to do some coaching before term starts. But I've got some aspic from Sunday," Griselle mused, "and I'll throw everything into the salad and make spoonbread. And we can finish up the frozen peaches—that'll be enough for her—What is it?" she broke off to ask suddenly, for they had reached Mitzi's gate now, and Mitzi was studying a taxi that was parked in the driveway.

"Who's that, do you suppose?" Mitzi said sharply.

"Just someone from town to see the general," Griselle said.

"Come in! I knew it, I knew it!" Mitzi spoke briefly and abstractedly.

GRISELLE followed her through the wide-open, airy hallway to the library, to find a tall, thin gray-headed man in a light gray summer suit in consultation with the general.

"How do you do, Mr. McMurray?" Mitzi said, holding out her hand. Griselle recognized the name at once; this was the old general's lawyer. When she was introduced, he smiled at her.

"Go ahead and tell her, Walter," old Andrew Cruickshank said.

"Then I may tell you, Miss Mountjoy," said the stranger, "that I came on a pleasant little bit of business that concerns you today. General Cruickshank for some time has owned a little ranch in Contra Costa County. He made up his mind a few days ago that he would rather give it to you now than have you wait until after his death. So I brought the deed with me today, and in a week or two, you'll have a very delightful present."

"Ah, General, no!" Griselle said. She had kissed him before in the old little-girl Maryland days, but she had felt too shy and too strange to go on with the little caress since coming to California. But, stirred and pleased now, she went to him spontaneously, and half-kneeling and half-crouching by his chair, she kissed him warmly, her arms about him, laughter and tears both in her eyes. "Am I going to have a California ranch of my own?" she stammered.

"Not a very big ranch, Griselle. How big is it, Walter? Fifty-two acres, planted to apricots and peaches mostly. It's well up on a hill; you've got a well and a couple of springs, and some sort of a house. I only saw the house once."

"There's a tenant house, too, with the barns and outbuildings," Walter McMurray said. "A fellow named Frost lives there with his wife and children. They run the place on a share basis, and you'll never have any trouble with your taxes, even if you don't get much more!"

"But a ranch! Ah, that was a darling thing for you to do!" Griselle, still breathless with surprise and pleasure, gasped joyfully.

"It occurred to me the other day that Sam and Mollie wouldn't want it," Andrew Cruickshank said, "and Mitzi here isn't ever going to be the farmin' type. I forget what I paid for it. Took it and the Oakland houses in exchange for the city house, didn't I, Walter? I suppose it's worth—what? Sixteen or seventeen thousand? Not much of a gift, my dear. But you'll drive up there some day and see it, and come back and tell me what it's like."

"Oh, I can't believe it! I'm a property owner! I'm landed gentry!" Griselle chanted, still at the old man's knee,



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crouching back on her heels, but with her radiant face turned toward Mitzi and the lawyer.

"And I had to do something for Mitzi, too," said Andrew Cruickshank, thoroughly enjoying himself. "Couldn't do somethin' for one of the girls without rememberin' the other!"

Mitzi had been sitting back in a big chair, looking on at this scene with a smile that indicated both scorn and amusement, but now, as General Cruickshank's hand was extended toward her with a small box displayed on the palm, her expression changed, and she reached eagerly for the box.

"Yes; it's my wife's emerald," her uncle said. "Lyddy'd want one of you girls to have it. Have it reset—have it changed—do what you like with it—"

"Oh, Uncle Andrew!" Mitzi said, completely taken by surprise and unable, for once, to show anything but what she really felt. "It's simply beautiful! I've often wondered where it was and if you had given it away. I'd rather," she added, with a smile for Griselle, "I'd rather have it than ten Contra Costa County ranches."

And she, too, went over to kiss the old man gratefully.

But she was not quite reassured and the next day she asked Griselle if she had heard McMurray say anything indicative of a change in the will.

"No; you heard everything I did, Mitzi," Griselle answered uncomfortably.

"Didn't he say that some paper hadn't come from the East yet, and that when it did, he'd bring something back for Uncle Andrew to sign?"

"Oh, Mitzi, you are too suspicious!" Griselle said, laughing.

"No; but didn't he say that?"

"Well, mightn't that be the deed to the Contra Costa County place?"

"That wouldn't come from the East. Didn't you hear him say, 'All the others are to be as I noted them down'?"

"I think I did hear something like that. But I don't see what it could mean."

"It could mean all the other legacies, all the bequests to the servants and so on—couldn't it?"

"Honestly—" Griselle drawled, scandalized.

"Yes, I know; yes, I know!" Mitzi said defensively. "But it's darned important to me to know where I stand. David leaving me *nothing*, all my plans upset, not knowing what to expect—"

"Oh, nonsense!" Griselle said boldly. "You've had two rich husbands, and you're practically engaged to a third man who will always support you comfortably. You ought to think of some of the other women in the world who actually don't know where the next meal is coming from!"

"If anyone mentions the Chinese or the Finns to me again, I'll go off and kill someone," Mitzi exclaimed resentfully. "As for supporting me, much as I adore him, I can't see Alan supporting me for a long time, with his mother and brother a dead weight on him. You have to be practical about things like this, Griselle, no matter how much in love you are! I don't know how Alan feels about Dave's death," she added fretfully.

"How should he feel?"

"Well, you know what a—what ridiculous old-fashioned ideas he has, how shocked he was by the whole business. For all I know," Mitzi said, "he'll think we have no right to be happy now that Dave's given his life for his country, and all that sort of thing!"

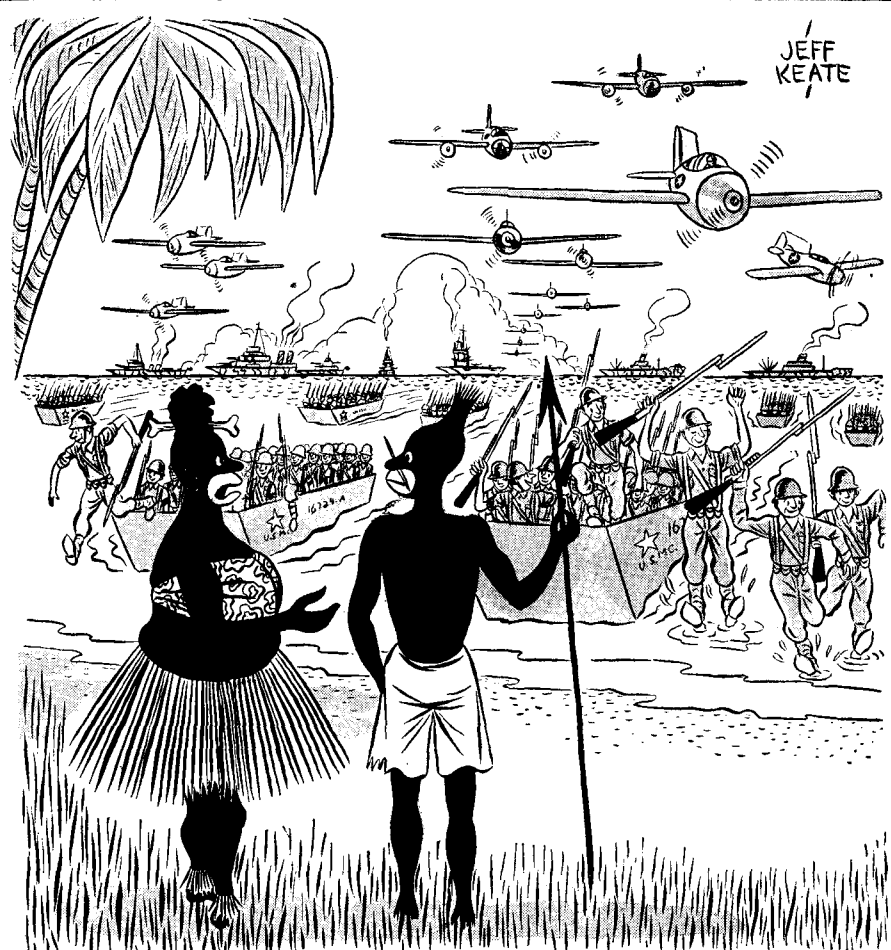
"AS SOON as you see Alan, all that will clear up," Griselle assured her. She hoped in her heart it was untrue, but Mitzi was mollified and was silent for a while, busy with her own thoughts.

"He takes those capsules every night, anyway. His doctor knows that," Mitzi said suddenly, out of thought.

"Who? The general?" Griselle widened her eyes, slowed the car and gave Mitzi a startled glance. "What of it?" she said.

"Don't go into the gutter," Mitzi, who was teaching her to drive, said sharply. "I was only thinking. I was thinking that if Uncle Andrew did die quietly in his sleep, they'd blame it on the pills."

(To be continued next week)



"Why didn't you tell me we were having company? I'd have baked a cake!"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE

Granny, Git Your Gun

Continued from page 18

backed it out of the shed, why, out steps Grandma with her Sunday black dress on, which she didn't like, and a red bandanna handkerchief tied around her head.

"Get my box of tree sugar, Jimmy," she said. "It's packed and ready, and I intend to go to town today in that truck and sell my sugar and buy me a cedar chest to put my things in; and, besides, I intend to buy me a flowered spring dress like I wore the day Henry went off to the war. I'm tired o' this black."

She was sort of twirling her cane, and she snapped her eyes at us all as if daring us to object.

We didn't; we all just stood there and looked at each other and at Grandma. That convinced us she was losing her mind.

Then one of the folks ventured to say, "A bright dress! Why, Grandma! You're way up in ninety. Would you look natural in bright flowered dresses?"

"The old apple tree does," Grandma said. "It's just sixteen years younger'n me, and it puts on a mighty bright dress every spring. Besides, me and that old apple tree's gonna soon have a new spring-time anyhow . . ."

She turned and looked at the old tree with the dying twigs. "It may bloom this year, and it may not," she said. "And I may not live to see it bloom, which is why I want to see some soldiers of this war, and sort of git ready for my new spring-time . . ."

IT SOUNDED crazy to us. But it was no use to argue with Grandma when she set her head. So I got her box with the tree sugar in it and put it in the truck bed, and Grandma climbed in the truck seat with me. I recollect how proud she was to get started, and how she threw back her proud bandanna head, and just a little snowy hair showed around the edge.

"It's the first time I've been out in twenty years," she said, and feasted her eyes on things along the road.

"It don't go where it used to," she said. "It used to be down there by the creek and didn't go so fast, and a person could stop in the shade and git a drink of water."

She just kept mumbling on, talking mostly just to herself, and remembering things I didn't know about.

"Look there, now. If my mind serves me right, there used to be a big sweet apple tree in the corner of that fence. I wonder if they let it die a natural death like they should, or did they cut it down 'cause it got old and didn't bear much fruit. Milt Pruett's painted his barn and house top red. Such a pretty color for barns."

I didn't remember much about the things she talked about along the road, and wasn't interested, and maybe didn't hear a lot she said. But I was thinking. What I was worrying about was what to do with Grandma when we got to town and maybe her losing her mind, and how to keep her from hearing the Japs had took something else that belonged to us, and she'd get mad right in a crowd with her cane in her hand.

Before we got there, I told her. I said, "Now Grandma, don't talk about the war with everybody on the street, and don't try to trace up kinship with 'em, 'cause people in the city don't do that like country folks do . . ."

She snapped her eyes at me. "Now you just never mind about me, Jimmy. Churchill ain't so young, and if he can keep Hitler and his whole army out of England, I can take care of my own self, and handle the sellin' of these sugar cakes and buy me a spring dress . . ."

When we got to town, I said, "Grandma, we'll park the truck here by the railroad

station; and while I'm selling the sugar and things, you can stay in the truck and see the soldiers when the train comes; then I'll take you overtown to the store to pick you out a dress."

"I hope the train comes," she said. "I want to see our boys and if they've got mad yet or not like your Grandpa Henry did when he fit in the War Between the States."

We drove up and stopped by the curb, and I saw a boy, about ten, standing around, and I offered him a dime to stay with Grandma a while.

"I'll pay him," said Grandma, with a twinkle in her eye, and I knew what that meant; she wanted to give him a cake of tree sugar, and the boy bounced up in the seat by Grandma, and I went on overtown. I guess I was gone an hour or more, and when I got back, Grandma had got out of the seat. She was back in the truck bed, sitting on one end of the sugar box. A train had come in and fifty soldiers had gathered around the truck, and Grandma was cracking sugar cakes with the hatchet we always carried with the truck and passing the sugar out to the soldiers, and the soldiers had took up with her, and were calling her Grandma, and she was pleased, and I'd never seen her look so happy. But still, it convinced me she was slipping in her mind.

I didn't want the soldiers to hear, but I slipped up to the truck bed and whispered, "Grandma! You won't have any sugar left. What about your spring dress?"

She snapped her eyes at me again. "I can't help it; it'd be a sin not to give it to these boys; it's all I've got for 'em."

She just kept on cracking sugar cakes, and the civilians, they crowded around the truck and watched her, and I could hear them wondering who the queer old soul was.

I didn't want to try to explain who Grandma was and her ways, and I edged back into the crowd and didn't let on I was with her. And then the band quit playing and gathered around and watched.

And they talked so much in low conversation about who she was, that one soldier said, "Grandma, why don't you tell 'em who you are? Make 'em a speech."

I could tell Grandma liked that; she straightened up there in the truck in her black dress, and she was tall, only the up-in-ninety years had stooped her shoulders and made her face look a little like the jutting brown rocks along the river. She rested her hand with the hatchet on her hip, and she took off her glasses so she could see at a distance. She looked at the crowd.

"It sorta reminds a person o' the feedin' o' the five thousand," she said.

THE crowd surged in closer as if they were about to listen to the sayings of some old prophet.

"The tree sugar," she said, "it's all gone now, and it ain't no time for any more sugar. What we need to do now is to git mad, not sweet; we got to git fightin' mad . . ."

She looked awful old and feeble for such words. She hesitated there and reached down in the box. I didn't know she had brought anything else in the box; but she had; she lifted from the box a wooden leg, which I had seen once before when she opened an old trunk up in her room. It had a piece of old sheepskin on the place where the leg rested, and the sheepskin was golden with age.

"This," she said, "was Henry's—my husband's. Henry got this in the Civil War. I recollect when it broke out, and when people come and told Henry what the Yankees was doin', oh, it made Henry so

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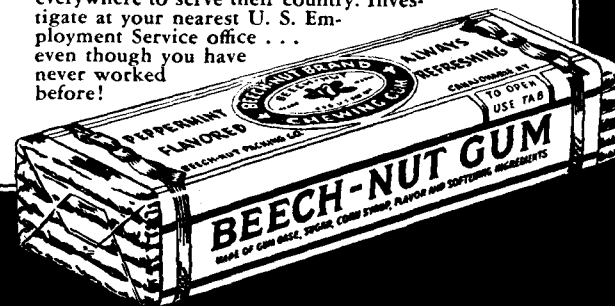
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all-fired mad. He was the maddest man! I said, 'Henry, a man as mad as you ain't fit for nothin' only to fight; gimme them plow handles, and git your gun.'

"Henry did; he got his gun and lit out. I recollect that fight. They fit hard because they got mad. It made us so mad for them Yankees to come down in our territory . . . so mad we whupped 'em nearly every time. But Henry . . . he got his'n when our army went up North. If you wanted to make a Yankee fightin' mad, just git over on his side with a gray coat on; Henry couldn't stand it; he hated gray . . . And we hated blue . . ."

Grandma hesitated again. I could tell she was getting mad. I could see the scraps of leather and the old wool quiver on the wooden leg.

"A person hates certain colors," she said. "I hate this black dress. I come to town today just to see you boys and get me a bright spring dress. I want a bright flowered dress like I wore when Henry come home with one leg, and I said, 'Henry, we've got another volunteer.' I recollect how he hobbled out to the side o' the house and I showed him a little apple tree that had come up after he left . . . It's still there . . . old now, and it scrapes on my window, and makes me remember, and it blooms out in white every spring . . ."

"But as I was sayin', when these boys in gray got over on the blue side, it made the Yankees mad. Henry, he got this when he went up the hill with Pickett at Gettysburg that day. Him and Pickett's other men, they clim' the hill; but Henry said after he come home, 'Amy,' he said, 'we handled 'em purty good down on our side; but when we got up there, they fit . . . they fit like devils . . .'"

"And that's why Henry and the rest o' Pickett's boys couldn't stay on the same hill with the Yankees; they had to come back down . . . And Henry got out of it with one leg . . ."

GRANDMA laid down the wooden leg. She fumbled in the box again, and I could see her black arm sleeve quiver, and people just looked at one another, and swallowed without saying a word, and stretched their necks to see what else she got out of the box.

She pulled out Grandpa's old gray breeches, and she unfolded them easy-like, and she held up the faded gray breeches, and said:

"These was Henry's. If I could crawl back a few years to where I could balance myself on one foot, I'd put 'em on; but I ain't steady like I used to be . . ."

She reached down again and I wondered what on earth else Grandma had put in that box. She got out the old cap, and seemed like it still had the shape of Grandpa's head, and you could see the color of sweat. She put the cap on.

Then she run her arm up one of the breeches legs, and stuck her fist out at a hole about the knee.

"This is where it hit him," she said. "The minnie ball made this hole. Now the Yankee that fired that shot was fightin' mad . . . so Henry always said.

"But still, it was funny how Henry felt about his wooden leg and the fightin' Yankees. Always seemed to like the North better after that; said havin' a leg up there somewhere made him feel he had interest up there, and he always had a hankerin' to go back. I recollect he told me, he said, 'Amy, it was mad fightin' that stopped us, and I reckon I was lucky to git away with one leg.'

"And Henry, he was so proud when he'd walk down the aisle of the church with his leg tappin', and him knowin' everybody was seein' him.

"But, now, you can't have a wooden leg to be proud of if you don't git mad and fight. And you won't have no scars, and no interest up North or down South like Henry had, and the sassafras bushes

will grow on your grave, and they won't be even a sheep path leadin' up to it.

"And it ain't just the blue or just the gray that's got to git mad; we got to git mad together. All I ask of you boys is to git mad at them as we did at one 'nother that time when Henry got this wooden leg, and Grandma'll be listenin', and the news'll be good."

But then came the call: "Board! Board!"

There was a movement toward the train steps, but Grandma called again, and the soldiers lingered.

"Before you go," she said, "I want to leave an old sound in your ears. It's a sound from Gettysburg . . . a sound with spirit in it, the kind of spirit that makes fightin' a pleasure. . . ."

Grandma reached down in the box again. I wondered what on earth else she had in the box, and I wondered about the sound from Gettysburg.

But then I saw. She got Grandpa's old Civil War pistol out of the box, and she pointed it up and fired, and a streak of red flame came, and sound, and the sound seemed to bounce back from the walls of the buildings, and then get over them and roll away and search the distant hills.

"Now that's it," she said. "It's got spirit in it, and where there's spirit, there's smoke, and it leaves wooden legs wherever it goes. . . ."

Then the engine sneezed and yawned and the wheels rolled and the soldiers made for the train steps, and Grandma watched the waving hands and she held one hand to her ear to hear the calls, "Goodby, Grandma. Thanks. We'll fight. . . ."

As the train pulled away, the high-school band struck up a tune and the song was Dixie, and Grandma just stood there with the faded gray breeches across her shoulder, and the muzzle of the old pistol still smoking.

I saw her take out her tiny lace-hemmed handkerchief from her black dress pocket. I wondered if she was about to cry, which wouldn't be natural for Grandma; I'd never seen her cry.

And she didn't now. I recollect some women standing near me and one nudged the other and said, "Wouldn't you like to hug her neck?"

I never saw Grandma look so good as she did then. I tried to remember when I had last hugged her neck; but I couldn't, and it made me ashamed. I felt the coming of a spirit. A creeping spirit it was, that seemed like it had been stirred up from a grave where it had been sleeping; it seemed to come from some gone-by time and place, and I felt it crawl up my breeches leg.

I wondered if it was just because she was my grandma; but that wasn't it, be-

cause I saw some chins shaking and some eyes watering. Grandma must 'a' saw 'em, too, 'cause she smote the edge of the truck bed with her cane, and said, "Moses smote the rock to bring forth water; but we must smite to bring fight."

And before the blue powder smoke had cleared, the crowd made for the truck, and it seemed like they just floated Grandma out of the truck and into the kind of a car she'd never been in before, and they took the cap and the breeches, and the band followed, and Grandma was gone, and I got back in the truck seat and wondered.

Over in town I could hear the band moving slow along the street, and I thought of sounds and bright colors and spirits and smoke, and of ancient sayings and Scriptures about once young and now old, and once a man and twice a child, and of the Wise Men and the Entry into Jerusalem, and of Moses and his staff. But I couldn't think of any saying or words of prophets that would explain Grandma and her ways, or the coming of the spirit I felt there in our old rusty farm truck.

SHE was gone a long time and when they brought her back, she stepped out in a bright-flowered dress, and she had on a new hat and it had a feathery plume that stuck up, snow-white and quivering, and her eyes beamed when she said:

"That old apple tree; it ain't gonna have nothin' on your grandma this spring."

I saw they brought a neatly done up package tied with red, white and blue ribbons, and after Grandma got back in the seat, I whispered, "What's in the pretty package?"

"Oh, them's just your grandpa's breeches and cap and my black dress."

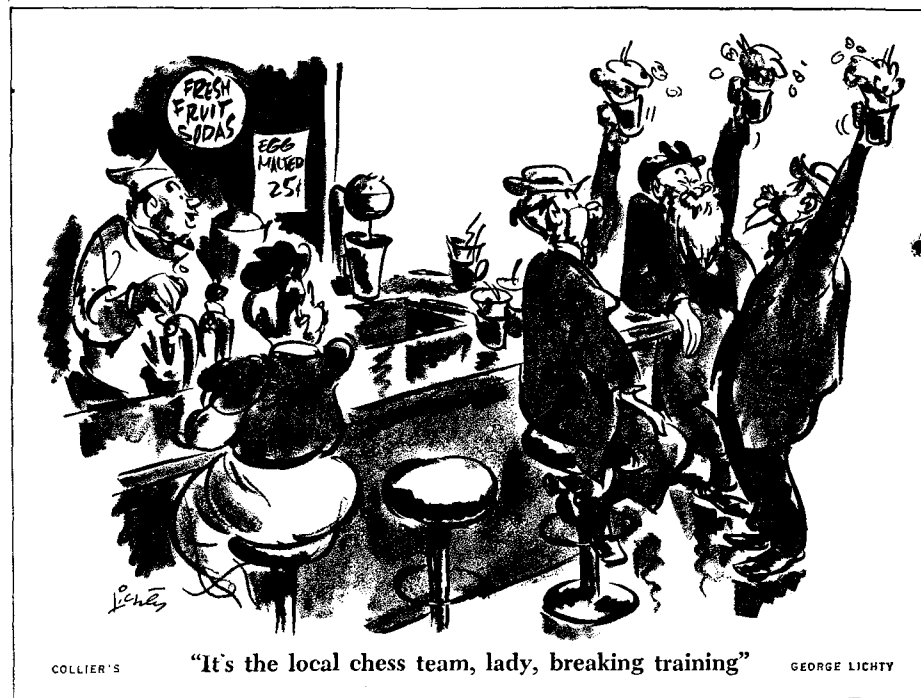
She looked back and watched them pack the wooden leg, the old pistol and the package into the cedar chest they brought.

Grandma took out her handkerchief again when they wrapped the chest in a flag. She squeezed the handkerchief in her hand. The sleeve of her flowered dress shook and the plume quivered; but she held her head high and proud and no water came out of her eyes.

But when they finished and got out, she punched me with the cane she had across her lap. "Step on it quick," she whispered.

I did, and after we got away from the waving and goodbys, Grandma said, "It might' nigh got me then. It might' nigh got me over at the station when they first hit Dixie. The spirit come over me . . . a fightin' spirit it was, and I'm so glad I come and got to see the soldiers and shoot one shot in this war. . . ."

THE END

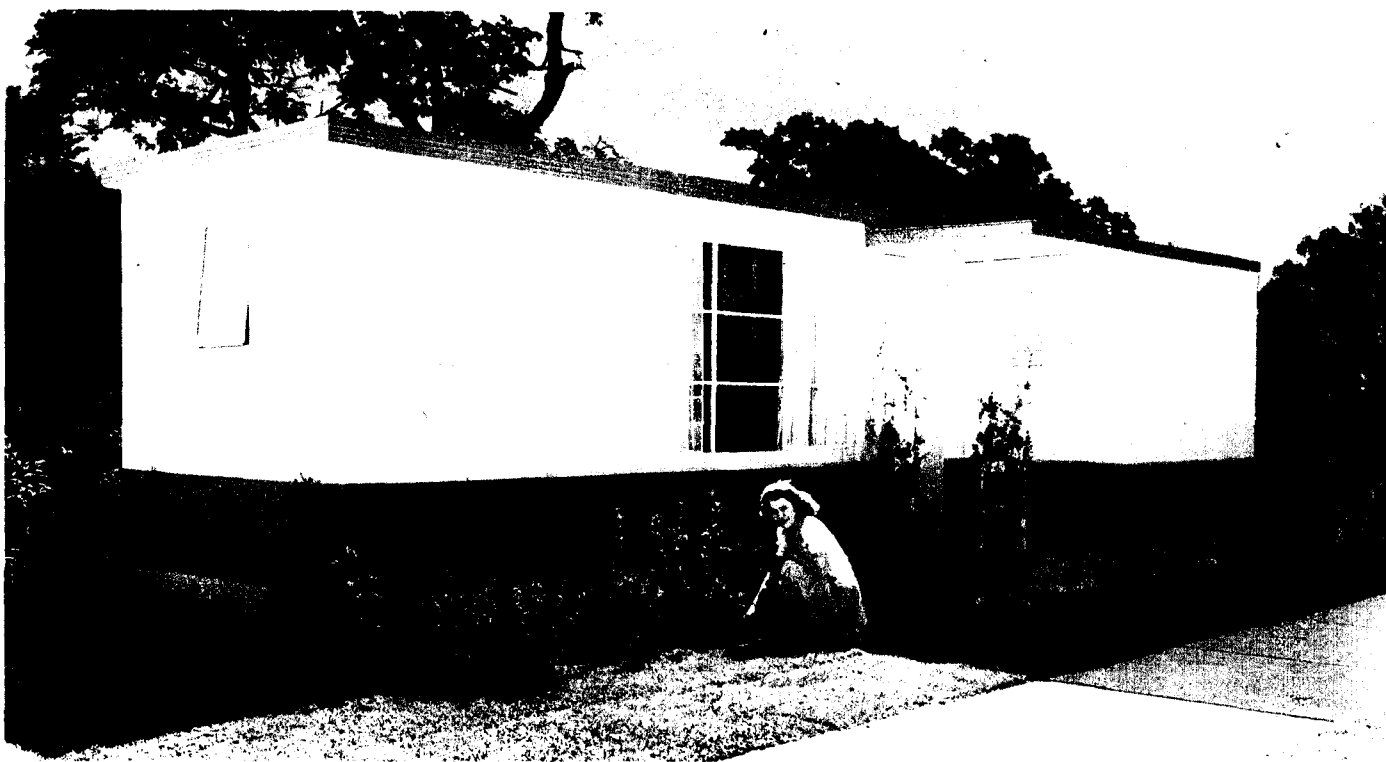


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Tomorrow's portable home will accommodate a family of four, cost under \$2,000, can be placed anywhere

GOODYEAR NEWS SERVICE

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

Homes for the Footloose

MILLIONS of people tomorrow will own their own homes but only rent the ground they stand on. As a man's job changes, he will change his location to suit, simply loading his abode on a truck and moving it to new rented ground.

Although the movable home may tend to increase America's nomadic spirit, the house itself will not be flimsy. It will be a substantial year-round bungalow designed to sit snugly on the ground like a permanent house. It will have two bedrooms and a combination living-dining room and kitchen alcove, as well as a full-sized bathroom and generous closet space. Four people will live in it comfortably; the owner who does not want to migrate can occupy it for a lifetime in one spot.

The bungalow will be made of metal-faced plywood-plastic with insulating qualities equal to 18 inches of brick, and will sell below \$2,000. When moving day comes, walls and windows will be telescoped past one another to make a compact package for shipping. Most of the furniture, being built in permanently, will remain in place. The whole house will weigh less than two tons.

Once the portable dwelling has been generally adopted by working families, large factory and agricultural communities will establish group homesites to accommodate hundreds of them in well-landscaped surroundings. An owner can then move into his new location in a few hours, sign his lease for the land and hook up to standardized electric, water and sewer mains for a nominal sum.

Knives That Never Get Dull

You are going to have a carving knife that will never again mutilate a week-end roast for lack of sharpening on Sunday morning. Not that father will have reformed, always remembering to do the job without being told. But thanks to a new process of chrome-alloying, that cutting edge will not need resharpening for years. In fact, your kitchen drawer will carry an assortment of cutting tools, large and small, that will refuse to get dull no matter how much they are used.

There will be chrome-treated scissors,

too, and pocketknives, and very likely a package of razor blades in the bathroom cabinet that will last well-nigh a lifetime.

Surface chromium alloying is a trick just discovered to break the bottleneck in war-plant cutting tools. When that duty is done, the process will be used everywhere that fine steel edges must stand up against severe wear in home, factory and farm. One of its brightest promises is for a lawn mower weighing only a few pounds that can be pushed around with one hand, shearing the grass as cleanly as a razor.

Magic Carpet, Plastic Style

Stains from ink, liquor, paint and chewing gum will lose their terror for tomorrow's housewife when upholstery fabrics are woven from a plastic that will glisten like silk but refuse to absorb spots of any kind. The new plastic will be produced in every conceivable color and can be woven into an endless variety of patterns, either as cloth, synthetic rattan or smooth flexible sheets. The worst stain will come off with soap and hot water without damaging the material.

Velon fabrics will be especially valuable in automobiles, on theater and train seats—anywhere that exposure to dirt and wear now renders present-day materials shabby. They will also make shoes and handbags that will not soil; window screens that will not rust or stretch; hospital curtains and upholstery that can readily be cleaned.

Economy Note

Future typewriter ribbons will not be thrown away when the ink gets dim. A small mechanical device will replenish them and extend their usefulness many hundred per cent. The re-inking will be done in a few minutes without removing the ribbon from the machine.

Wartime necessity will leave behind it many new food habits, especially in fish. Some kinds of sea food that will be counted as delicacies tomorrow: menhaden, rosefish, dogfish, catfish, hake, skate, ray. Prejudice gone, these and many more will make fish the equal of meat throughout the country.

De Luxe Roof for Your Home

Roofs of tomorrow will be covered with stainless steel, laid in sheets and welded or cemented into a continuous waterproof covering. Much cheaper than copper, this noncorrosive material will be entirely fire-proof and will last longer than the house without a cent for repairs.

But no one will think you have gone back to the old-fashioned shabbiness of the "tin" roof. Stainless steel will give a blue-gray luster to your house. Moreover, its untarnishable polish will reflect back most of the sun's heat and will keep upper rooms and attic as cool as the interior of an aluminum-painted blimp. This is another example that illustrates how utility and smartness can be combined by the techniques of tomorrow.

Biological Vistas of Tomorrow

The two separate worlds of inanimate material and living tissue have drawn closer under modern biochemical research, leaving only a single element of transition between them. But scientists agree that this one unknown is the greatest gap in all scientific knowledge. Once it is closed, biologists will be able to explain how life originated on earth and how the millions of different species took form out of the lifeless raw materials of the universe.

No vague matter of speculation but a field for accurate chemical study, tomorrow's biology will use every latest triumph in war chemistry as a background. The new knowledge of high-octane gasolines, synthetic rubber, and plastics will help to answer the question, "What is life?" and we ourselves, rather than our world, will be improved.

When the great chemical chasm between the lifeless and the living has been bridged, enormous advantages will come to the human race. The enigma of the chemical viruses will be solved, pointing the way toward cures of infantile paralysis, meningitis and the common cold. The riddle of heredity will be cleared up, so that the races of the earth will have the power to produce only high-grade individuals and eliminate the unfit. The mystery of old age will be understood, and bodily decay prevented or greatly retarded.

Going Up

Continued from page 29

For your benefit, since you just want the experience, we'll assume you know all about aerodynamics, physics and a few other things, and take you upstairs from Boeing Field in a Flying Fortress full of gadgets instead of guns, carrying brains instead of bombs.

First, Doc Irwin will look you over—heart, blood pressure, sinuses. He'll tell you not to eat food that makes gas—and you'll find out why pretty soon. Before you fly, you'll have to get a primary education in the stratotrainer; there'll be no time to teach you upstairs.

First, you'll have to try on various oxygen masks, learn how to connect them to the supply tanks, and how to change from one kind to another. And fast. You learn all this and say, "Okay, let's go." But you've only started.

"Now you have to be denitrogenized," says Doc.

"Huh?"

"Have to work the nitrogen out of your blood, so you won't get what divers call the bends. Forty-five minutes' playing catch will do that. Come on."

Behind a hangar, there's a big oxygen tank on wheels with long tube connections. You and seven other men connect your masks and get your first taste of pure oxygen. It's sweet and dry as you inhale it through your mouth—not your nose. Then you all play handball for forty-five minutes. After that, you walk over—still attached to the oxygen supply, which is rolled along with you—to the stratotrainer.

Three Thousand Feet a Minute

You hold your breath and quickly switch from the rolling tank to the supply inside the steel drum. The other men file in and the door clangs shut. You're sitting four on a side and through the window you see Doc watching you. There is a soft whir and the dial of the altimeter moves. You're "going up" at 3,000 feet a minute. For a minute or so, you just sit there—and then you yawn. Everybody yawns.

This is not from boredom; it is to relieve the pressure on your ear canals. At 15,000 feet you are uncomfortable; your stomach has swelled out, you loosen your belt and get rid of some internal air. There's a red toy balloon hanging in the trainer; it swells and swells just as your stomach is doing. Finally the balloon bursts, having no outlets as you have.

The altimeter says 25,000 and stays there a while. Psychologically, you feel you're really up there—until you see Doc Irwin's grin outside the window. You practice changing your oxygen supply from the main tanks to the small emergency bottle in your flying suit. Your neighbor stages a faint and you quickly change his supply for him and bring him back; he does the same for you.

Up to now, you have been breathing "demand oxygen;" you inhale what you need. Now, as we go up to 35,000 feet or more, you switch over to the "constant flow" system, which feeds oxygen into your lungs under pressure. Despite this you still feel bloated, tired. A heavy hand seems pushing the back of your head.

Through the phone, Doc asks how you feel. You point to your tummy, your elbows and your shoulders. Your joints are starting to ache because they are not getting enough blood. Doc nods; you're okay. The dial registers 40,000; you practice changing masks again. Every movement is tough; you have to force yourself to move. Finally you are in your bail-out mask, drawing oxygen from the emergency bottle in your suit. Down we go!

The drop is three thousand feet a min-



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OLD CHARTER

A Superb American Whiskey

THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.



TUNE IN! SCHENLEY'S "CRESTA BLANCA WINE CARNIVAL" WITH MORTON GOULD ORCHESTRA. REFER TO YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER EACH WEEK FOR TIME AND STATION.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ute to 22,000 feet; your sinuses hurt like fury, and Doc slows up the descent rate to fifteen hundred until we hit the ten-thousand-foot level. From here on down, a thousand feet a minute is the pace. . . . Finally, the steel door swings open and you step out. You're thirsty; you're hungry; you ache here and there. You feel: Well, that's over!

Actually, it's just the beginning. Tomorrow, you're really going up. As yet you haven't experienced that eighty-below-zero climate that's waiting seven miles aloft.

Back in the office you talk to Wellwood Beall, who is vice-president (engineering) for Boeing and knows more about stratosphere flying than almost anyone. Someone has told you that the Germans had planes over London a couple of years ago at 50,000 feet.

"Maybe," says Beall, "and maybe not. Most air people doubt it. We can go that high, but for transport purposes there is no need for it. From twenty-eight to thirty-five thousand, depending on wind currents, probably is plenty."

Just how fast a plane can be flown six miles up, no one knows, but with the same fuel consumption it'll fly "a great deal faster" than it will five miles nearer the earth. You're more likely, too, to find yourself a tail wind that blows steadily and adds that much to your speed.

Next morning you're at the field again at an hour you think is bright and early. But the pilot, crew and engineer have held a long conference, worked out a flight plan and given each man a list of his duties. Today, we're going to test a new carburetor, a modified propeller and an electric motor. It won't matter if these don't work at 40,000 feet; there'll still be three spare engines.

You don your oxygen mask again, couple it to the field tank, toss the ball around for forty-five minutes, get into your heavy, high-altitude flying suit and climb aboard the big Fortress. You put on your earphones, plug into the intercom system and—here we go!

The ground falls away and you climb fast. Puget Sound is below, a silver-blue blur amid the dark green of the sunlit forests of western Washington. Over to your left is the white summit of Mount Rainier; you're about level with it. You glance at the altimeter: 14,000. The mountain measurers and the instrument makers get a check on each other: Rainier is 14,408 feet high.

Colder Than Sixty Below

It's cold now. You watch the gauges. One goes up, the other down. Twenty thousand feet—zero. Thirty thousand—twenty below. Thirty-five thousand—forty below. Forty thousand—sixty below.

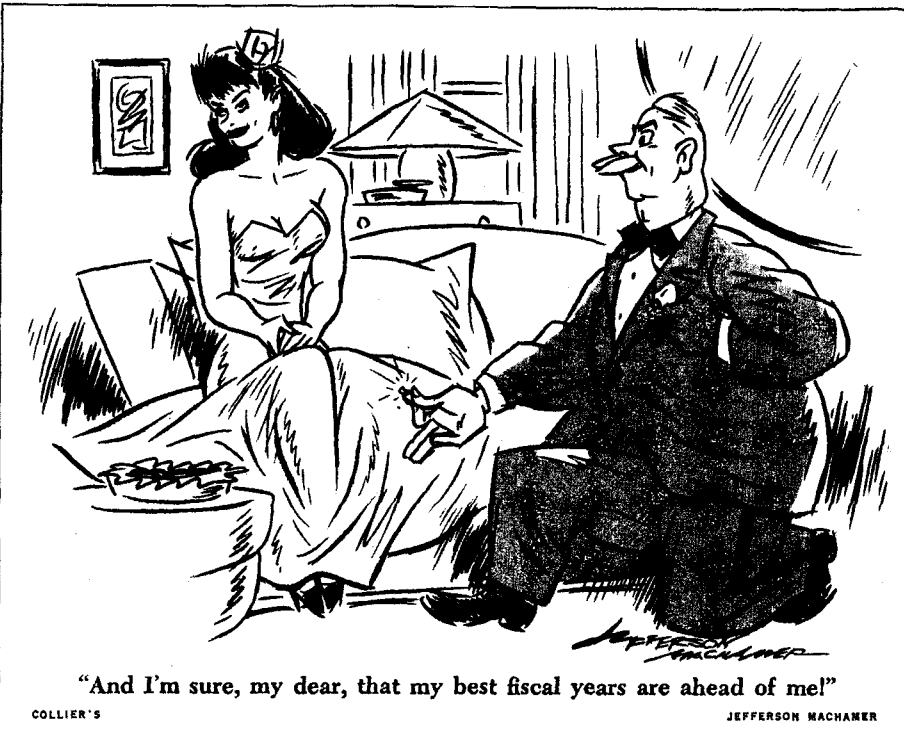
"Had it colder than that up here," says Pilot Elliott Merrill. "This is practically a heat wave."

Still, you do *not* shuck your fur-lined suit or mop your fevered brow.

The pilot's voice sounds thin and high. You have all the sensations you had yesterday in the trainer—only this time, you remember, it's the real thing. Better test that oxygen line. If it goes out and no one discovers it within thirty seconds, probably you never will get down alive.

The recording cameras are spinning, photographing varied dials. Engineer and crewmen are checking on the new propeller, the new motor, the trick carburetor. Man is checking against machine, and vice versa. This flight is costing \$1,000 an hour and every minute has to count.

"Forgot to tell our guest," says the high voice of the pilot, "that if he has to bail out—which he won't—he'd better fall free for the first two or three miles and get that part over as quick as possible. Don't waste any time getting down to twenty thousand feet or you'll likely freeze to death. Open



"And I'm sure, my dear, that my best fiscal years are ahead of me!"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

your chute at twenty thousand. Okay?"

"Yes, sir," you agree, in your own personal squeak. You try to clear your throat. No go. To yawn. No go. To whistle. Heck, you can't even whistle—not through fright, but simply because there isn't enough back pressure. A hero couldn't whistle, up here.

A Seven-Mile Drop

Flying back and forth at the various levels at which things are tested, the pilot tells you about Doctor William Randolph Lovelace II of the Mayo Clinic, now a lieutenant colonel of the Army's aeromedical laboratory. Doctor Lovelace invented a new oxygen mask and thought he ought to test it. So he put it on and stepped out of a Fortress at 40,200 feet—nearly 26,000 feet above the crest of Mount Rainier. He came down nearly twenty-four minutes later in a wheat field over in mid-state, said it was quite an experience and, if nobody minded, he would just as soon not do it again.

First, his chute came open with a jerk that kayoed him; three gloves he wore on one hand came off. He half came to at

thirty thousand, but fell in a daze for twenty-two thousand more. At fifteen thousand feet, his emergency oxygen gave out and he came the rest of the way on his lungs, with a frozen hand.

"But don't worry," reassures the pilot. "You won't have to bail out."

At forty thousand, you're in a new world. There is no rain here, ever; no snow. You can forget about icing; there is no moisture to gather on the wings. The sky is dark blue in the eternal sunshine.

Suddenly, inside the cabin, it is dim twilight. A wing tip has come between sun and ship. There is no moisture or dust in the thin air to diffuse light rays, and only the direct rays can reach you.

It isn't always smooth flying. We run into air that shakes the plane like driving a car over a corduroy road. Then the air is smooth again and the big ship drives on without a tremor.

The new propeller is acting efficiently; so is the trick carburetor. The little electric motor is sluggish—one kind of metal in it is contracting faster than another in the bitter cold. The engineer makes notes.

Crewmen are working in pairs, watching every few minutes to see that their

companions are all right. Each man knows that, in an emergency, his buddy will have to do something, and do it right, within a few seconds. Or else.

It is hard to talk, to hear. You sit in a half coma, wishing you had a drink, wishing you could fall asleep. Your heart pounds, trying to pump more blood around. The air up here is only one quarter as dense as down in Seattle, seven miles below.

The ship starts down, out of the dim twilight, through the high clouds and the lower strata, dodging the thunderheads. You yawn to take the pressure off your ears. A few thousand feet up, you take off the oxygen mask and gulp in fresh air again. Fresh air is something you've never quite appreciated before. You realize now that there's only a very thin layer of it around the world—and you hope it stays there.

At the field once more, the recording film is taken to the darkrooms for development. The crew goes to a conference room to hand in performance figures, discuss the flight—and plan the next one. It has cost \$4,000, and a great many years of study and experience, to find out how a few gadgets work seven miles up—where you'll be flying in a warm, comfortable passenger liner not so far in the future.

To build a ship that will fly at 35,000 feet, almost everything in it or on it has to be altered. Lubricants that work at lower levels freeze solid in the stratosphere; motors have to be fed more air, like passengers. Radios have to be redesigned; instruments fixed to make them function. Boeing today has five crews of experts finding out about flying high, mainly for war purposes. But what they are finding out will be available for peacetime uses in the future.

Air Leviathans to Come

After-the-war planes are going to be much bigger. On the drafting boards and in full-size models stowed away behind hangars at a score of plants are ships as big as a couple of Pullman cars—ships with two and three decks; ships with figure-8 fuselages instead of the O section; ships big enough for half a dozen families to set up housekeeping in. Some of these will be successful; some will be failures, as some of today's biggest ships are partial failures.

It's a common belief that, after the war, a lot of bombers can be converted into passenger and cargo ships offhand. That's not true. It will be cheaper and faster to convert present cargo carriers into passenger planes; that may be done in a few weeks. But it takes a year, at least, to convert an idea in a designer's head into a flying plane.

It is possible to build in automatic gadgets to maintain a sea-level atmosphere continuously as the ship rises. But for practical purposes if you can keep the pressure level at what it is at ten thousand feet, no one will suffer unless he tries to do a lot of hard work. As long as passengers stay put and don't move about much, they will be comfortable.

Even today, hundreds of cargo ships are flying far above the weather—and the enemy—to all our battle fronts, carrying loads that would have seemed fantastic a few years ago.

After the war, you'll board the Moscow Express in New York or the South Seas Limited in San Francisco, climb through the clouds into the dim blue twilight and skim along to your destination faster and smoother than you now hop from coast to coast. Mainly, that will be because a handful of men are going upstairs day after day, risking their necks to find out how you can live up there while being speeded here, there and everywhere in comfort and safety.

THE END



"And as we wander leisurely through this paradise of pristine beauty, the glories of nature's tropical fairyland unfold miraculously before our dazzled eyes!"

COLLIER'S

MISCHA RICHTER



A tribute to the brave men of the fighting Army Ordnance

"ORDNANCE DOCTORS" OPERATE UNDER FIRE

WITH JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
MIGHTY JEEP

OUT there where the fighting is toughest . . . amid bomb bursts and shell bursts . . . under planes that scream down from hot desert skies . . . or in the clutching mud of rain-lashed jungle . . . you'll find them . . . the "doctors" of the Ordnance Department . . . "operating" on the "casualties" of Uncle Sam's mechanical equipment.

Our men of the U. S. Army Forces look to the Maintenance Units of the Ordnance Department to see that every gun, small arm, machine gun, every truck, tank, Jeep or tank killer disabled in battle shall go back into action at the earliest possible moment.

Repairs must be made on the spot . . . wherever that spot may be . . . on any terrain . . . in any weather . . . with capable hands and calm steady nerves, though death screams by on every side.

Like the unit depicted here . . . throughout the battle and beyond it . . . yesterday, today, tomorrow . . . the men of the Ordnance Maintenance Units must answer the call

to hundreds of trouble spots on hundred-mile fronts.

"Though dog tired, after heroic service all day in a dozen hot sectors . . . the tough ordnance officer and his crew who figure in this incident responded at once to our hurry-up call," said the tank officer who told us the story on which the above picture is based.

"As they gunned their Jeep back into the thick of it, enemy shelling was at its peak", he said.

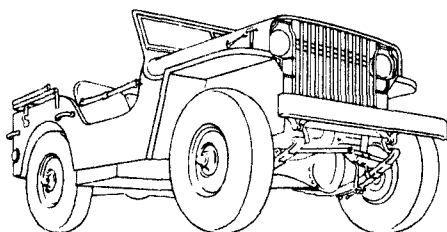
"They roared down the shell-strafed road and across the open desert to us, with no defense except the speed and agility of their Jeeps. The one in which their Commanding Officer was riding came up spattered with shell fragments. The other Jeep, carrying the repair equipment and spare parts, was also hit and damaged.

"The Ordnance 'doctors' started their operation on our tank track under a hellish aerial bombardment. They worked fast, but with as steady a nerve as if they were at home on Main Street in a peaceful garage. Seven artil-

lerymen died as an enemy shell burst on a gun position a hundred yards away. Wounded and killed were falling all around. The Ordnance 'doctors' worked on.

"In an amazingly short time they had the damage repaired, and before we mounted our tank to go back into action, their trusty Jeeps were already high-tailing it across the sand and down the flaming road to their base for the next assignment."

Wherever U. S. Army Forces are operating, they will tell you there's no service more important to them than the Maintenance Units of the Ordnance Department. These indispensable crews of "Ordnance Doctors" and their every-ready faithful Jeeps are on the job to "keep 'em rollin'." In these Jeeps of the Ordnance, the power, speed, agility and amazing dependability are guaranteed by the Willys-Designed "GO-DEVIL" Engine, the design of which was perfected and is owned exclusively by Willys-Overland.

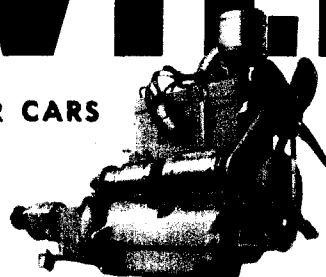


U. S. ARMY JEEP

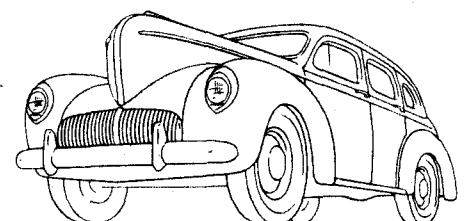
WILLYS

MOTOR CARS

TRUCKS AND JEEPS



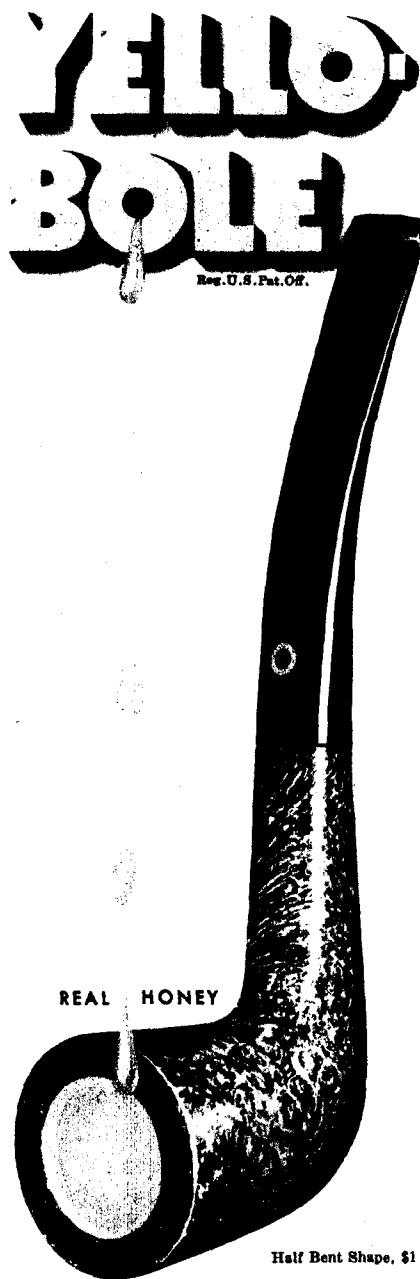
THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS



AMERICAN—the People's Car

The Truth About Our Oil Supply

Continued from page 12



the honey-cured smoke

The yellow lining in the bowl, prepared from a blend of Sage Honey, Clover Blossom Honey and Honeysuckle Honey in the proper thickness, and found exclusively in Yello-Bole Pipes, provides a fragrant "curing agent" that (1) cures the pipe of any trace of "breaking-in" and (2) cures the bowl itself instead of allowing it to burn and char which causes bitterness in some pipes. Get a Yello-Bole today for a real good smoke.



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small producers and producing properties as they can. And due to maladjustment in the excessive burden of taxation, the small operators are finding it desirable to sell. W. S. Hallanan, president of Plymouth Oil Company, and a member of the Petroleum Industry War Council, in addressing a convention of oil men at Bradford, Pennsylvania, last June, stated that two years ago, small operators controlled 50 per cent of America's reserve. Today the same operators control 25 per cent of these reserves. It is good business for the big companies, but is it a healthy situation? This trend would come to a natural end with a price adjustment sufficient to make it desirable for the majors of the industry to find their own reserves instead of buying out the little man.

Oil's political setup in Washington is one of these integrated, complex, top-heavy affairs, supported by politicians and directed by practicing economists. Transportation, production, price—all are irrevocably interrelated except in Washington, and here each division has its own bureau. Heading the Petroleum Administration for War is Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes. Ickes was a little too much for the oil men to take when he was appointed controller of the oil industry by the President. The industry, individually and collectively, fired both barrels at Ickes time and time again.

Then at an American Petroleum Institute convention in California in November, 1941, Ickes spoke. He made the kind of talk oil men understand. He spoke straight. He called a spade a spade. There was no clouding over of facts. He asked for the support of the oil men—and he got it. The industry reversed itself overnight. To this day the men of the industry are still with him, although some still keep their fingers crossed.

Ickes can't grant a price increase for oil. Such power is not vested in the Petroleum Administrator; instead, it is over in Price Administrator Brown's OPA. So PAW asked OPA to raise the price of crude a minimum of 35 cents a barrel. OPA Administrator Brown on May 4th issued a long statement rejecting the recommendation, and, in the same decision, indirectly admitted the necessity of a price raise by offering government financial aid for some conditions!

Government Control is Taboo

The offer of aid was actually a subsidy. And the oil industry wants nothing whatever to do with this. The oil man is skeptical of subsidy in any form. Government control is abhorrent to him.

The government is itself seriously to blame for public apathy on the question of oil. It delayed correcting the impression that East Coast rationing was necessary because of a shortage of oil. It wasn't long before it became known the shortage was actually due to a lack of transportation between the producing areas and the East. Next, the people were led to believe that the military requirements necessitated rationing. Then the fact came out that it was necessary to ration mileage to conserve rubber. And now, while we are aware that military requirements are great, we are told again that an actual petroleum shortage impends. Is there any wonder that the public is baffled?

But why is the question of price so vital? It is vital because it is the quickest and surest way to find new and badly needed oil to support our sagging reserves. This is important because as a nation we are totally unprepared for a shortage of petroleum in any degree. It is a shock to know that rationing may have to be con-

tinued on the basis of actual shortage, not on the basis of military priority.

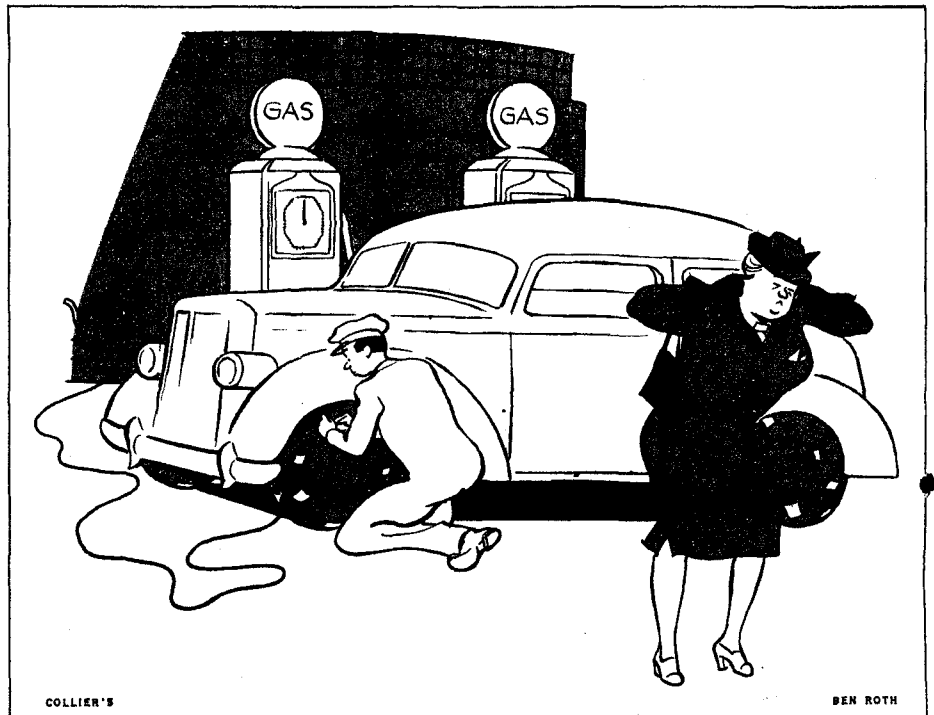
Then, too, there is another profile of the impending shortage that needs to be recognized. Not only has the molecule of oil been reduced and changed to provide the best aviation fuels in the world, but the same molecule has been stretched into rubber that is even better than the unobtainable latex. It has been combined and changed to provide an endless series of new and useful compounds, and the list is growing daily. Moth balls, plastic stocks, anesthetics, toluene, bug spray, perfume, antifreeze compounds—all and many more, some that are war secrets—are being derived from petroleum and its partner, natural gas, by the new science of petrochemistry.

The industry has chosen today to expand into these new fields. The choice in time is inopportune, but is merely a

Primary methods of producing oil must be increased in efficiency, and the new methods of secondary recovery from depleted wells must be applied. In this respect the various oil-producing states should provide some legal vehicle so that properties adaptable to secondary recovery methods can be combined in a unit operation.

Direct Control by Congress

The industry itself must strive for a better understanding with the public, so that every time some political opportunist wags his finger, Mr. John Public won't be so anxious to jump down the oil man's throat. A price increase, not a subsidy, is necessary. The industry must remain as independent of bureau control as possible. Such control as may be required must come directly from Congress in the form of laws.



chance step in the uninterrupted march of progress. The multitude of new products will mean a richer, more pleasantly satisfying life in the future.

Technique developed for the manufacture of 100-octane aviation fuels will be utilized to make new and more powerful automotive gasolines that will deliver more miles per gallon. This will be a saving; also, it might be that tomorrow's car won't depend exclusively on this super-fuel. It could be constructed with two fuel tanks, one to contain the high-octane gasoline; the other to contain a cheaper grade of fuel, a substitute, or some type of blend that could be used in ordinary driving after the motor becomes warm.

If the oil business is to continue, "heavy" industry of the East Coast area should be fed more and more by imported crude—now, and in increased quantities later, as transportation is available. As reserves further diminish, additional imports to other areas will be necessary. This will not find favor in one branch of the industry but it is the only solution.

The prediction that we may become oil-dry at an early date cannot be justified. Research will be directed toward making new fuels available to industry and the public. A new source of power is needed and it might possibly be found in atomic power when experiments are renewed after the war. If such a source of cheap power is found, then the petroleum refiner will be frantically reversing himself in an effort to provide lubricants for industry's wheels rather than fuels to turn the wheels.

In the matter of substitutes we are extremely fortunate. The most important reserve we enjoy is the inventive ingenuity of the American to solve any problem. With this ability we can confidently expect synthetic fuels from a number of base stocks, including agricultural materials. Coal, of which we have a known supply sufficient to last 3,000 years, can be turned into fuels and lubricants by proper processing. Lignite represents another potential source of liquid fuels.

So far in the history of the petroleum industry, we have produced a total of 27,000,000,000 barrels of oil from United States fields. This volume is only a little more than one eighth of the 200 billion barrels estimated to exist in oil shales of the nation, and this is sufficient to last us 50 years at our present rate of consumption. In western Canada, a single shale bed is believed to contain at least 27 billion barrels. But this oil cannot be recovered at the present price of \$1.25 per barrel. Instead, the difficulty of obtaining the oil from this source would increase its value to \$6 or \$7 per barrel.

When it is necessary to turn to new sources for our petroleum, we will encounter costs per barrel that right now seem prohibitive. Substitute fuels will be available at less cost, but they will be less satisfactory by providing less mileage in our cars and less power in our industries. We must keep these eventualities as far removed into the future as possible by anticipating them now.

THE END

Have a "Coke" = Welcome, Friends



...or how to get along in Alaska

The American soldier in Alaska meets up with many things that remind him of home. One of them is Coca-Cola. Have a "Coke" says he to a stranger, and in one simple gesture he has made a friend. In three words he has said, "You and I understand each other". The pause that refreshes works as well in the Yukon as it does in Youngstown. From Atlanta to the

Seven Seas, Coca-Cola has become the high-sign between kindly-minded strangers, the symbol of a friendly way of living.

* * *

Next to mothers, wives, sweethearts and letters from home, one thing our soldiers overseas mention most is Coca-Cola. So you'll be delighted to know they frequently find it—bottled on the spot—in over 35 Allied and neutral nations 'round the globe.

"Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".



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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

AIR is said to extend 21,000 miles from the earth in all directions.

That means we "own" an incredible amount of air over continental United States, billions of cubic miles of it.

All of this air is not usable for transportation because planes cannot fly that high. However, select heights at which planes do travel now, and still the airspace over U.S.A. alone exceeds many times the surface area of the entire world, although U.S.A.-air is only about 1.5 per cent of all air.

Physically, air is indivisible and omnipresent. Air is not *divided* into separate shafts over individual nations as in the above illustration. Therefore air does not have boundary lines as nations do. Nature does not discriminate between United States-air and Canadian-air, or Mexican-air, or British-air, or Russian-air.

That is why the use of omnipresent air for vehicular traffic creates a totally new problem for *all* of the earth's inhabitants. The new conditions of our air-world, the cancelling of old time-and-distance handicaps, mean that the

decisive factor in the peacetime future of the United States is *commercial air power*.

For centuries the status of nations was measured by their leadership upon the earth's *surface*. International air transportation changes that. It compels a new outlook upon life, both domestic and foreign. There is now pressing need for our nation to *expand* its Airlines to meet the challenge of world-air transportation.

Therefore we believe that the extent to which Americans profit from the use of *world-air* after this war, depends upon how effectively we use the air *over the United States*, first.

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS UNITING CANADA, U S A. AND MEXICO

AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.

The Virgin and the Dynamo

Continued from page 17

Feeling his gaze, she came awake effortlessly. Her eyes were brown and liquid, and very wide.

"Are you the nurse?" Johnny Rhyno said.

She sat up straight and shook her head, and laughed. "I'm Ann Pramberton. Pram's daughter. I live here."

She volunteered nothing else. Contentedly he watched her as she moved around the room. She pushed wide the curtains so that the sunshine streamed in.

"Ella will bring your breakfast."

Johnny Rhyno collected himself. "Who's Ella?"

"Ella is the maid. You'll like her."

"But, good Lord! I've got to get out of here. I—"

The girl said, "I'll tell Daddy. You must talk to Daddy."

Ella was tall, all bones, with a ruffled apron for afternoons and a strict, definite opinion for every occasion. Her eyes snapped and her tongue bit with spice; and Johnny Rhyno would stay there, in that bed, until Ella had decided with the doctors that he was well enough to get up.

But what about his broadcasts? He could do them from here. Yes, lying right there in that bed. Johnny Rhyno protested. Johnny Rhyno was not heard.

"Course you got to broadcast," Ella said. "I couldn't get along without you telling me every evening what to think of the next day's news."

RADIOMEN came. Pramberton went off to class and Ella accepted everything as natural and necessary. They told him Ann had gone off to her work at the nursery school.

Johnny Rhyno'd read the news reports and written his script in longhand, propped up on pillows, a thermometer in his mouth.

Johnny Rhyno had been in Berlin, barely twenty, studying, loafing around on his grandmother's money, now and then he'd acted as legman for a day for one of the INS correspondents, when the war fumes became overwhelming. He got to Paris late in August. Two days later the world was at war.

So there was autumn and winter, and then there was spring and the Germans running over France. Johnny Rhyno got to England. But he still wanted to study. He went down to Oxford, fleeing feverish hot London streets. He came up to London to see the blitz and he stayed to fight it. Then he began broadcasting for an American network.

His life since then had been a succession of places; he had lost count of the places. He had been in China and briefly in Java and briefly in Australia, and more lately in Africa. Johnny Rhyno contracted malaria somewhere along the way.

And now here he was five days laid low in a house in Cambridge. And they were the five happiest days of his life.

Happy? It was the peace and the quiet; it was the way the sunlight reflected itself on the ceiling in late afternoon; it was Ella and the round, slow movement of the minutes; it was Pramberton talking, talking, talking, a man who had the answer if only you were big enough and deep enough to absorb it; it was longing and fulfillment all in this one room in a house in Cambridge, U. S. A. It was Ann.

He shut his eyes, thinking of Ann. He did not want to think any particular thing about Ann. It was all a pleasant jumble. The way her face always looked scrubbed clean. The way she wiggled her toes out of her shoes and read Shelley in a flat effortless voice. He did not like Shelley; he liked her voice. The way she never asked his opinion, never waited for his

decision, knew always what she was doing and why she was doing it.

"Hi!"

Ann stood in the doorway. Large red roses were in her hair. She carried a tray with a glass bowl. Her dress was slender and long and white to show the tan of her hands.

"All dressed up," Johnny Rhyno said.

"It's very old," she said. "Daddy likes to see me covered up once in a while." She laughed. "We're having guests for dinner. Family, mostly."

"I thought I was family."

"Well, you know. Aunts and uncles."

There was that between them. They talked easily. They did not jar upon each other. Ann came across the room holding the tray just above the level of Johnny Rhyno's eyes.

"Guess," Ann said.

He tried. He said resignedly, "Custard."

"Oh, no." Delight swung wide in her voice. "Look!"

It was fresh peach ice cream. He could smell the faint bittersweet tang of the peaches. He said, "But, gosh! I thought you couldn't buy ice cream."

Ann said triumphantly, "We made it."

She put the tray down beside him, waiting anxiously for him to begin.

"Aren't you going to feed me?" Johnny Rhyno said.

"You're lazy."

Johnny Rhyno said, "Ella spoils me."

She fed him ice cream. She did it with perfect composure, completely unself-conscious. He thought of telling her his troubles, of the call to Washington and that Willowby was a rabbit. She would understand. But something held him quiet.

He had to leave tonight: that was settled in his mind. He must get down to Washington and look after the passport problem himself. Nevertheless, it was impossible for him to say, "I will leave after the broadcast tonight. This is over."

Johnny Rhyno said, "How were the brats today?"

"The what?"

He grinned. "Maybe you don't think they're brats. Maybe you think they're darlings."

Understanding came. "The children?" Ann scraped for the last of the cream in the bowl. "Children are people. Not grown-up people—sort of like you."

"Me?"

They laughed.

JOHNNY RHYNO sobered. Johnny Rhyno wanted to say something to her, leave something with her. "You're a funny kid, Ann," Johnny Rhyno said.

"Yes."

"You know, I can't make you out. You don't add up to any of the women I know, except maybe my grandmother."

Ann put down the bowl and regarded him curiously. "She must have been very nice to have raised somebody like you."

"Me? I'm terrible. My grandmother gave me up for lost when I was ten years old."

"I will tell you a secret," Ann said, standing with the tray balanced in her hands. "I am happy. You are happy, too. Only you don't know it." Ann smiled gently. "That's the difference between us."

Johnny Rhyno poked his knees up under the covers. She was already at the door. "Hey, not so fast," Johnny Rhyno protested.

"I'm sorry, I must go. We're having dinner on the terrace, so that you can see us easily from the window. You won't be lonesome."

"Ann!" But she was gone. . . .

Stuffing another pillow under his head, Johnny Rhyno watched the little stage

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play in the garden below. Ann sat at her father's right. All the others were elderly, the women badly dressed and the men inclined toward fat stomachs. Ella trotted back and forth, entering into the conversation now and then. Only once did Ann glance upward and wave and smile, including him in the friendliness.

After dinner, the whole company trooped into his room. Johnny Rhyno had not expected that. People in the mass bored him, especially badly dressed ladies and overstuffed gentlemen; he had no liking for the role of a trained seal.

Nevertheless, he found himself being nice. Ann sat on the edge of the bed, putting in a word now and then, not obviously, just enough to smooth the way; he got unaccountably stuck with her Uncle Roscoe. Three or four times Johnny Rhyno tried to shift the burden of the conversation to Pramberton, but Pramberton, smoking cigarettes chain-fashion, wisely was having none of it.

"Pram tells me you have some fairly excellent ideas," Uncle Roscoe said, "regarding the future of the—er—of civilization."

"Maybe not excellent. Maybe just crazy."

Pramberton said, "He's modest."

A ripple of laughter stirred the room.

"You think Russia has the—er—the answer?" Uncle Roscoe gulped.

"An answer," Johnny Rhyno corrected.

"I'm not blind. I'm not deaf. I can see and hear. But I'm with Lincoln. We've got the last best hope of the earth right here, only we've an awful lot of spade work to do until Main Street goes from Washington to London to Moscow to Melbourne to Cairo."

"Yes," Uncle Roscoe breathed deeply. "Yes, I see."

"No," Johnny Rhyno said. "You don't. It's too close to you. Life is too damn' nice for you."

Aunt Minnie gasped, "Well, really."

"Look," Johnny Rhyno said, being the trained seal, enjoying the audience, "consider the things a man wants. Food. Shelter. A garden. Maybe a wife, and the promise for his children that tomorrow the garden will be there and the food and the shelter." He stopped. He glanced sideways at Pramberton. "That right, sir?"

"Very right."

"You ought to go out in the desert or down in the jungle; you'd know then," Johnny Rhyno said, "that what we in America have is precious beyond price and shining more than diamonds."

A comfortable silence came in the room. Eight heads nodded agreement.

Aunt Minnie said, "You talk very well, young man."

THE conversation became general; he failed to keep track of it. He had an inner thing to settle with himself. Looking from one to the other, from Ann to Pramberton, he knew that he could not say goodbye. He could never say goodbye to them. The words stuck in his throat and were like rocks in his throat.

Great black clouds came up. There would be a storm. Thin streaks of lightning laced across the sky with the wind. Radiomen arrived for the broadcast, and the guests, thinking of the coming storm, departed.

Lingering behind a moment to close the French windows, Ann looked down at him oddly.

"Perhaps tomorrow you can have a real walk in the garden." She tilted her head and amusement came to play with her rose-red mouth. "If you'll wait until lunchtime I'll escort you myself."

The engineer and the announcer both consulted their watches meaningfully.

Ann said, "Good night, dynamo."

Johnny could not stop her. He did not want to stop her. It was too late now to leave anything but a note of goodbye. . . .

Time went very slowly. The rain came down in gusty squalls against the windows. He waited until all the sounds in the house were still and then he swung his legs over the edge of the bed and began to dress.

He could not find his shirts nor underwear nor socks. Damn that Ella.

Hastily he composed a note. Johnny Rhyno grinned wryly to himself, and was a little ashamed, and was a little afraid, and was like a man escaping from himself.

He left the note on the desk and buttoned up his raincoat and turning out the light made for the door, carrying his shoes. He could hear the rain, warm and intimate and endless upon the roof.

STEALTHILY Johnny Rhyno opened the door. A pale last glow of lightning showed him the hall and the stairs leading downward. Johnny Rhyno started boldly forward and then suddenly Johnny Rhyno stumbled over something in the hall. His shoes went flying thunderously. He sprawled out on all fours, grabbing frantically for his hat.

The object he had fallen over moved and was alive and was Ann. She came to help him up.

"Ann!"

"Shhh."

"But, good lord, Ann! What gives?"

"Please," she said, "you mustn't wake everybody up."

He stood there stupidly while she hunted around for his shoes.

"Ann—darling, darling," he said.

He was not awkward. He had not kissed her before because he had been afraid that he would be awkward with her, and he must not be awkward with her. He wasn't. He was gentle and sure, and she fitted well against him, lightness and softness and smelling faintly of wood daisies.

She pushed away at last, and all of the things between them were natural and inevitable, all the things between them were without words and without need for words. "Please," Ann whispered, "you must get back to bed."

He said, holding her wrists, "Ann! I have to go to Washington. I'm having passport trouble, and Willowby is a scared rabbit like your Uncle Roscoe, only your Uncle Roscoe probably prefers lettuce. Ann, Ann." He wanted to keep on saying her name.

"It's raining, Johnny. You can't go out in the rain. You will probably die if you go out in the rain."

"And who would care?"

"I would care, Johnny."

He said, "Don't you see?" He said savagely, gripping her wrists, "I've got to go now, or I'll never want to go. I like this. But there is war and a man does not belong to himself. Ann, you don't want me to be a coward?" He peered at her intently in the darkness, trying to make out the tilt of her chin.

She could not help what she was, she could not be less than she was. The more he had of her the more he would want of her. It quite overwhelmed Johnny Rhyno. The rain was an excuse.

He said gruffly, "What were you doing here in the hall, anyway?"

There was a moment. There was Ann catching her breath and holding herself in and hanging on to her dignity for dear life.

"I thought you might leave tonight. I—I wanted to say goodbye."

"You're a silly infant."

"I know."

"You ought to be looked after."

"Yes."

"You need somebody trailing after you every hour of the day telling you not to get your fingers burned. Really," he said, "you're not a fit character to have around."

"I know."

Johnny Rhyno released her wrists. "You're hopeless," he said.

"Undoubtedly," Ann said.

It was beautiful. It was wonderful, just standing there together.

He turned and went back to his room, Ann following, and snapped on the bed lamp. The light blinded him for an instant. Then he looked some more at Ann. She wore a quilted brown-flowered something. He would remember the flowers. He sat down on the edge of the bed and began unbuttoning his coat. Ann helped.

"You're feverish again," Ann said. "Where is the thermometer?"

He found it for her under the pillow and she shook it gravely and popped it into his mouth. He sat there and she got his coat off. After a minute she looked at the thermometer.

"Four degrees," she said. "It's probably the weather."

He said, "Don't you give yourself any credit at all?"

They laughed. They giggled helplessly, like children caught licking greedily at a jam pot. He saw that he was doing all right. He looked at the clock, and their eyes met again and they giggled some more.

NEXT morning the maid Ella came to wake him at ten o'clock, and thereafter complained loudly that she had never seen a man in so vile a temper.

He called Willowby three times and could not get him. He called another man in Washington he knew and said that he was through with broadcasting and what about another job?

Hot July sun was everywhere. He made

Ella bring him his clothes and dressed against her protests and went to walk up and down in the garden, watching anxiously for Ann. Ann did not come.

It shocked him. Pramberton came.

"Doesn't Ann come home for lunch?"

"Not every day. Not on rush days."

Johnny Rhyno said, "Is this a rush day?"

Pramberton nodded.

They had lunch, and Johnny Rhyno discovered that his appetite was all right. Pramberton picked at his food, making a pretense to appease Ella, looking astonishingly old around the mouth. Johnny Rhyno tried some jokes. Johnny Rhyno was not feeling exactly gay but he had to make the effort. Pramberton responded gratefully; and Johnny Rhyno had another insight into loneliness. This man was starkly alone, in his mind.

The phone rang. Johnny Rhyno was free of the phone and paid no attention. Ella trotted to the rescue. "It's Washington," Ella reported.

Johnny grunted. "Tell 'em I'm not here."

They looked at him as if he had gone mad. When it rang again within the minute and Ella reported the same, Pramberton said mildly, "Perhaps you ought to talk to him."

Johnny Rhyno said to Ella, "Tell Willowby I know he couldn't get the passport. He couldn't get an egg out of a hen."

Ella came back from the library flushed an excited pink. "You've got it," Ella cried. "You've the passport. He said it passed not five minutes ago. Oh," Ella said, "ain't that grand?"

It required several minutes for him to get used to the idea. He put down his



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spoon carefully and looked searchingly at Pramberton. "You knew something about this?"

"Now, my boy, don't—" Pramberton chuckled. "It was Ann's idea."

Ann's idea. He called the nursery school; she was busy. He went from one room in the house to another, looking at things that Ann had touched, known, lived with. He went upstairs and looked in her room and it was a little room, neat and orderly with several boys' pictures on her bureau, two ensigns, a sergeant. He was instantly jealous and more furious than ever.

Ann found him there.

Johnny Rhyno said, "So?"

She smiled. She was lovely when she smiled. "Yes."

Johnny Rhyno said, "You're a scheming woman."

She laughed. "I can't imagine what you're talking about."

"Just for the record," he said, "which one was it?"

"Uncle Roscoe."

"Did it just happen that you have an uncle in the State Department and that he came to dinner last night? Or did you do a lot of work on him to convince him I wasn't too much a friend to Russia?"

The girl leaned a little against the table. An edge of color came in her cheeks.

Johnny Rhyno said, "I'm not going to Russia."

"I beg your pardon?"

H HE LIKED her surprise. He liked her dignity and her calmness. He stayed where he was, rigidly away from her. "I'm tired of words. I want to fight. I have something to fight for. How would you like," Johnny Rhyno said, looking at her so that the color in her cheeks edged higher—"how would you like being the wife of a naval officer?"

She got her breath. He could take her breath away just by looking at her. She said, very fast, slurring the words at first, "There are two ways to fight: One is with the heart and one is with the mind. Some men have only heart. You have a mind."

"You're talking logic. I'm in love. Darling, I'm telling you I love you," Johnny Rhyno said.

A certain kind of strength came in her. She held herself straight. "You must go to Russia. You'll know how Main Street must look and you must tell us here at home. Somebody must tell us here at home. You know how the Chinese hang out their wash and how little boys go to

school in England and the way grass is green in a park in Melbourne."

She was throwing him to the dogs. She was saying, "Go away, go away," when in reality, when deep in her heart, she knew that all that mattered of her would go with him if he did.

Johnny Rhyno said, moving toward her, "I'd never get home. I'd never have leave."

"You might get to Berlin."

"The hell with Berlin!"

He kissed her, and she wanted it; she was wholly with him; it was all the years before and all the years afterward, and Johnny Rhyno thought of the history that had gone before, of the seas that had been sailed and the young men dying and the women with tears and the women with laughter and the wars—all so that he could stand in a sunny room and be alive with a girl who was alive.

"You see?" she said. "You must go. You do not belong to yourself."

He could not argue. She knew him better than he knew himself.

She comforted him. She touched his hair and comforted him. "Some day," she said, "you will write your memoirs and there will be two lines in it about me. 'Once,' it will say, 'I met a happy girl. She was not very pretty. She was even a little boring. But she was the only girl who said no to me.'"

He was trying desperately to discover how many minutes twenty-four hours was. "No," Johnny Rhyno said. "There will be four lines." He said, "Darling, darling, don't cry." He held her tightly against him, so that he could not see the tears, so that he would not remember the tears.

"It will read," Johnny Rhyno said, "'Once I met a happy girl. She was not pretty because she was beautiful, and I married her one day in the evening and left for Russia the next morning. And her father gave her away and her father has never regretted giving her away because she is still happy.'"

"Johnny, Johnny—" it was the fascination of their names; they could not get done saying each other's name. "Could we?"

"Of course," he said. "Naturally," he said. He stood away and looked at her sternly. "There is one more thing."

"Yes?"

Johnny Rhyno said, "You must promise to buy a copy of that book."

Ann shook her head. "Ten," Ann said. "At least ten. One for each of our grandchildren."

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

room, impaled the bustle area of a lady customer at the opposite end of the bar. Cozy pubs around airfields have naturally become favorite off-duty hangouts. One genial publican here has practically adopted the Eighth Air Force. He invites each new flier to write his name upon the beech-paneled walls and makes him promise to return armistice night when each signature will be honored by drinks on the house. It would be a military secret, probably, to tell you how many thousands of Yank airmen have signed. But if only one in a hundred is able to keep his promise at the coming of peace, it will mean bankruptcy for this publican.

Wisecracking by Yanks—especially airmen whose neology has been vastly energized by war—admittedly is a trial to Britons. For instance, there was a Yank flier whose first experience of being on the receiving end of a raid came simultaneously with one of those bang-up English thunderstorms. He stood at the door of his outfit's favorite pub scratching his head and trying to decide which was flak

and which lightning, which was thunder and which bombs. Finally he asked some English onlookers: "Say, what the heck's this—a thunderstorm?"

As to airmen's jargon, an outsider sitting at a bomber crew's table feels convinced that he has blundered into the Tower of Babel. Engineers, bombardiers, pilots, waist and tail gunners, radiomen, all maintain a cross fire of slang that is largely unintelligible between groups. It is always the navigators, however, who, by sheer devotion to shoptalk and the fantastic abstruseness of it, paralyze companions into moody and perhaps envious speechlessness. Two of them conversed at the table the other night in such terms that their exasperated mates, unmindful of their own offenses, turned upon the navigators and howled them down until the navigators finally threatened to desert such uncultured fry and go form a table by and for navigators alone. "Okay, bubble chasers," said one of the pilots, "only be sure this table you get is near the door—so you can find it." . . . W. B. COURTNEY

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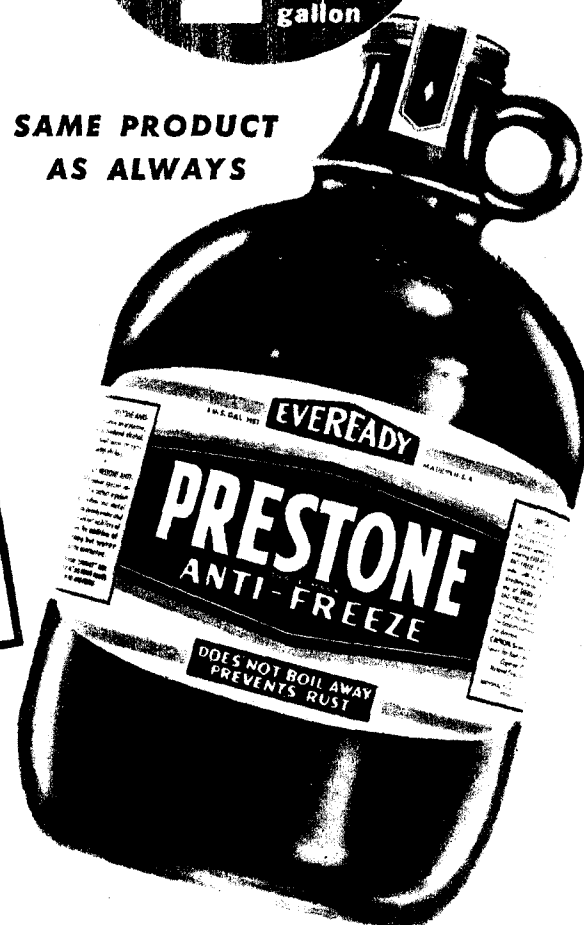
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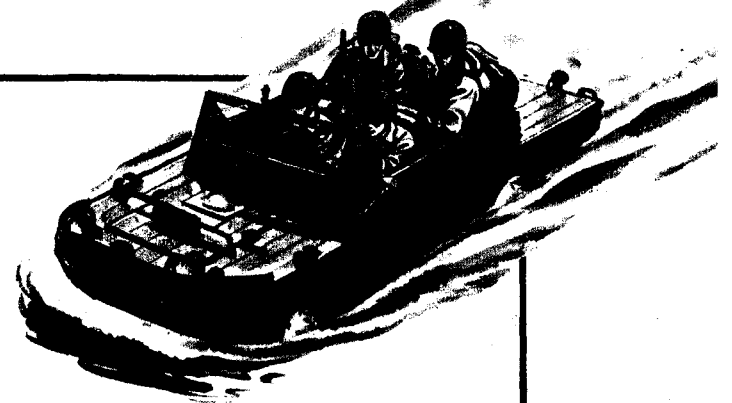
JUST as a trooper loves his horse and a sailor his ship, America's fighting men in this mechanized war have come to think the world and all of the rough-and-ready, game little Jeeps! Mass-produced on the same lines that turned out automobiles, Ford has made thousands of both land Jeeps and Amphibian Jeeps, each built with the traditional precision and cost-saving skill acquired in producing more than 30,000,000 Ford cars and trucks.

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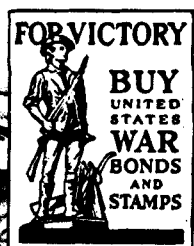
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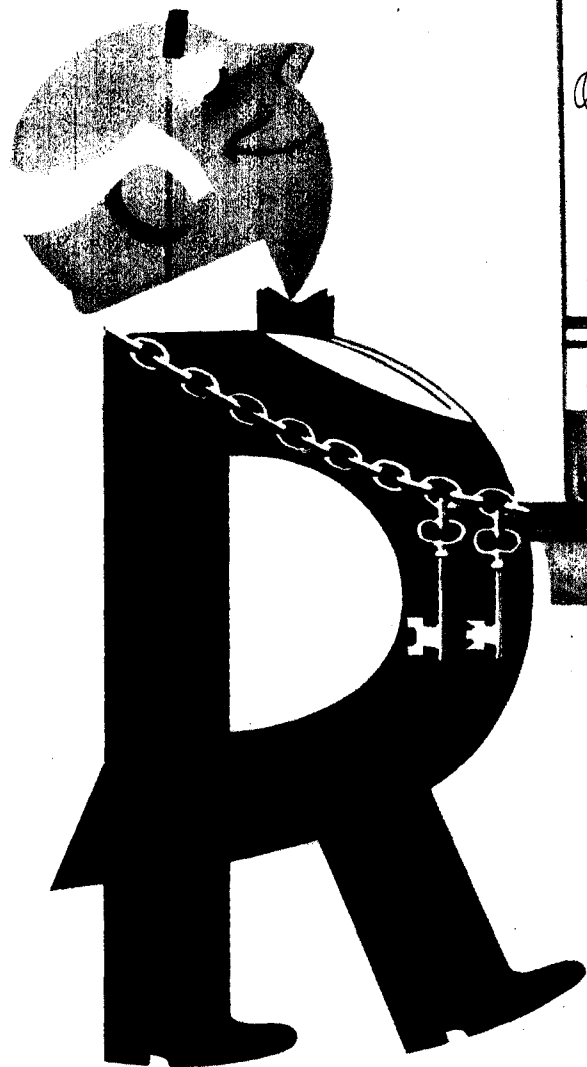
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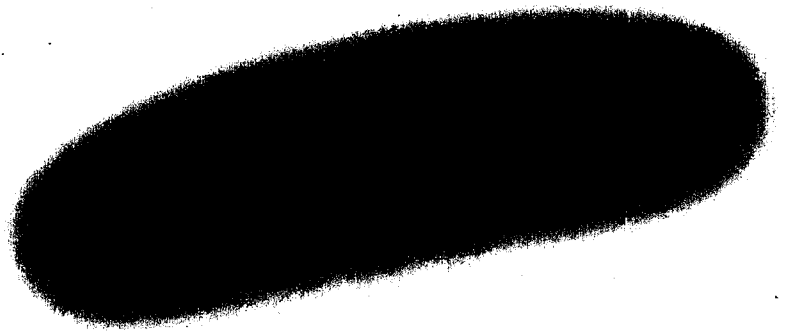


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paper for station and time. Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . . Lodi . . . Healdsburg, California.



MARK HAGER wrote Granny, Glt Your Gun (page 18) without resorting to much research. "Seeing Grandpa's old Civil War pistol," he writes from Williamson, West Virginia, "and hearing Grandma complaining that they weren't fighting the way they did in her day gave me the idea for the story. It's a fine idea. While I was writing it, I felt it a pity it wasn't in the hands of an artist such as Stephen Vincent Benet. What he could have done with that theme!"

"I was born and reared on a mountain farm at Rocky Gap, Virginia, a little ways from here. When I was four years old—1896, I believe it was—I was gouging in a crawfish hole with a broom handle when I heard and felt my first earthquake and, thinking I had destroyed the world, I ran and told my mother. I never felt so little as I did that day I thought I had caused the world to come to an end.

"A good deal later, from teaching, working at a sawmill and peeling tanbark, I saved me \$200 and took a stenographic course and came over here and got me a job as a stenographer in the N. & W. Railway office. I figured out how I came to type 'cherry pipe' instead of 'cherry pie' in my manuscript for Froze in August (Collier's, July 31). I had been typing a shop inventory and for weeks after if I got as far as 'pi,' it was sure to end up as 'pipe.'"

Mr. Hager adds that he's married, has three children (one of whom hurried through high school this summer so he could join the Army), and he likes hunting, writing and being alone a lot.

JUST as most magazines, including this one, devoted their July 4th cover to designs incorporating or symbolizing the American flag, so are we co-operating with the OWI and the War Manpower Commission this week (see front cover) in presenting a new and important Labor Day theme: Women in Necessary Civilian Jobs. Considering that, by the end of this year, more than 17,000,000 American women will be holding down essential jobs, our Labor Day tribute is merely a lighthearted surface scratcher. We, nonetheless, offer it as a salute to the women who are so ably filling men's shoes.

By the way, we expect to be asked why

the major general has submitted to being shaved without first removing his blouse. If you have a good answer we'd be very glad to have it.

THE gentleman with the mustache is David O. Woodbury, who has been telling you for some weeks now—he will continue to tip you off—about Your Life Tomorrow (page 54). Educated as an engineer at Harvard, Leland Stanford and M.I.T., he has banged around in the engineering profession and laboratories for years and has written several books about what he has seen. Your Life Tomorrow takes him into innumerable plants and offices where he tries to persuade industry's mighty to divulge something of the future.

Mr. Woodbury makes a hobby of inventing gadgets to ease mankind's burdens, but he reports that some of his contributions toward a better world don't pan out very well. Last summer, for instance, he put an outboard motor on his bicycle and attained a speed of 35 miles per hour. "However," he confesses ruefully, "I found it more restful to walk."

ANOTHER writer whose experiments are not always successful is Frank B. Taylor. "I have a small laboratory," he advises us from Tulsa, Oklahoma, "in which my own ideas seldom work out as anticipated. In fact, as a result of one experiment, I now wear a nice pair of glasses—and I'm lucky at that."

But Mr. Taylor knows what he's writing about in The Truth About Our Oil Supply (page 11). During most of his thirty-eight years, he has been up to his neck in petroleum. His first oil job was in the famous Salt Creek oil field of Wyoming next door to the Teapot Dome; since then, he has worked in just about every department of the industry, from Canada to Mexico, and for more companies than he can recall at a moment's notice.

As district editor of the Oil Weekly, Mr. Taylor has visited hundreds of oil and gas fields the last seven years, picking up material for technical and operational articles. He wrote his article for those of you who have been wondering why the whole business couldn't be explained so the consumer could understand it. . . . G. W.

Mark Hager

David O. Woodbury

Frank B. Taylor



Sicily Wasn't Easy

Continued from page 21

trucks on the near-by road—trucks going away from the front toward hospital ships—and you keep thinking of the men inside those trucks and wondering how many of them you know.

You don't really sleep at the front; you finally drop off into a sort of numbed stupor. But let's leave my small sector of the front alone for the moment. Let's take a look at the whole Sicilian operation and see just how much of a push-over it was.

It was undoubtedly one of the most daringly conceived and brilliantly executed military operations of all time, with Americans, British and Canadians working in beautiful harmony. It was a textbook operation, with the Tactical Forces (Alexander, in command) carrying out everything just as the Strategic Forces (Eisenhower, in command) had planned. The success of the landing on "D" Day, which was July 10th, and the rapid advance through Sicily during the following days far exceeded the hopes of our military chiefs. But it was not all as easy as it looked.

Occasionally an Eyetie outfit laid down a red carpet and said, "We've been waiting for you." But this was not universally true.

Let's look at the whole operation from the beginning, consider some of the difficulties which had to be surmounted, and then perhaps the tablecloth strategists six thousand miles away won't be so glib with their cracks about how easy it all was.

Our Intelligence told Eisenhower that there were about 335,000 German and Italian troops on Sicily. There was the 15th Panzer Division, called the Sicily Division by the Germans. This had been formed to replace the original 15th destroyed in Tunisia. There was the famous Hermann Goering Division, composed of air force, ground troops, infantry and tanks. Part of this outfit was the remnant of the original Goering Division, which for the most part was captured in Tunisia. There was the crack 29th Motorized Division, made up of Afrika Korps and veterans of Russian fighting and there was the Italian Ariete Division. Eisenhower decided to land about 95,000 men on "D" Day and then gradually increase his force as needed.

The First Division under General Terry Allen landed at Gela on the southwestern coast. This is a great fighting unit which has even won Montgomery's admiration, and Monty is not one to toss bouquets around—even to his own troops. The weather when they landed was what the Navy boys call "force five," which meant that a thirty-mile wind was ablowin'.

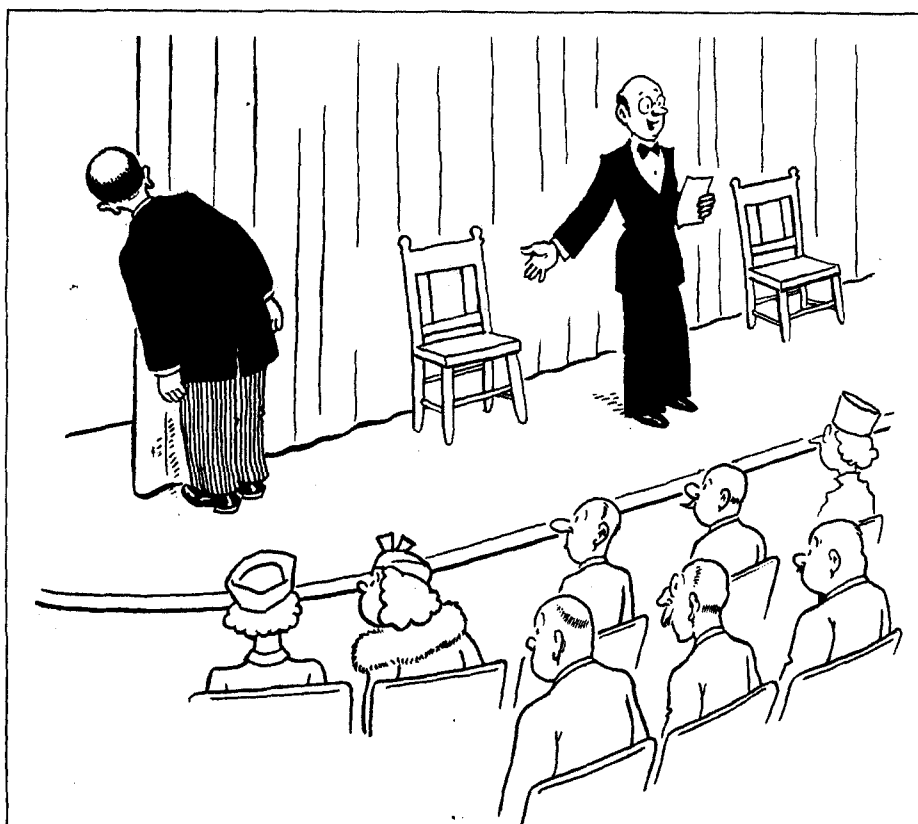
However, Terry landed his men on time as he always does, with colorful, loquacious but fantastically courageous General Teddy Roosevelt as second in command. Gela is an old historic city. It was here that the poet Aeschylus met his death. According to tradition the old gentleman was wandering about the fields minding his own business when an eagle, mistaking his bald dome for a stone, dropped a tortoise on it and fractured his skull. But no one thought about that legend on "D" Day. They landed and advanced rapidly against pillbox opposition which they soon smothered.

Cruiser Engages Tanks

Then the Hermann Goering Division came at them hell-bent with tanks. The First had to fall back to the beach where they would have fought it out to the end, and, against tanks, there could have been only one end. Happily, a cruiser offshore got word of what was going on, and opened up with its big guns against the tanks. It was probably the first time in military history that an engagement between tanks and a cruiser took place. Anyhow, they paid off on the cruiser.

Then the First went on back again. Our Rangers helped, and before the Eyeties knew what had hit them, the First was in possession of the airdrome at Ponte Olivo. The Second Armored had landed by now, with its medium tanks, and everything was just ducky. But they had a very tough few hours, and please don't ever say to a member of Terry Allen's mob, "That Sicily operation was a cinch, wasn't it?" Or, believe me, you're apt to get hit in the head with the nearest blunt instrument.

The original plan called for General Matt Ridgway's 82d Airborne to work with the First. However, on "D" Day



"I take pleasure in presenting Dr. Higgle, the noted explorer!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM SPAAR JR.

THE ARMY ★ NAVY

SCRAPBOOK

"From the men in the service
for the folks back home"

"SINCE YOU'RE NEW AT THIS, ANDERSON—
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER JUST TAG ALONG AND WATCH"



EUGENE F.
McGRATH, Y 3/c
U. S. N. R.

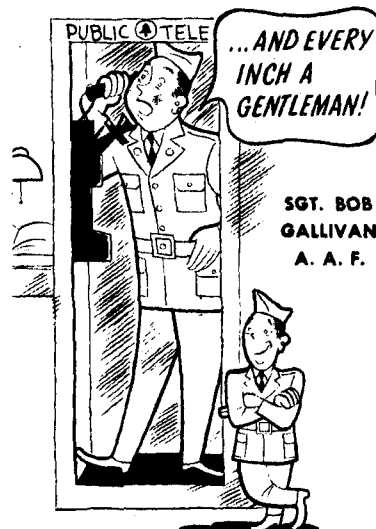
TRUE STORY OF THE MONTH

A negro soldier down South is listed on his company's roster as D.C. Murphy, Jr., the best his commanding officer could do about his real name which is: "Daniel's Wisdom May I Know, Stephen's Faith and Spirit Choose, John's Divine Communion Seal, Moses' Meekness, Joshua's Zeal, Win the Day and Conquer All Murphy, Jr."

Pvt. MALCOLM A. DEANS
A. U. S.



SGT. FRANK BRANDT, A. U. S.



SGT. BOB
GALLIVAN
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ARTHUR SEYSS-INQUART

VI

IF ARTHUR SEYSS-INQUART, Reichskommissar for Holland, cannot match torture camps and massacres with the German rulers of other occupied areas, it is from no lack of will. At heart, the Dutch insist, Austria's Judas is just as much of a murder addict as Hans Frank, Governor General of Poland, or Kurt Daluege, the "protector" of Bohemia and Moravia. Differing conditions, they explain, cramp his style. Not only are the Dutch a sturdy people, admirably fitted to toil in the fields and factories of the Reich, but being Germany's next-door neighbors, transportation of them presents few difficulties. "Labor drafts" can be loaded into trucks or even driven on foot like sheep, herded by motorcycles.

Under strict orders from Berlin, therefore, Seyss-Inquart has been forced to deport rather than kill outright. According to latest figures supplied by the "underground," one million Dutchmen have been dragged away from their homes, and sent across the border to slave for German masters. A fairly dull business, but the Reichskommissar has contrived to enliven it with certain sadistic touches. The wives, mothers and children, left behind in Holland, are held as hostages, and when word comes from the Reich that a deportee has shirked or rebelled, a member of his family is murdered. Word of the death is then sent to the recalcitrant with the warning that another of his loved ones will be killed if he persists in "unpatriotic conduct."

Not that Seyss-Inquart is barred entirely from wholesale bloodletting. In the matter of non-Aryans, for example, he has a free hand, and authenticated reports confirm the Dutch contention that the ghettos of Warsaw, Berlin and Prague furnish no greater instances of abominable cruelty than the extermination of the Jews in Holland. There is also an open season on "intellectuals," so that the Reichskommissar has been able to go as far as he likes in the liquidation of teachers, writers, preachers, professional men and other leaders of Dutch opinion.

Working, however, with a population of less than 9,000,000, the "underground" points out that Seyss-Inquart cannot afford mass slaughter. Compelled to conserve his supply of victims, he kills singly or in couples, staging each execution with careful attention to dramatic effect. A rabbi has his beard plucked out, handful by handful, before hanging, and a priest or pastor is paraded through the streets with a rope around his neck.

Strangely enough, the Dutch stress the despicability

of the man rather than his crimes. In no document do they ever fail to emphasize his record. Most of the Nazi chieftains were failures, embracing Naziism as an escape from obscurity and frustration, or else gangsters by choice and training. Seyss-Inquart has no such excuse. The son of a Moravian professor, he studied law in Vienna, and went on to attain high standing both in his profession and the public life of Austria. What moved him to enter into a deal with Hitler to betray his country was a definite reptilian quality that lay coiled in the mud of his soul.

Carefully, relentlessly, the Dutch set down his progress in treachery. Even when neck-deep in Nazi plots, no voice was louder in declaring that Austria must always be free. Responsible for the assassination of Engelbert Dolfuss, while the body still bled, Seyss-Inquart threw himself at Schuschnigg's feet, begging to serve his beloved motherland. First as Councilor of State, and then as Minister of the Interior, in charge of Internal Defense, he discharged and seduced until every key post was filled by a Nazi. Only when Hitler sounded the signal for invasion did he show himself in his true colors, rushing out to open the city gates.

Made Reichsstadholder of the Ostmark, the German name for annexed Austria, the traitor's tenure lasted less than a year. The sight of him, the sound of him, kept the enraged Austrians in revolt, and Himmler finally recommended removal. Sent next to Poland as Deputy Governor, Seyss-Inquart proved a dud, for ruthlessness was in need, not treachery and cunning. Not until 1940, when the Germans overran Holland, was there opportunity to utilize his particular talents. Hitler and Goering, with true German inability to understand other peoples, held to the fallacy that the Dutch, as realists, could be won to "collaboration." And who, indeed, was a better man to lie and trick than Arthur Seyss-Inquart?

Confidently enough, as an expert in betrayal, the new Reichskommissar set about his task. Lifting his hands to heaven, he sobbed his love for the Dutch, and begged them to believe him their true friend. A bust of magnitude, for the "underground" scrawled contempt on every dead wall. Lower than Judas, they brand him, for Judas had the decency to hang himself. Bitter indeed, are the penalties for this defiance. A million deported and thousands shot or hung, but the Dutch have no regrets. Better the hate of Seyss-Inquart, they say, than his loathsome, sniveling hypocrisies. Remember him! ★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

there was a hell of a wind blowing, and the lads who took to the silk were blown all over the island from Canicatti to Noto on the east coast. Instead of being able to consolidate according to plan, the airborne lads ganged up in groups of six to ten and just improvised as they went along.

The beauty of our Army, as I see it, is its infinite capacity to improvise. If the scheduled plan goes awry, the boys can dream something up on the spur of the moment. Mentally, our kids are elastic. That night the airborne boys just went awandering all over the landscape, popping off at anything they saw alive, and this considerably baffled the orthodox Eyeties and German defenses, which didn't think it quite sporting.

They tell a story of one of our airborne men whose name should go down in history. I have done my best to get his name, but although I talked to a dozen men who saw what he did, it was dark early that morning, and no one who witnessed it was able to identify him. He was standing there with his tommy gun when a Tiger tank approached down a road that he and his mates were guarding.

This kid thought he might put the enormous tank out of action by some sharpshooting. If he could send a flow of tommy-gun bullets through the slit in front of the tank, he might get the driver. He held his fire until the tank was 80 yards away, then let go. The tank approached steadily, throwing its small stuff. A stream of bullets blew the boy's right arm off and knocked him down.

A dozen witnesses say that he got up, grabbed the tommy gun with his left hand and kept on firing at the tank until it

hit him and rolled over him. Oh, sure Sicily was a cinch! Nothing to it!

Let's go back and see what the 45th Division had to contend with. They landed all right, against only nominal opposition—which meant mortars, machine guns and a spot of air bombing. They proceeded to take the airfield at Comiso, which was their first objective. This wasn't exactly knocking off clay pigeons at a Coney Island shooting gallery.

Germans Always Counterattack

Tanks defended the airdrome, and the 45th had to knock them out with what they had. Well, they had mortars and antitank weapons, and somehow they did the trick. The 45th knocked out six tanks of 10 which defended Comiso, and then headed for the important city of Vizzini—important because it was on high ground commanding the adjacent territory. The Canadians had taken the city once and then been tossed out by the inevitable counterattack. The Germans always counterattack.

The Canadians attacked again from the west while the 45th continued on north, where it was given the difficult job of starting to clear out the northeastern section of the island, which we mentioned in the beginning of this story. During the later stages of the campaign, the 3d Division, which had now had some rest, relieved it.

Now let's see what part the 3d Division played in this dogfight. After it landed, it had the job of scurrying northwest to take the airport and city of Canicatti. From there, the 3d headed west again to take Agrigento. They fell on the old city like

a ton of bricks, which didn't bother the old city at all, because people have been falling on it like a ton of bricks these past 3,000 years.

Back in 406 B.C., the Carthaginian General Himilco conquered the city, and 200 years later, the Romans took it and changed its name to Agrigentum, which a waiter at the local hotel told me means City of Many Temples. In 827, the Saracens stormed it (Whatever happened to the Saracens?) and changed its name to Girenti. It remained Girenti until 1928 when bashful Benito (Whatever happened to Benito?) changed it to Agrigento.

It is still known as the City of Many Temples, but when the 3d Division got through with it, the city fathers met and decided to name it the City of Many Headaches. Anyhow, on July 13th, when the 3d moved in, the boys really didn't give a damn about the history of the old city.

Now the 3d, together with the 2d Armored, the 82d Airborne, and a regiment combat team, proceeded to pull off one of the great military feats of all time. It marched from Ribera to Palermo, a distance of 72 miles, in two days. If you don't believe it, look at your map. This would have been a commendable achievement in maneuvers without any enemy opposition.

General Geoffrey Keyes headed this walking marathon. The terrain was difficult; sometimes hills as high as 3,000 feet barred their march, but they got there. They moved so fast that often the German and Italian antitank 88s which they captured en route, hadn't been pointed around or set up to shoot against them.

"They'll be studying that one in the

textbooks when we're all dead," General George Patton chuckles. It was one of lucky Patton's luckiest and most brilliant strokes.

They had some opposition not furnished by the terrain, which is hilly in some places and marshy in others, but they did something the Italians have never done—they marched by night. The Eyeties fight strict union hours from nine to five. When the sun goes down, they quit. They thought it not quite sporting for hordes of Americans to barge into their camps just when they'd got to sleep. Had it been daylight, they might have fought. But who ever thought of fighting through soft Mediterranean nights which were always dedicated to something much more important than fighting? General Keyes accepted the surrender of Palermo. If the city hadn't surrendered, Keyes would have blasted it right into its lovely harbor. This was done a full week earlier than the General Staff had anticipated.

An Understandable Prejudice

Now, very sketchily, that is the story of the American campaign in Sicily. If you think that I am blindly, hopelessly impressed by, and devoted to these kids of ours; if you think that I am prejudiced and completely lopsided on the subject of our American troops here in Sicily—why, you're absolutely right. For three years I've been with every army but our own, and it is pretty exciting to see our kids in action and realize that they are as good or better than any other army you've ever seen, and this includes the Russian army as well as Montgomery's admittedly great

"Off we go, into the wild blue yonder..."*

Valiant, indeed, are those who have made this song their battle hymn. Who of us can honestly say that he would not turn back time, given the chance, to be able to join their select company—to consort with avenging eagles? It must be a heady business, but it's not for groundlings like most of us.

Time and the strict measure of a man's physical aptitude make most of us unfit for their company, so all that we can do is go with them in spirit.

No, not in spirit alone, for we can and do go with

them directly in proportion to the War Bonds we buy.

Then too, many like us, producing equipment for their use, have a hand in their welfare—the ability and determination to build something better so that they will be better equipped to triumphantly fulfill their missions.

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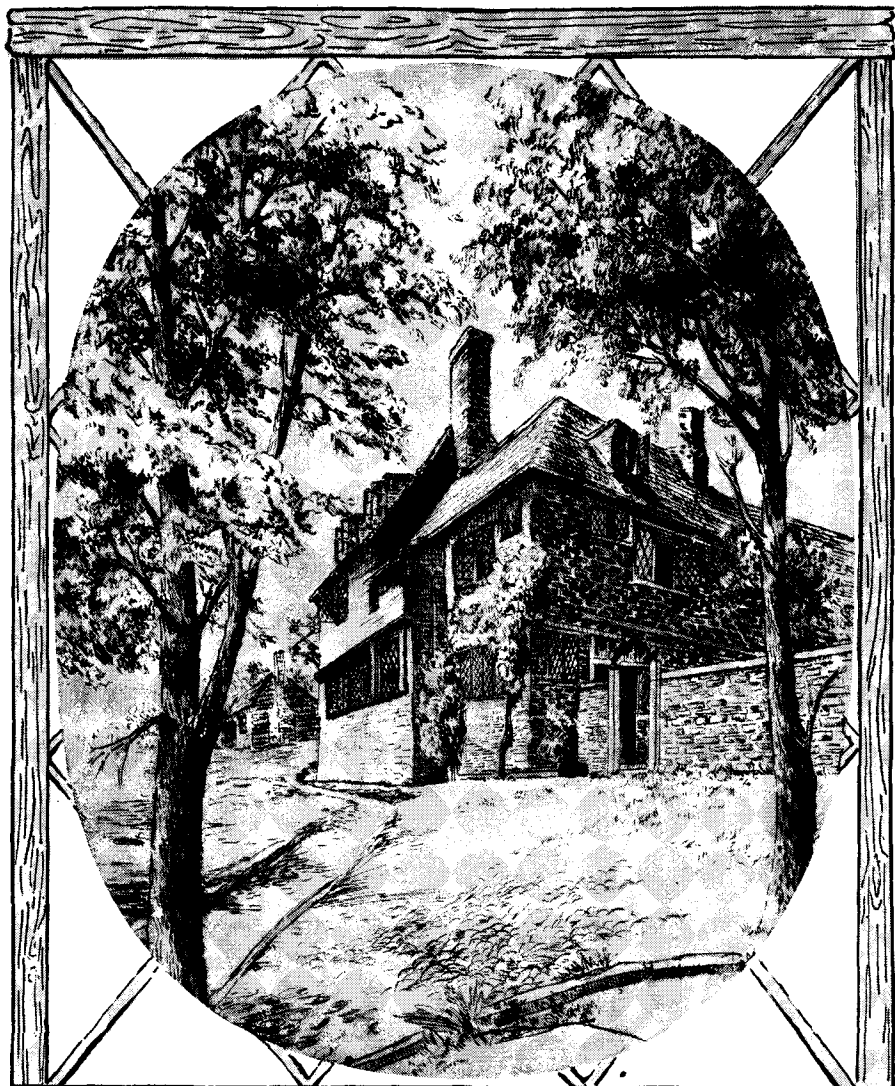


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Eighth Army—I have traveled with both.

Any American who isn't deliriously proud of our Army should have his head examined. I am just trying to say that they took Sicily (I know the British and Canadians had important parts, but we're not considering them for the moment) against great odds. But let one far better qualified than I, have the floor. Alex Clifford is the war correspondents' war correspondent. This brilliant young Englishman, who writes for the London Daily Mail, has studied warfare the way Wrigley studied chewing gum. I knew him in France, and from there he went to Libya and he was at Crete and he was with the great victorious drive of the Eighth Army. In our profession, we rate Clifford right up there. He forsook the Eighth Army to land and follow along with our First Division here on the Sicily operation. He was with the First throughout its campaign (and still is).

"You know I got the surprise of my life, Quent," he said to me yesterday. "I have been with the veteran Eighth Army for a long time and naturally I didn't expect much from a comparatively green outfit like the First Division. You can only learn to fight by fighting. You know that. But somehow this bunch had learned it without having many fights. Yet, in action they were cool, absolutely, and they acted like veterans. When tough artillery fire came at them, they didn't bunch up as green troops of any country always do. They fanned out beautifully. Oh, they're good fighters, and cruel fighters, too, and they are the best disciplined outfit I ever saw. They storm a town and have a tough time with casualties and then they walk in. Instead of getting tough with the local inhabitants or with prisoners, what do they do? They share their chocolate, their cigarettes, with them when all their instincts must be to slaughter them, as they think of their own casualties. That's what I call great discipline."

Well, that's what a very expert British observer thinks of our Army. Who am I to disagree with him? The Eighth Army of Monty's (we all call him Monty here) had no cinch either, and we might con-

sider their part in the show. The Eighth landed south of Syracuse. They headed for Catania. South of the city, the maps showed lovely plains which should have been fine adaptable fighting terrain for Monty's desert-wise tank lads. But alas! The plains were too marshy for tank warfare.

Monty captured all the southeastern airports and then he rested. Two weeks went by without Monty doing anything, but we knew there was a reason. We found out what it was when he dropped into Palermo and talked with us. Monty is a cautious devil. He won't go off half cocked. He never moves until he is satisfied that he has the supplies which will enable him to win with a minimum of losses. He came to Palermo about July 25th, and when we asked him what was holding him up outside Catania, he told us he didn't have enough supplies as yet.

Attacked on the Dot

"However," he said simply, "I shall have enough within a few days. In fact, I have made arrangements to attack at 6 A. M. on August first."

He did attack at 6 A. M. on August first, and the result is military history.

Now that, briefly, is the story of the conquest of Sicily. From a distance of 6,000 miles, it must look ridiculously easy.

Here on the island, we occasionally hear American and British radio commentators talk smoothly of "Rapid progress and lack of opposition."

That kind of talk has hardly endeared the prophets of the air to the men who have had to take this island foot by foot, stopping only long enough to bury their dead.

The next time you hear someone say that the taking of Sicily was a cinch, think of that obscure ridge in the northeastern part of this island which the natives call San Rosso and think of a white flag held up treacherously by the Germans. Think of that, and realize that Sicily was no cinch. No, believe me, Sicily wasn't easy. Hell! I was there!

THE END



"I couldn't get beef, lamb or pork, so I bought three pounds of animal crackers"

COLLIER'S

JAMES GIBSON

Miracle from Heaven

Continued from page 15

Johnston had been surprised when he found that out.

Nick was about five steps away before he recognized Johnny Bush. There were some young kids sitting away back at the other end of the long counter, and they had turned to gaze silently, as Cool Meadows people did at the approach of strangers. It was easy for them to hear what Nick said.

He exclaimed, "Johnny!" and beamed all over his fat, stubbled Greek face. Then he added in a low voice, "What you know? What you know?" as he kept pressing Johnny's hand between his own two fat ones.

The restaurant smelled of fresh hot grease and fresh-cooked eggs. It was a good smell. Johnny thought that he might sit down and have an egg-on-bun. . . . No, he would wait and eat something when he got home.

"We heard you was coming, kid."

"Sure glad to be home," said Johnny. He asked for a couple of packages of cigarettes.

"They treat you good?" asked Nick, as he got the cigarettes. "Not so good, huh? You look mighty thin. Maybe they don't feed you good where you been? Your ma—maybe she put some meat on you, huh?" Nick kept laughing, and at first he didn't want to take any money for the cigarettes, but Johnny insisted.

NICK wanted him to sit down and have a cup of Java on the house.

"No," said Johnny. "I guess maybe I better get along home."

Nick nodded wisely, and kept on beaming at Johnny while he put the packages of cigarettes deep into his pocket.

"Now maybe you be a good kid, huh? Maybe you don't shoot and get drunk and raise some troubles no more? I guess maybe this straighten you out, Johnny?"

"Sure has," said Johnny softly.

At this moment two young girls who had been seated at the other end of the counter with a couple of school-age boys came up to Johnston Bush shyly. Johnny didn't know who they were; but the one who came first, the one in a pale blue sweater and old leather jacket, looked like one of the Blacks from over around Deep Notch. She must have been just a little kid when Johnston Bush went away. Now she was at least fifteen.

She said explosively, "You're Johnston Bush, aren't you? Well, can I—can we—have your autograph?"

Johnny felt all hot and red. He didn't know quite what to do, but Nick understood easily. Nick tore a couple of sheets off his little pad of restaurant checks, and he gave a pencil to Johnny. Johnny wrote slowly and painfully. He signed his name twice. In each case he made a "Jr." after the name.

Big Jack Bush, his father, had been shot dead by the sheriff, eleven years before. Johnny wondered what Big Jack Bush would think of his grown son, writing out autographs just like a movie star.

He swallowed, and muttered, "Okay, sister," and shoved the little pieces of paper toward the girls.

They went shrilling back to their stools, telling the boys they were with, "We got it. We got it. We got his autograph!" But Johnny was out of the door and gone.

He didn't meet anyone else along the main street. He kept on west past the lumber yard, and then turned south. This narrow street, this uphill sluice that wound through the chilly night—it passed eight or ten houses, and then became the Pretty Pocket road.

All the way out to the ridge where this road intersected with the Deep Notch

road, Johnny Bush kept thinking about food. Intermingled with visions of food were visions of his family. He saw his grandfather, old Albert Sidney Johnston Bush, taking a little sharp knife to trim closely against the round bone of a piece of steak, and declaring to the assembled grandchildren, as he always did, "The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat."

He thought of infrequent delicacies which Henrietta, his mother, fixed for him when he was young. . . . Lettuce sandwiches she had made for him one time; that was the spring after his father had been killed, when Johnny tried to climb into a lumber wagon to tackle some boys who yelled an insult at him, and the man who was driving whipped up his team. Johnny fell off and broke one bone in his leg. While he was in bed his mother served him some lettuce sandwiches—thin leaf lettuce, deep green, with boiled yellow dressing spread over it, between slices of coarse homemade bread. Funny to be thinking about that on the eve of Thanksgiving.

He didn't meet a soul on the Pretty Pocket road. Up to the summit of the first ridge he picked his way carefully along the rutted buggy track. Then he came out past the last stockade of timberland, and halted at the schoolhouse corner.

Johnston didn't know quite why he did it, but he found himself putting down his bag at the gate, and going up to the empty schoolhouse. Many-paned windows caught the lightness of open night. He saw stars in one of the windows as he came close, and he looked up to see how clouds were being torn apart by the cold wind.

Around two sides of the schoolhouse, almost to the woodshed at the rear . . . he turned and came back. He was having a vision—the kind of vision that experiences of the past two years had compelled him to have. He was seeing thousands of country schoolhouses scattered on ridges like this, or perhaps in valleys, throughout the United States. He thought of little kids trudging reluctantly up to all those doors every morning, and breaking forth with exultation at recess time. He wanted to cry when he thought of all those kids, going to American schools everywhere.

HE THOUGHT of the pledge to the flag; that was a tradition in each corner of the country, not only just in southern Missouri where he grew up. *I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States . . . one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.*

There were little things pasted on the inside of the windowpanes. Children had cut them out of paper, and colored them with crayons, just as they used to do fifteen years before, when Johnston was a shirttail kid in that school. Pumpkins and witches and things: those were left from Halloween. But also he could see the shapes of turkeys, and those turkeys symbolized the Thanksgiving season. Come Christmas, there would be bells and Santa Clauses, greasy with red crayon.

Johnny went out to the road again; he picked up his bag and started on down the ridge. His grandfather's place wasn't very far below. A little tune walked with him as he went. First he had only the music of the thing, suggested by his visit to the schoolyard; but soon the words were there, and he was singing them through his nose as he walked.

*"Over the river and through the woods,
To Grandfather's house we go.
The horse knows the way . . ."*

A dog began to bark in the Bush doorway. At first Johnston thought: Why, that

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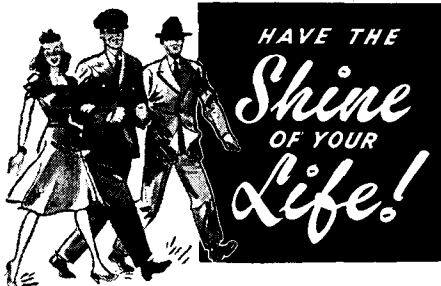


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can't be Ranger! What's happened to Ranger? And then he remembered how his mother had written him a month or two after he went away, telling him that old Ranger had died. There was another dog now, a new one that didn't know Johnston.

The door opened, showing a beautiful light, and someone spoke to the dog. It was Grandpa all right, and the dog came up on the steps and stood whining as the boy approached.

Grandpa asked in his deep soft voice, "Is it Johnston?"

"Yes."

He heard his mother say, "Thank God, thank God." He was up on the step and inside; the room swam around him. New dog, new lamp on the table, all sorts of new things. His mother's hair was almost completely gray now, but her face was still hard and bright, though thinner.

Their hands touched him—his grandfather on one side, his mother on the other. . . . She threw her arms around his stiff young body and put her face against his shoulder. Grandpa rubbed his ragged white handle-bar mustache, and swung away abruptly and went over by the stove. Winking fast, Johnston could see the old man fumbling in his hip pocket, dragging out a crumpled bandanna. The old man blew his nose.

"For the love of mud," said Johnston. His mother smiled. Her face was wet. "Mabel," said Johnston. "I can't believe—"

Mabel stood bashfully by the table, though her face was twitching. She was trying to keep from crying. She wore a plaid dress, homemade, but quite pretty. She was all grown up as to face and shape and everything.

"Yes," said Johnston's mother, "that's your baby sister—Mabel. Sure enough."

"I'm seventeen," said Mabel shrilly. She came forward and allowed him to kiss her. She was wearing perfume, and it smelled good. The perfume made him think of another girl who lived near by.

THEY all stood off and looked at him. Then Grandpa said, "Well, I do declare, Johnston. Thought you'd be pale and puny, after where you been. You are skinny, but you appear real good."

Johnston Bush said, "Look!" and the word came out more sharply than he intended. He tried to make his voice seem lower and kinder, though firm.

"Look here, folks. Just one thing. Please—I wish you wouldn't right now ask me a lot of questions about—You know. About everything. How I felt, and what did they give me to eat, and everything that happened. All the details: what everybody did—everything that happened. . . ." There was sweat standing on the boy's forehead.

"Course," said his grandfather soothingly, and Johnston's mother said nothing, but patted his arm. She turned and ordered Mabel briskly, "Go see what we got in the pantry, and set it out."

"I wanted them to wait supper," cried Mabel over her shoulder, "but they said the evening train was always late."

"Not very late tonight. I was lucky," Johnny told his mother. "With Mabel practically woman-grown, I suppose Marvin and Braxton are off somewhere skittering around with some girls. Imagine them big enough."

Grandpa grinned at Henrietta Bush and showed his crooked teeth.

"Maybe they got girls," said Johnston's mother, "but they haven't got them in Nimrod County. They're not here, Johnston. Both of them are up and gone to the war."

Johnston stared in amazement. "Those little jerks? They're not old enough."

"So I told them, Johnston, but I might as well have been talking manners to a couple of tomcats."

Grandpa said, as he lighted his old yellow pipe, "Got to win this war. Reckon it will take Bushes to do it."

"Marvin's at an air place in Corpus

Christi, Texas," said Johnny's mother. "And Braxton's clean out at San Diego in what they call the boot camp. He prophesies it won't be long before he goes overseas."

Johnston could only murmur, in the words of Nick the Greek, "What do you know?" He sat down at the table, ready and willing, as Mabel served him. There was fried ham, cold, but very good; there were apple salad and pickles and pie and cottage cheese, and plenty of homemade bread and butter. Johnston ate his head off.

"Had a real good year," said old A. S. J. Bush, with sock feet against the stove rail. "Pretty nigh worked ourselves to the bone, but you should see the corn we picked off of the two bottom pieces. . . ."

Johnston's mother smiled across the oil-cloth. "Never a lazy minute around here, Johnny. Imagine Mabel riding a cultivator last spring!"

Mabel was fiddling with the old radio in the corner, but now she shut it off. "I hate field work," she said. "It's so hard on my hands. I wear gloves, much as I can."

"She's mighty vain of her hands," said Johnston's mother. "Same as me, when I was a young thing. Still, it's apparent that us women have got to work in the fields, harder than before."

"Yes, sir!" said Grandpa. "Food will win the war!"

The song was still singing in Johnston's head. *Over the river and through the woods, to Grandfather's house . . .* This was Grandfather's house all right, and his mother's house, and his own; and tomorrow would be Thanksgiving Day. A warmth struggled up within him, a peace and thankfulness; and yet, in the same moment, and for the second time that night, he wanted to cry.

Mabel came to take away the empty plates and sauce dishes. Again Johnny smelled the perfume of her hair and body. He rose abruptly and tore open a package of cigarettes. His black brows went together in a frown.

The family waited.

"I wonder," said Johnston, "if anybody is to home over at the Vanes."

There was a steady quiet in which you could hear only sounds from the stove, and the clock's ticking. "Johnny," said his mother, "if you mean Evangeline, I wager she might be there."

"What about her old man?" blurted out Mabel.

"I know," Johnny said cautiously. "Garrison Vane never did have much time for me."

Johnston's mother whispered, "Vanja's a right pretty girl."

Johnston was silent for a moment. Then, "Is anyone in particular playing up to her these days—I mean, going to moving pictures, and taking her around?"

"Tom, Dick, and Harry," said Mabel glibly.

They waited to see what Johnston would say to that. His mother could not help but interpose: "Fact is, I don't think she's too gone on any of them. First this one, then that. She asks about you right often, when I meet her alone."

Johnston moved over to the clock shelf. The clock was on the verge of eight-thirty. He waited expectantly and in another moment a little gong rang inside the brass and imitation marble of the old clock. He turned and grinned at the family. "Still makes that funny buzz, before and after."

"Same old clock," said Grandpa. "Same old home place; same old Nimrod County. Only one thing seems to have changed much."

"What's that?"

"Reckon you know," said Grandpa. Johnston shrugged. "Where's the lantern?"

"Hangs on the porch."

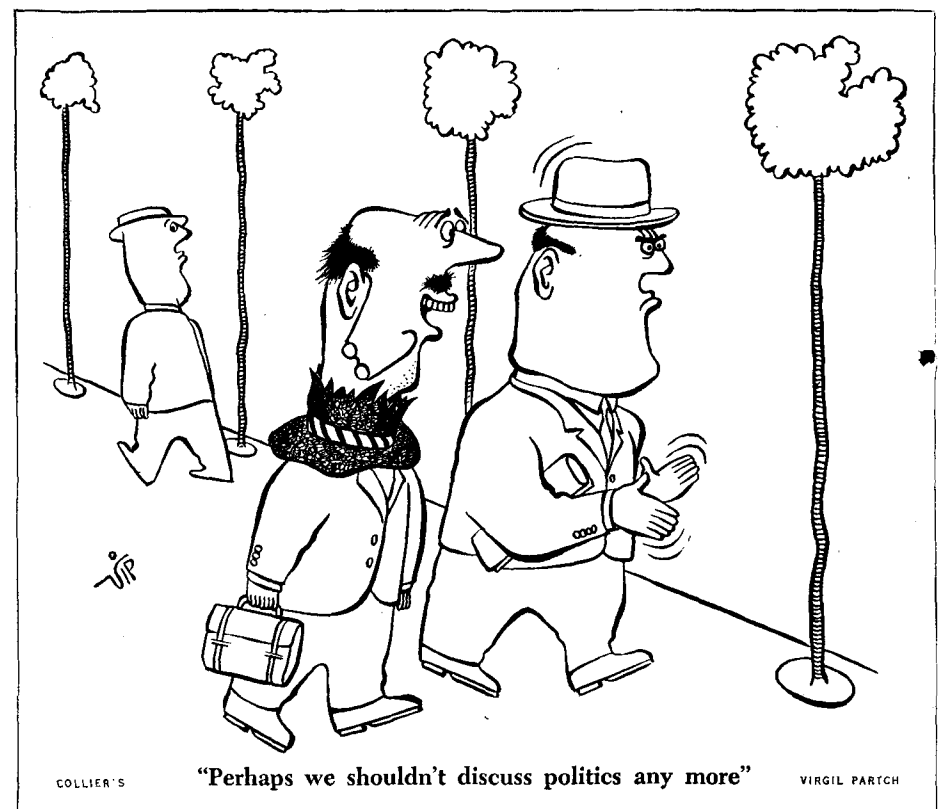
JOHNNY went out to get the lantern. The dog put up its ears, watching the doorway. They heard Johnny banging around out on the porch; soon he reappeared with the lantern. He raised the glass chimney, scraped the wick with a match, and then lighted it.

He put the lantern on the table and turned around to get his overcoat and cap. "You don't say much, you folks."

"Long suit of the Bushes never was talking, 'less they was drunk," said Grandpa.

Having put on his coat and cap, Johnston stood with a big bony hand clenched on the wire handle of the lantern. "Well," he said, "we don't get drunk any more—none of us, I guess. Only it wasn't drinking that did it. Most folks drink and behave themselves. . . . It was just I always felt kind of empty and angry, and weak, and quarrelsome. That's how I make it out, thinking about it now."

He cleared his throat. "Reckon that was the trouble with my father. High spirits, and no money, and a willingness to fight. . . . Now, take us Bushes: none of us ever stole a dime from anybody! We just got in fights, raising a ruckus. That's all we did. But it was enough to get us into trouble, and give us a bad name. . . . Lot of young folks here in this country used to act the same way. . . . It



COLLIER'S

"Perhaps we shouldn't discuss politics any more"

VIRGIL PARTCH

THE LONELY LIGHT IN THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

IT was a solitary light; the light in the house next door.

If I woke in the early morning hours of winter, I would see it shining from the kitchen when all the other houses were dark. When I came home late from a party, I would see it shining from the little sitting room; a light so tiny that it seemed almost to be the reflected light of the stars.

When I saw the light in the morning I knew that Mrs. Spencer, who was a widow, was preparing breakfast for the boarder who took the early train to the city. When I saw it late at night I knew that she was working on a dress for her little girl, or on a blouse for her boy, or on the plain sewing which she did for people in the neighborhood.

It seemed to me that the light was always lit; that Mrs. Spencer never slept.

* * * *

Drudgery such as Mrs. Spencer endured is rarer today. Today many women are helping to support themselves and their children and still enjoying some leisure simply because a life insurance agent advised the use of part of a life insur-



ance fund to provide business or professional training if the need arose. And this is only one of the many ways in which life insurance is being applied through competent agents to the special circumstances which affect each family.

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makes me feel good to think of Marvin and Braxton, young as they are, gone into the service. It will do good things for them. Then they can do good things for this country."

He took his lantern and went out, apparently heading for the Vane place by a path that went through the woods.

Grandpa and Mabel and Henrietta sat quietly for some time. Johnny's mother was wiping her eyes. Then Mabel said pertly to Grandpa, "Thought you said the Bushes' long suit wasn't talking." She turned on the radio.

WHEN Johnny got to the Vane house he was greeted effusively by three dogs. He knew their voices, and the dogs decided that they knew him, too, when he spoke their names; and with wagging tails they escorted him across pebbly ground toward the front steps.

The door came open. Garrison Vane bulked there, tall and broad in his overalls, and with a stub of cigar in his mouth as always.

"Who is it?"

"Johnny Bush."

Mr. Vane drew a long breath. He muttered something which sounded like, "Thought it would be." Johnny put his lantern down on the bottom step, and waited.

Pretty soon he asked, "Well, do I come in, or do I go away?"

Garrison Vane moved aside from the doorway, but still held the door open. "Oh," he said, "I guess you come in."

Johnny blew out his lantern and put it on the porch. He entered the combination living room-dining room of the Vane house and Garrison Vane closed the door and then turned around to study him.

"Suit you?" asked Johnny.

Mr. Vane let his long chin quiver as if he wanted to chuckle. Johnny had seen him look that way at other people, years before, but he had never gazed on Johnny with such downright tolerance. "Far cry," Mr. Vane told him, "from the kid that was so wild and mean and tough."

"I was wild, all-right."

"So they tamed you down, did they?"

"Meek as a lamb," said Johnny. He was ashamed to feel that there was sweat on his forehead again.

"Want a cigar?" asked Mr. Vane.

"No, thanks. I'll just have a cigarette," and Johnny took one out and tapped it against his thumb.

Vane asked, "You want to see Vanjy?"

"I didn't walk all the way over here the first night I was home," said Johnny easily, "just to chew the fat with you." Vane's face went into a mass of dark wrinkles as he laughed.

The tall farmer turned toward the closed kitchen door. He lifted his voice. "Vanjy, you got company." In a moment the door opened and Vanjy entered, followed by her thirteen-year-old brother and a yellow cat.

Vanjy had some sewing in her hands; she couldn't seem to make up her mind whether to hang onto the sewing or put it down on the table.

"The Mrs.," said Mr. Vane, "had a little cold, so she's gone to bed. I'll be going myself pretty quick. Don't you stick around too long, Clark," he told his son.

Vanjy and Johnston stood and looked at each other after the father had gone. The cat got up on the sofa; Clark waited awkwardly, grinning, in the background.

"You're sure a sight for sore eyes," said Johnny Bush to Vanjy. He wished to heaven that Clark would get out of there.

Vanjy had a pale skin, with quite a lot of freckles, but the freckles were pale in shade, too, and Johnston had always thought they were beautiful. Vanjy wore an old green skirt and a white blouse. She was still wearing the apron she had worn for dishwashing. Her hair, the color of fresh-cut cherry wood, was built into a high pompadour, and came down low and long and soft around her thin neck. Her

green-gray eyes were startlingly large and clear.

She said, "It certainly is good to see you again. And everything. Do you want to sit down?"

"I wouldn't mind."

They seated themselves—Vanjy by the round center table, and Johnston in the biggest overstuffed chair.

"Would you like to play a game of some kind, Johnny?"

"I wouldn't mind," said Johnny. "Whatever suits you folks. I just came to make a friendly call."

Young Clark said, "Reckon we could play Millionaire. You know how to play Millionaire, Johnny? We play it a lot, of nights."

Johnny laughed. "Okay by me. I wouldn't want to lose my shirt, though."

Vanjy explained primly, "It isn't a gambling game, really. You use pretend money. It's here in this box. Clark got it for last Christmas."

The three of them gathered around the center table, and Vanjy opened the box containing the game of Millionaire. Her voice grew thinner and shriller all the time she explained the game. She kept her eyes down, not looking at Johnny Bush as she talked.

Just as they were preparing to roll dice for the first turn, there sounded a loud shout of, "Clark! You come to bed," from somewhere above stairs. Clark muttered, "Shucks," but he got up dutifully, and said good night to Vanjy and Johnston Bush.

After he was gone, taking the cat with him, Vanjy sat toying uncertainly with the dice. Johnny Bush kept examining the flat cardboard chart, trying to remember what she told him about the game, but it had all gone out of his head.

"Oh, let's forget Millionaire!" he cried suddenly, and Vanjy giggled.

He could smell something lovely about her; it was perfume, and he choked to think how long he had gone in his young life without smelling a pretty girl, without even being near one.

He mumbled, "Kind of close in here, isn't it? Let's go out on the porch and get a breath of air."

EVANGELINE started to say something, but he didn't let her finish. He opened the front door and practically pulled her out on the porch with him. When he had shut the door she stood looking up through the gloom, and then he saw that she was smiling.

"You want me to catch my death of cold, Johnny?"

He said slowly, "I'll keep you warm. I'd be mighty good at keeping you warm." Then he lifted his arms and brought them down slowly across her shoulders, his hands locked across her slim, smooth back.

Vanjy pushed her face up toward his. . . All the world became her face, an oval of paleness framed in soft hair, coming closer and closer as he bent toward it . . . diffused and marvelous. Her knees touched his. They both cried out softly and their faces were together. . .

When at last he heard her chuckling and whispering delightedly, "Johnny, darling, let's come up for air!" he squared his shoulders and stood back a little, feeling that he could take the world and wring it dry. He heard himself saying, "Tomorrow's Thanksgiving. Reckon it's the greatest Thanksgiving I ever could have, in all this world," and in the same breath he realized that he had been thinking of Vanjy for many months. He had been dreaming of her, even though he hadn't realized it at the time. . .

Back at the Bush house, very late, he put out the lamp which had been left burning in the center of the kitchen table, and went up the squeaky staircase to an open room at the head of the staircase, which had always been his. His bag was there; he almost fell over it.

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He moved as quietly as possible while preparing for bed, in order to keep from waking Mabel or his mother, but soon after he was in bed he heard the floor beginning to creak in the next room, and a gray shape materialized near the foot of his bed. It was his mother, coming to him in her nightdress, with an old dressing sack around her shoulders.

She whispered, "You asleep?"

"Just got in bed," said Johnny hoarsely. "Sorry I woke you up."

"Oh, I've been awake," said his mother. "I've been laying there, counting my blessings. Just laying there thinking. . . . Johnny, did you see Evangeline?"

Johnny said, "I sure did," and gave a happy grunt and sigh, and thought about seeing Evangeline again the next afternoon, and the next night, too.

"Johnny, is everything—all right?"

"Everything's wonderful."

THEY both listened to the chilly whisper of night beyond the black window. They could hear a dog wow-wow away over in Deep Notch somewhere.

Presently Henrietta Bush began to cry. Johnny stood it as long as he could; then he writhed around and sat up in bed. "Look here, woman," he said, "you're plumb wore out. You go to bed now. You got a big day tomorrow. A lot of cooking, I guess. Did you kill the old red rooster?"

His mother laughed through her tears. "We sure did, Johnny. But he sprouted turkey feathers before we killed him."

"Plenty of onions and things in the stuffing?" asked Johnny hungrily.

"Plenty, son. Plenty." Her hands were trembling as they stroked his bare arm. She whispered, "It's a miracle from heaven. You know, we thought you was dead, first off."

Johnny said nothing. He couldn't say anything just then. . . . He had been a mad son. He had not lived up to the best that his mother tried to teach him. He had always been in trouble, like his father before him; but now he was living in a new world, and everything in that world was changed. He was changed, too.

Some day possibly he'd have some kids. Well, he would take good care that they

didn't think they had to get drunk, and show off, and raise a ruckus all the time. He would—

His mother cried, "I know you don't want to talk about it, but it's just a miracle! Like Lazarus and— Oh, how did you get away? The papers just said you escaped, and then you did all those other things, but we didn't know just how it was."

Johnny watched her gray shape, rigid against the pale oblong of the window as she listened to him. He was listening to himself, too. It was like listening to a couple of other guys. . . . A couple of other guys were doing the talking.

They said, "Well, it was pretty tough being there, and we had to watch our chance. My chance came with one of the guards. It was just about dark when it happened. I got him down, and he had a kind of tommy gun, and I took it away from him. Then Palmer, and Epstein, and Donnelly and me—they were took prisoner the same time I was—they came right along. We kind of shot our way out of there."

The other guys went on and on, telling her about it. "During the night, the first Germans that caught up with us— We still had enough ammunition left. I got two of them, and the other boys got what weapons they had, and then we killed the rest. We were raring to go, by that time. Then we met that car full of German officers and— Oh, it's a lot of details," Johnny cried, softly. "A lot of military details. Let's not go into that now."

His mother murmured reverently, "A real miracle! Was it—was it true about, in the papers—they gave you a Distinguished Flying Cross?"

"Gosh sake, no!" he said. "Distinguished Service Cross, Ma! That's that extra ribbon on my coat—the one all blue in the middle, and white and red on the ends. I'll explain about them, one of these times. You know," he added, "I've got at least twenty-six days. Maybe more."

She whispered, "Good night, Johnny." Then she tiptoed back to her own room, and left him there, staring up at the friendly ceiling, thinking of the next day and the days to follow.

THE END



"Sometimes when he's out on a case and I'm here alone, I almost wish I hadn't married a doctor"

COLLIER'S

ROBERTA MACDONALD

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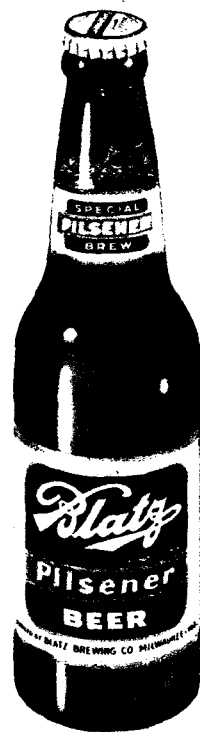
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Mr. Brooklyn Goes to Bat

Continued from page 24

Conqueror, manager of the pennant-winning Dodgers, a man who could do no wrong.

He broke into the news on the first day he hit the Yankee training camp in St. Petersburg, Florida, in February of '28. Reporters said he thrust his hand into the big paw of Babe Ruth with a "H'ya, Babe!" Arrogantly, he boasted that the new shortstop of the champion Yankees would be Leo Durocher. At least that's the way the story goes.

In his first series on a major-league diamond—against the Philadelphia Athletics—Leo battled and licked none other than fiery old Ty Cobb, the terror of the American League. According to the published version, he gave Cobb the hip as the Georgia Peach rounded second base. Cobb was forced to run wide, and consequently was tossed out at third. Fists clenched, he is supposed to have snarled: "The next time you try that, you fresh bushy, I'll cut your legs off!"

For two seasons, brash Leo took a merciless rap—not only from other teams, but from his own mates on the Yankees. They dubbed him the All-American Out, because his batting average was puny compared to that of brawny Murderers' Row.

Bob Shawkey, new Yankee manager, knew all the stories about Leo's penchant for gambling and bright lights. He noticed how Leo's teammates tried to make the little shortstop look bad on throws. He asked for waivers on the kid.

To Leo's chagrin, no other American League club wanted him. For \$7,500—the waiver price—he was knocked down to the impoverished Cincinnati Reds of the National League. His pride was wounded, he was heartbroken, and he owed thousands of dollars to greedy I.O.U. holders.

For three seasons, he labored on the Cincinnati rock pile, buried on a last-place club. One May day in 1933, Sidney Weil, president of the Reds, informed him that he had been traded to the St. Louis Cardinals. "You'd better see Mr. Rickey. He's a fair-minded man," Weil suggested.

"Me see Rickey? He's head of a cheap, chain-store outfit. I won't play for him," Leo snapped.

Newspapers reported that a belligerent Durocher visited the head of the vast Cardinal chain in a New York hotel. Branch Rickey was ill in bed, it is said. Leo put dirty feet on a clean white counterpane and demanded a thousand-dollar bonus.

"That's a lie!" Leo asserts. "Mr. Rickey asked me: 'Would I have you on my team if I didn't feel you'd star for me?' He convinced me. I shook hands with him. The thousand-dollar check? Mr. Weil gave it to me as a parting gift."

One of the Gashouse Gang

He plunged lustily into the daily doings of Rickey's Gashouse Gang. Dizzy and Daffy Dean were blustery fireball throwers. Pepper Martin, Frankie Frisch and Jim Bottomley became his pals.

Late in '33, he met Grace Dozier, a sweet-faced blonde from Texas. She was older than Leo, a businesswoman with a 14-year-old daughter. He says he fell in love with her at first sight.

One evening, he happened upon Mrs. Dozier in a St. Louis hotel. He nodded. She nodded.

He relates: "The next morning I phoned someone who knew Grace, and finally got the number. At last I heard her voice. 'How about meeting me tonight for dinner?' I asked. She refused. I insisted. She refused again. The next day I phoned her morning and night. On the third day, she gave in."

Leo wrote love letters from the Cardi-

nals' training camp every day that spring. With the opening of the '34 season, Grace began to attend a few ball games. That was the year the champion Giants and Chicago's Cubs battled for the flag all summer. In September, the Cards smashed into second place. Dizzy and Daffy Dean pitched every other day. In the midst of this sizzling pennant drive, Leo's team dropped a crucial double-header.

Afterward, Leo phoned Grace: "I played like a bush leaguer today. I can't field or hit when I'm dreaming about you."

She laughed. "I know what you mean, but let's wait a while."

Day after day, Dizzy and Daffy fogged speed balls over the plate. On the morning of September 26th, the Cards were two

fielded flawlessly, rapped three hits in the sixth game to turn the tide against Detroit's Tigers. Sweet was vengeance against the American League—which once had scorned him. The Lip, as Leo was now known, was at the top of his game. He led the league the next two years in fielding. He even batted a sensational—for him—.286.

Later in the season, his speed was fading; his batting average falling. Larry MacPhail, National League trouble shooter, was called upon to save Brooklyn from bankruptcy. He chose as his manager Burleigh Grimes, umpire hater. To plug a hole at shortstop, he got Leo Durocher in a trade with St. Louis.

Brooklyn was different from St. Louis. From the start, Brooklyn baseball writers

against the Dodgers." He's been thumbed into the showers scores of times, fined hundreds of dollars.

The metropolitan baseball-writing clan was sharply divided between Leo's friends and foes until the recent revolt of the Dodgers united them into a solid phalanx of enemies. Leo barred Hy Turkin of the New York Daily News, and Harold Parrott of the Brooklyn Eagle from the Dodger dressing room last year. His charge was that "they published inside facts about Dodger plays without permission."

He's particularly sensitive to the charge that a bookmaker haunted the Dodger clubhouse in '41 and '42, and even accompanied the team on road trips. "The man's my friend, and a Dodger rooter from 'way back," he declares. "He retired from bookmaking long before I met him."

To most Brooklynites, Leo Durocher is Mr. Brooklyn himself, for better or for worse. Late last October, Branch Rickey became the new president of the Dodgers. He knew the Lip's virtues—and his vices. He summoned him to the Rickey country home near St. Louis. For hours he plied Leo with questions about the team. He failed to discuss a 1943 manager.

A Setback for the Hatchet Men

Weeks passed. No contract was forthcoming. The hatchet men, the Leo-haters, predicted that Rickey would sign Billy Herman, Ray Blades, Fred Fitzsimmons—anyone but Leo. Then, just after dawn one bitter February day, Leo came up with a contract in his pocket. He had made two concessions: High-stake poker was banned; a 15-cent limit established. And he'd agreed to don playing togs again.

When the older, slower Dodgers yielded first place to the youthful Cardinals this June, the Dodgers' manager lay awake night after night. In the gray of one dawn, he came to a difficult decision.

The following afternoon Leo Durocher, age 37 years, 11 months, 4-F in the draft, strode out of the dugout. He hadn't played in a league ball game since '41. But there he was . . . at shortstop as of old!

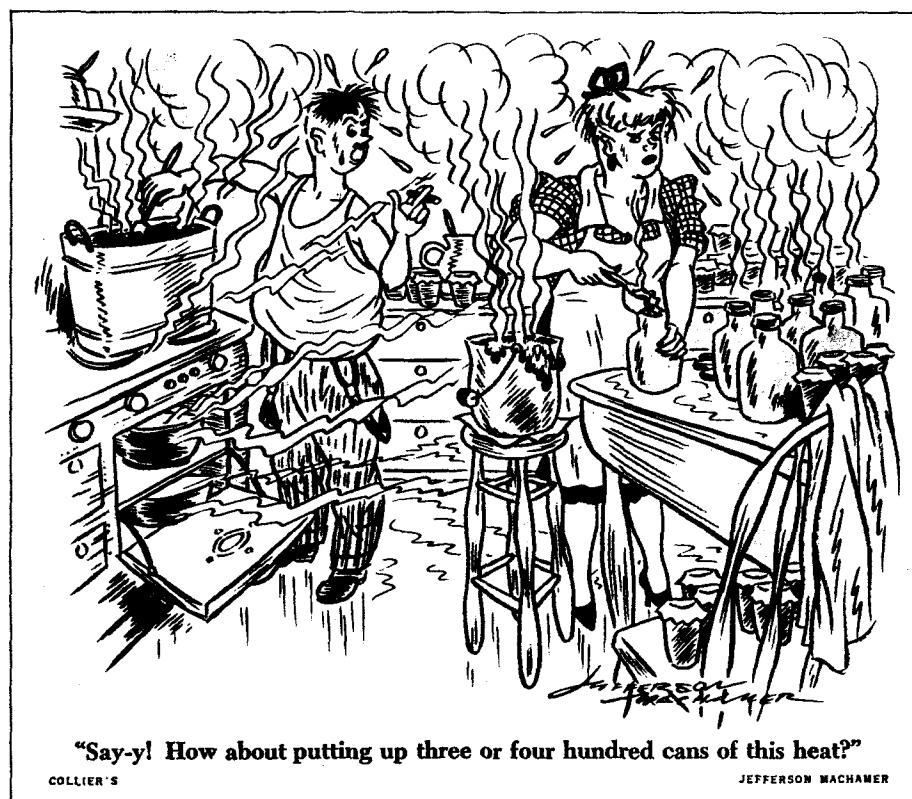
He caught a pop fly. The fans cheered derisively. He lined a single to left. Thin applause. Three days passed. He was still the Dodger shortstop. "The team looks better with Leo out there," press-box experts reluctantly agreed.

A long series with the Giants began with three games in the Polo Grounds. The Giants won the first, 6 to 5. And the second, 3 to 2. The third game began. Painfully Leo Durocher shuffled toward shortstop. In that first inning, elephantine Ernie Lombardi poked a lazy drive toward second. Leo ran, got a finger on the ball. It bounced away. The slowest man in baseball beat out an infield hit!

Four innings later, lead-footed Gus Mancuso nudged the ball to Leo's right. Durocher went after it, missed it by ten feet. Young Sid Gordon came to bat. He slapped a wicked drive toward first. Camilli snatched it. Like a rabbit, Leo raced to second base, arrived in time to catch Camilli's throw. With that old familiar steel-armed motion, he whipped the ball back to Camilli at first, to complete the most difficult double play in the game. Leo Durocher limped to the Dodge dugout. "That was Leo's swan song," a fan commented. When the sixth inning began, Albie Glossop was playing shortstop for the Dodgers.

Portly Ted McGrew, Dodger scout sighed: "No matter how much you like or dislike the guy—you gotta admit he's sur got guts!"

THE END



games out of first place. That afternoon, they were shut out with three hits.

Leo warned Grace, "It'll be your fault if we lose out."

"My fault? Why?"

"Winning means nothing to me unless I can give you the pennant for a wedding present."

She said no. Leo hurried to Branch Rickey's office. "I want to marry Grace Dozier tomorrow," he told his boss.

Rickey raised bushy eyebrows. "Mrs. Dozier? I know her. She won't marry you."

"Mr. Rickey," Leo pleaded, "if you can talk her into marrying me, I'll—I'll guarantee we win the flag."

Rickey picked up his telephone. "Get Mrs. Dozier on the telephone," he told his secretary.

The phone rang. Anxiously, Leo listened.

"Is it true, Mrs. Dozier, that you're thinking of marrying Leo Durocher?" Branch Rickey asked. Leo watched the expression on Rickey's face. Suddenly Rickey exploded: "Do you know what you are doing, madam?"

A weight lifted from Leo's heart. Rickey smiled.

"Well," he told Grace, "I do see a lot of good in Leo, but apparently you see more than I do." He offered Leo his hand. "Congratulations," he beamed, "you've won a wonderful woman."

Leo's pledge to his bride was fulfilled. The Cards won the pennant, then zoomed rowdily into the World Series. Leo

looked askance at Durocher. As the season progressed, gossipers hinted that Leo aimed to succeed Grimes as manager.

Late one night in September, when the Dodgers were badly on the skids, Grimes confessed that he'd been fired by MacPhail. "I'm supposed to run the club until the end of the season, but I can't do it. Leo, you ought to be manager, not me."

"MacPhail would give me the horse laugh, if I asked for the job," Leo said.

Leo was right. MacPhail considered replacing Grimes with Jimmy Wilson, or Frankie Frisch. But during the Yankee-Cubs World Series, he met the Lip in the lobby of a Chicago hotel. "Come on upstairs," he said. "I want you to meet my brother."

Leo followed his boss upstairs. He met Larry's brother.

"Sit down on the lounge," Larry said to Leo. "By the way, you're to be my manager." The mastiff MacPhail grinned.

Foxy Leo replied: "I knew it all the time."

At Clearwater training camp the following spring, Leo told his "boys," "I'm no Simon Legree. I'm still Leo to you, and still your shortstop. Now, about training rules: You can drink all the beer you want before the first exhibition game—at fifty bucks a glass."

The players laughed, but they knew he meant it.

Leo drove his 1939 team toward the first division. He waged guerrilla war against umpires. "They're human," he said. "I make 'em toe the mark when they rule

This wartime message from your *Insurance Agent* can help you

As your agent or broker, I wish I could get around to see you the way I used to—to help determine your risks and tell you about new and better coverages. But—what with gas rationing and shortage of help—it just isn't in the cards.

Of course I still get around as much as I can. And recently I've found so many people with problems needing attention, that I think a message of warning to you is in order.



Protection costs LESS today!

You are the one most vitally interested in being properly insured. The premium you pay the company and the commission I get are trifles compared with the *large losses* to which *you* may be exposed at this very minute!

Perhaps you don't know there is a broad new policy that covers damage suit hazards in and around the home—covers

your dog, personal acts and other things for which you may be legally liable, all for only \$10.



Have you heard of the new theft policy that covers property belonging to you, your family, your guests, your servants? It's much broader, much lower in cost than former policies.

Many people don't realize that because of rationing, automobile insurance rates have been slashed so much that "can't afford it" just isn't an argument in these times.



And with property values changing rapidly, fire insurance policies should be thoroughly reviewed in many cases.

Let's talk things over

These are just a few of the things you and I should discuss. When I say "I," I'm speaking for any agent or broker in whom you have confidence.

Let's look at it on the basis that I want to *help you get the protection you need*—not that I just want to sell you something. Since I can't be everywhere at once, won't you look me up? Phone me or drop in to see me so I can help you protect yourself in these difficult times.



To wives of servicemen

If you are now charged with full responsibility of the household—and don't know where to turn for advice on insurance problems—you may be sure that any agent or broker in your community will gladly help you.

Your Insurance Agent

**We are at war. We are on the offensive.
Back the attack by buying War Bonds.**

HARTFORD INSURANCE

Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE



HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

A Lot of Questions

Continued from page 13

Smart Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her tribe something to eat

(NO BONES THIS TIME)



But now she's more wise about better "point buys"
Her "points" go for Prem, its all meat!

(NO BONES ANY TIME)



Meat...meat...meat...

No bones...no waste

-all solid meat



SUGAR-CURED by the makers
of Swift's Premium Ham

● In cash and "points" you pay only for meat . . . solid meat . . . when you buy Prem. And the meat you get is Swift's Premium quality...juicy...tender . . . and sugar-cured for finer flavor the exclusive Swift's Premium way.

MOTHER HUBBARD SPECIAL. Sliced Prem, heated in this barbecue sauce: Brown 3 T. minced onion in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. fat. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ t. each of salt, sugar, and Worcestershire Sauce; 1 T. lemon juice; $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water; 1 c. tomatoes. Simmer 10 min. Top cooked rice with Prem and sauce.

KEEP YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR MONEY SAFE: BUY MORE WAR BONDS

It was warm in the restaurant and it sounded as though everybody was making a noise eating, dropping the knives and forks and rattling the glasses and dishes. He saw a long counter on the other side of the room and decided to sit there. He went down a narrow alley between the tables and got up onto a stool at the counter. It was a fine stool, it had a back and it turned. He sat there for a while and then he remembered to take off his cap. Just then a woman in a white dress came along and she stopped when she saw him and said, "Hello, sonny. What you doing up here all by yourself?"

He was suddenly quite lost, like waking up in the night in a dream and not knowing at first that he was in his own bed, that his door was open into the hall that led to the door of his mother's room.

"You want something to eat?" the woman said.

He nodded, no words in his mouth, moving his cap on the counter as though he were rubbing at a stain. Then he remembered the money in his hand and held it out. "Here's my money," he said.

SHE smiled then and it seemed to him that he had never seen anything so nice, not since his dad went to the war. Before that, when he was little, his mother used to smile at his dad like that, or at him, but not now, not for a long time. He smiled back at the woman and she said, "What would you like to eat?"

"I'm awfully hungry," he said. He saw a chocolate cake under a glass bowl and some pies on a shelf behind her. "My mother said to eat some soup."

The woman looked out over his head, her eyes taking in the whole room. "Let's see," she said. "We have vegetable soup and split pea and chicken."

"Chicken," he said.

She took a little pad of paper out of her belt and began to write on it. "Chicken soup," she said. "We've got some nice creamed chicken on toast. Would that be too much chicken?"

"No," he said, "I like chicken."

"Okay. And what kind of vegetable?"

"Carrots and peas? String beans?"

"String beans," he said.

"Okay. I'll bring your soup." She looked out over his head again. "Is your mother coming? Shall I save a place for her here by you?"

"No," he said. "My mother's in there." He turned, the stool turning with him, and pointed toward the door that opened into the bar. He could see two men and half of a woman sitting there at the bar, but

not his mother nor Mr. Cherrick. "I'm going to eat by myself," he said.

"That's fine," the woman said. "You keep your money till you've finished. You want some milk, too?"

"Yes, thank you," he said.

She closed the little pad of paper and put it under her belt again. A girl in a white dress just like the woman's came along with a big load of dishes on her arm and the woman said, "How you like this? Ammamay's in the arbay tanking up." The girl looked at him and smiled and he smiled back at her and they went away.

He had almost finished the creamed chicken and string beans when he saw the tall man again. He turned his head and the tall man was standing there beside him, swaying back and forth and whistling very low, his hat pushed back on his head.

"Well, well," he said, smiling. "Here we are again. You mind if I set here with you while you eat?"

"No," the boy said. He took his cap off the counter, and the tall man sat on the stool beside him and took off his hat and, seeing the cap in the little boy's hand, took it and fastened them with little clips to the backs of their stools. "Didn't nobody tell you what a man does with his hat in here?"

The little boy turned and looked over the back of the stool. His cap was held tightly there and he said, "It's kind of like a clothespin, isn't it? Is that really what it's for, to hang up your hats on?"

"That's right."

The little boy turned back to his plate and found that he had lost interest in what remained of the creamed chicken and string beans. He picked up his fork and moved two string beans on the plate.

The woman saw them sitting there together. "Hello, Bill. You hire a new hand?"

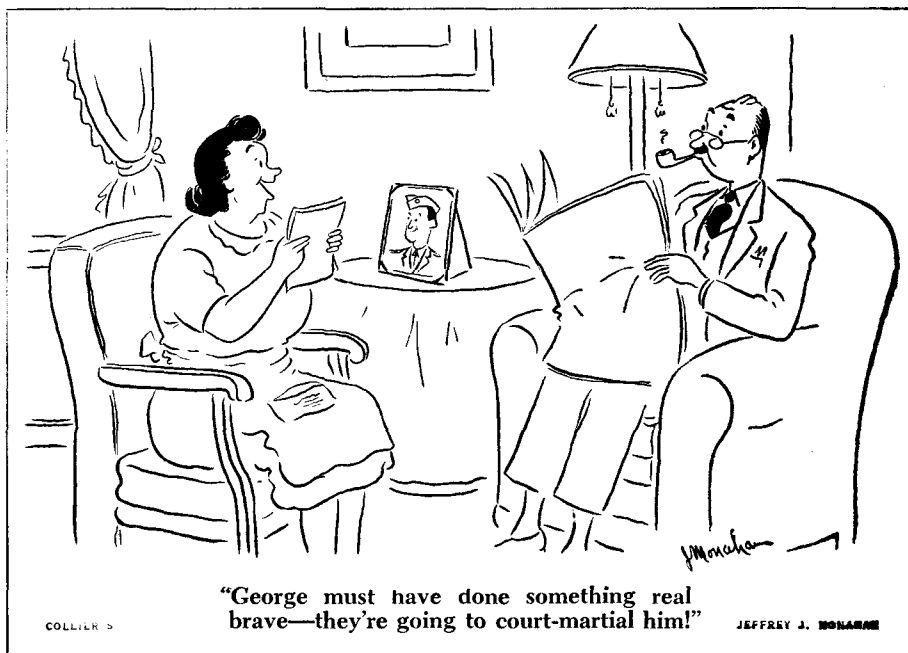
"Not that I know of," Bill said. "It's an idea. Gimme a cup of coffee. And something for my pal here to finish off with. You like ice cream?"

"Yes," the boy said. He leaned back and took a deep breath. "But I'm pretty full, I guess."

"That's right," Bill said. "But you won't be, half an hour from now. You eat your ice cream and keep me company while I drink my coffee."

"All right." The boy saw the woman had gone to get his ice cream and he sat back feeling very full and a little sleepy. When she brought the ice cream and coffee, Bill said, "There you are. You eat that and you'll grow up to be a—"

"He's going to be a captain in the



COLLIER'S

JEFFREY J. BOLANINE



"People are saying I'm marrying him for his money—\$326,489.67!"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Army," the woman said. "Isn't that what you told me?"

"Yes." The boy picked up his spoon. "I'm going to be a captain in the Air Corps like my dad and then I'm going to be a major." He tasted the ice cream and it was good, much better than the creamed chicken and string beans.

"So your dad's in the Army," Bill said, slowing down onto his coffee.

"Yes," the boy said, turning the dish so that he could even the little mound. But we don't know where he is right now. I guess maybe he's in Australia."

"Yeah?" Bill said.

"I guess so. We don't talk about it any more because it makes my mother nervous. He's a pilot. He flies a big bomber."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. We're going up to Pinecrest for my vacation to ski. Mr. Cherrick's got a cabin up there where we're going. Do you now where Pinecrest is?"

Bill nodded. "I been there."

"Well, we're going up there for my vacation. Mr. Cherrick's going to teach me how to ski."

"You ain't old enough to be havin' a vacation. Vacations're for men when they get tired of workin'."

"Oh, we just call it a vacation," the boy said. "The kindergarden closed because everybody got the measles, everybody but me and Joe Krisp and Mary. We didn't get the measles."

"So you're havin' a vacation and you're goin' to learn to ski," Bill said. "What good is that goin' to do you? You come out to my place and I'll teach you how to ride a horse. Some sense to that."

"Have you got a horse?"

Bill nodded. "Lotsa horses."

"Are you a cowboy? You've got a hat like a cowboy's."

"Well," Bill said, smiling, and then he turned his head quickly and he wasn't smiling, and the little boy turned and saw his mother coming toward him and he felt something happen inside him when he saw her. He slipped down off the stool and she reached for his hand and held it tightly. But she didn't look at him at all. "Mum," he said, "are you sick?"

She didn't answer. He looked up at Bill, and Bill was looking at her, and the woman behind the counter was looking at her, too.

"Has he eaten?" his mother said.

"Yes," he said. "I had—"

"He ate a good dinner," the woman in the white dress said, looking at his mother. His mother started to open her bag but she said, "You gave me the money. It's up there on—"

Bill pushed aside the milk glass and got the dollar and held it out to him. "He had his supper with me, ma'am," he said.

The boy started to take the dollar. Then he hesitated, looking up at his mother, waiting for her to say for him to take it, and something happened in him again. He didn't know what it was, his mother was not like his mother but not like a stranger either, but strange. She was looking at Bill, and Bill was looking at her, and finally she looked away and he saw her face begin to turn red and her neck got red too, where it showed with her fur coat turned back. Very low, the way she used to say good night to him, she said, "Thank you, thank you very much," and she started up toward the front of the restaurant. She held his hand tightly and bumped against him once or twice.

JUST as they reached the door he remembered his cap and said, "Mum, I forgot my cap!" and he turned back and saw Bill coming with it. He waved goodbye to the woman behind the counter and she smiled and waved, and then Bill gave him his cap and he said, "Thank you. I almost forgot it, didn't I?"

"Pretty near," Bill said. "Don't forget them horses."

"I won't," the boy said.

"Come on," his mother said.

Bill pushed the door open and they went out before he could say goodbye, though the boy turned and waved across his shoulder, and Bill smiled and waved.

The boy put on his cap and buttoned his coat, and when he looked up at his mother she was looking at him. She looked sick in the eyes and he knew something was wrong; she was sick or something. They stood there on the sidewalk. His wrists and hands and knees felt the cold wind, but she didn't seem to feel it at all. She looked and looked at him, and suddenly she laughed and he felt the laughter go down his spine like a dart. "We're waiting for a bus," she said, laughing, looking down at him. "That's what we're doing. We're going back home on a bus as soon as a bus comes in and there's one due right now. It stops right here. You've never ridden on a bus, have you?"

He looked out at the space at the curb near them where Mr. Cherrick's car had stood and the space was empty. He reached up and took hold of his mother's hand and stood closer to her with the darts moving up and down his spine and the wind cold around his bare knees. He wanted to ask a lot of questions but he didn't. He began to watch for the bus.

THE END



Just as Nature makes a tree strong, with the grain, to resist the strains of storms, man now makes hardboards without grain, strong in all directions, able to stand the strains of a wide variety of new uses.

These hardboards are the now world-famous Masonite* Presdwoods* developed by the late W. H. Mason 19 years ago. Mason learned how to explode wood and then put its undamaged lignin and cellulose materials back together again . . . with the cellulose fibers running at all angles.

Masonite ligno-cellulose hardboards are almost as smooth as glass. They may be worked with tools

like wood. Yet they do not warp, chip, split, or crack when properly used.

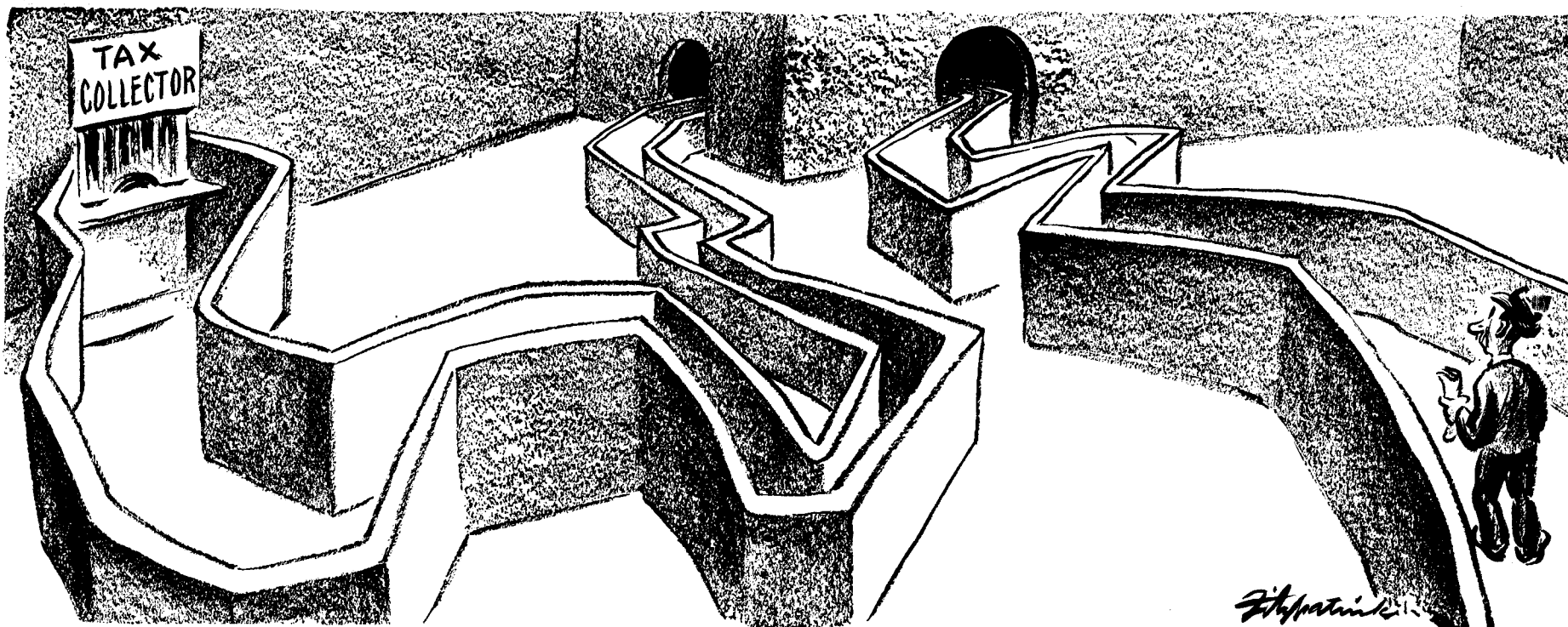
Today, Masonite Presdwoods are used to make many products formerly requiring war-strategic steel, aluminum, rubber, and other critical materials. After the war, many of these products will continue to be made of Presdwood. Little is available for civilian use now, but if you need an outstanding substance to replace scarce materials for war production, write: Masonite Corporation, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

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MASONITE PRESDWOODS



THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS



Simple Taxes, Please

IF WE were Congress, we think we'd put at the top of the fall program an honest effort to simplify the income-tax law.

This law was rewritten early this summer so as to take in a modification of the Ruml pay-as-you-go plan. Striving to present us with something different from Mr. Ruml's simple formula, our lawmakers finally worked out a statute which is driving many an employer, auditor and plain taxpayer rapidly toward the psychopathic ward.

Its complications are almost unbelievable. The paper work involved is atrocious. The burden of useless, profitless labor it puts on business houses

and private citizens alike is outrageous. So tricky and complex is this new tax law that the Treasury itself has offered to try to simplify it.

Americans in general don't mind paying taxes to win the war and keep the government going. They do mind, and bitterly, being chained to huge periodic jobs of paper work from which they emerge with no clear idea of just how much taxes they ought to pay.

The real explanation for the enormous complexity of the present law lies in the Treasury itself. The Treasury, through Randolph Paul, its counsel, appeared to be more interested in setting up pen-

alties against a few possessors of large incomes than in devising a productive revenue act.

The unfortunate truth is that Mr. Morgenthau has had a succession of advisers who have been animated more by group prejudices than by reasonable fiscal considerations.

The present law is intolerably complex because of the Treasury experts' phobias. The tax burden is now too heavy and too widespread to continue to be the plaything of social experimenters and class haters. The law should be revised and simplified; in the revision, hate and prejudice should be dropped out. We can't afford such luxuries in wartime.

Let Both Sides Be Heard

VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE climbed into the microphones a while ago to tell the world that he thought people who disagreed with him were Fascists. Alf M. Landon, a few days later, took the air to tell the world that he considered Wallace and his crowd Fascists.

Thus two of the opening guns in the 1944 Presidential campaign went off, one on each side, and each gun got a fair hearing, both at home and among our Armed Forces around the world.

Okay thus far; and this manner of running the campaign had better be kept up straight through to November 7, 1944.

Vague charges are flitting around to the effect that some New Dealers intend, if they can, to keep the loyal opposition from getting a fair hearing. How much truth there is in such charges remains to be seen. Certain it is, though, that Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce's weekly column of Washington news was killed out of the CBI Roundup, the New Delhi paper for the U. S. forces in China, Burma and India, as soon as its author began to poke barbed fun at the Roosevelt Administration.

The Democrats would be well advised, we think, to lean over backward to avoid even the appearance of trying to muzzle the opposition in this campaign.

If they should try such gag tactics, the voters would quickly find out, and would naturally come to two conclusions: (1) That the New Deal was being guilty of poor sportsmanship, a high crime in the average American's book; and (2) that the New Deal must feel that it had a poor case which it feared to expose to the full light of day.

There isn't any substitute in a democratic country—or among its armed forces spread all over the world—for full, free and public discussion of all major political issues and problems. Americans should refuse to accept any proffered substitute and we believe they will.

Better Ration Rail Travel

If the people won't ration themselves (on rail travel), the government will have to.—William F. McDermott, *Collier's* Aug. 7, 1943.

YOU doubtless remember Mr. McDermott's article which closed with the statement above quoted, and the appalling photographs of passenger-train congestion that went with the article. If you do any railroad traveling to speak of during this war period, you've seen similar scenes, or worse if possible—coaches jammed to the doors, elderly people forced to stand, babies shrieking in the heat and the general discomfort, air foul and aswarm with germs, continuously overworked dining-car

staffs unable to feed the entire trainload of people, and so on and so forth.

It looks as if the time has come to ration rail travel somehow, for the duration. And it looks as if the railroads themselves are the agencies to do the job, rather than have the government suddenly swoop down on them with a set of rationing regulations that will most likely prove fantastic or unworkable, because drawn up by theorists.

On the commuter trains in large metropolitan areas, with their relatively short runs, travel rationing would seem to be pretty close to impossible, and not much needed anyway. Then, too, the average commuter is usually a durable and adaptable gent

who rather prides himself on his ability to take it

But on longer hauls, wouldn't it be feasible for the railroads to institute some system of selling reserved space in day coaches, just as nothing but reserved space has always been sold in sleeping cars? This would put the thing on a mechanical mathematical basis (so much space available, so many passengers and no more allowed on board and would rule out hair-splitting arguments about business trips versus pleasure trips.

We think public opinion would back up the railroads in some such step. We'd be willing to bet that 99 per cent of the public that has done an train riding since Pearl Harbor would back them up

"I wish to report
a robbery,
little brother"

LIBRARIAN: You wish to register a complaint, Camel? A beef?

CAMEL: Sahib, I have been robbed by the so-called author of this so-called Encyclopedia. Defrauded, Effendi.

LIBRARIAN: Ah. You find it unwholesome, my Bedouin Bookworm? Not fit to eat, perhaps?

CAMEL: Prince, I am the Paul Jones Camel, living symbol of the *dryness* in the world-famous dry Paul Jones Whiskey. And there's not a line about me here, Effendi! Not a word!

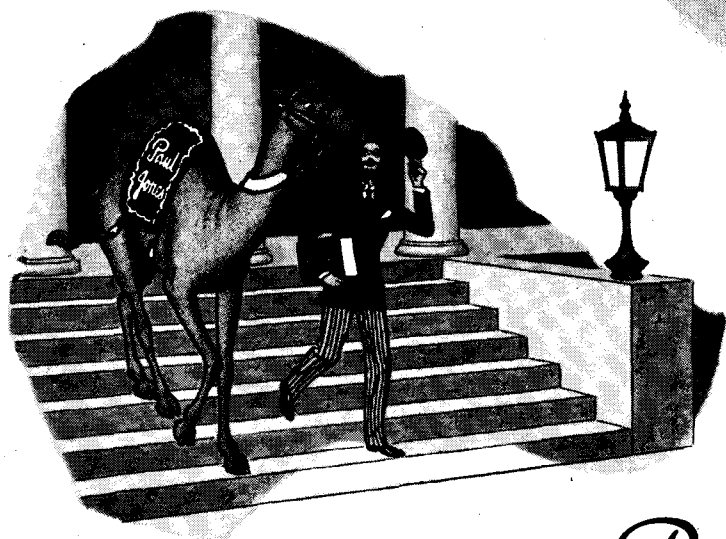
LIBRARIAN: Have you looked under "Fairy Tales," Camel? *Dryness* in whiskey would be under "Fairy Tales," I think.

CAMEL: *Fairy Tales*? Effendi, thousands will tell you that Paul Jones Whiskey has *dryness*! And that this dryness (lack of sweetness) brings out *all* the flavor, the *full* magnificence of the fine Paul Jones!

LIBRARIAN: Really, Camel?

CAMEL: This is indeed true, O Scholar.

LIBRARIAN: Then, Camel, we are not only going to burn that ignorant Encyclopedia, we're going to find the author and burn him too! And then we're going out for some of the wonderful dry Paul Jones! Come on!



The very best *buy*
is the whiskey that's *dry*

Paul Jones



An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply of Paul Jones until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore



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**GOOD TOBACCO, Yes... the
right combination of the WORLD'S
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It isn't enough to buy the best cigarette tobacco,
it's Chesterfield's right combination, or blend, of
these tobaccos that makes them so much milder,
cooler and better-tasting.

Good Tobacco, yes... but the Blend — the Right
Combination — that's the thing.

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good a cigarette can be*

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